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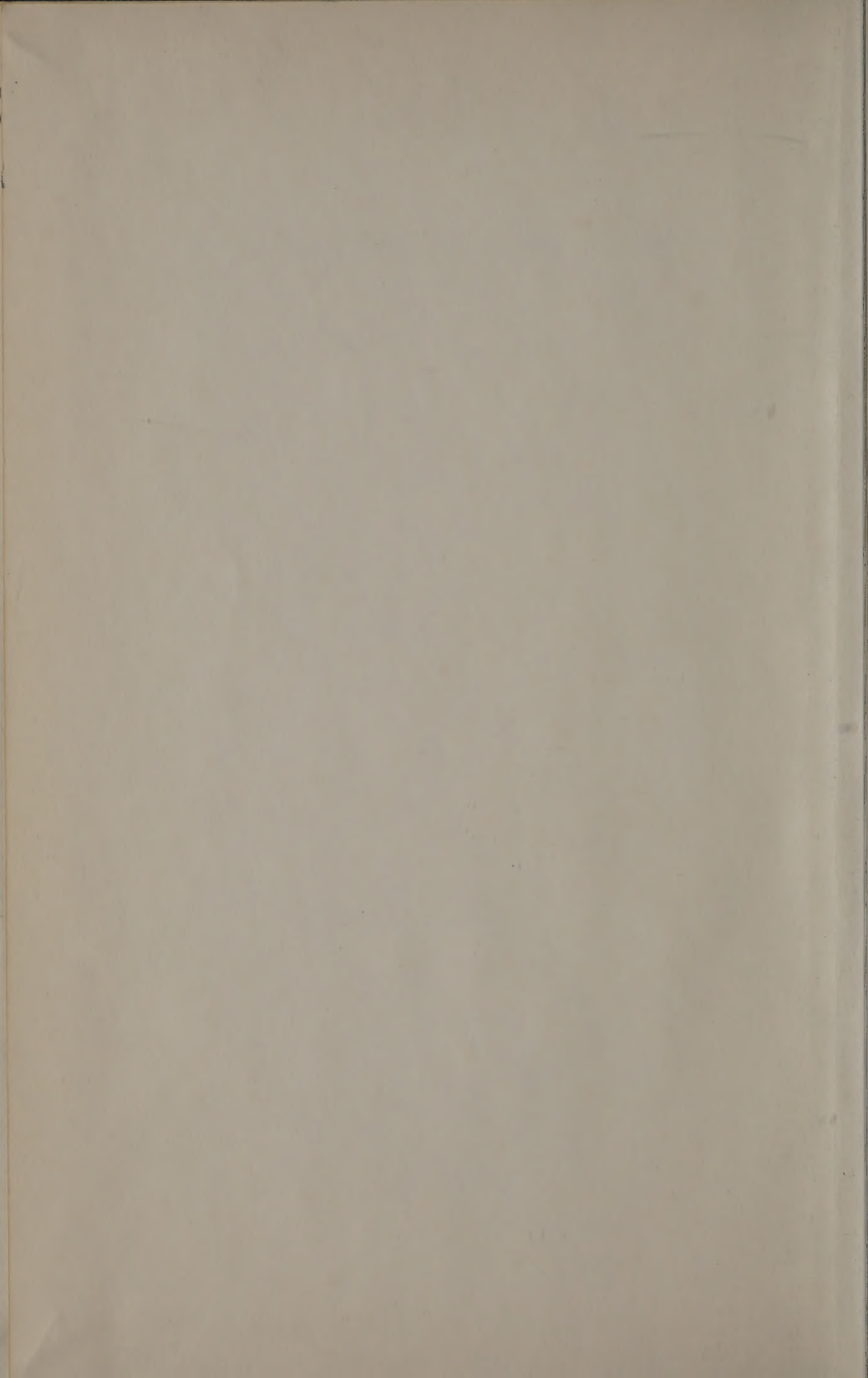
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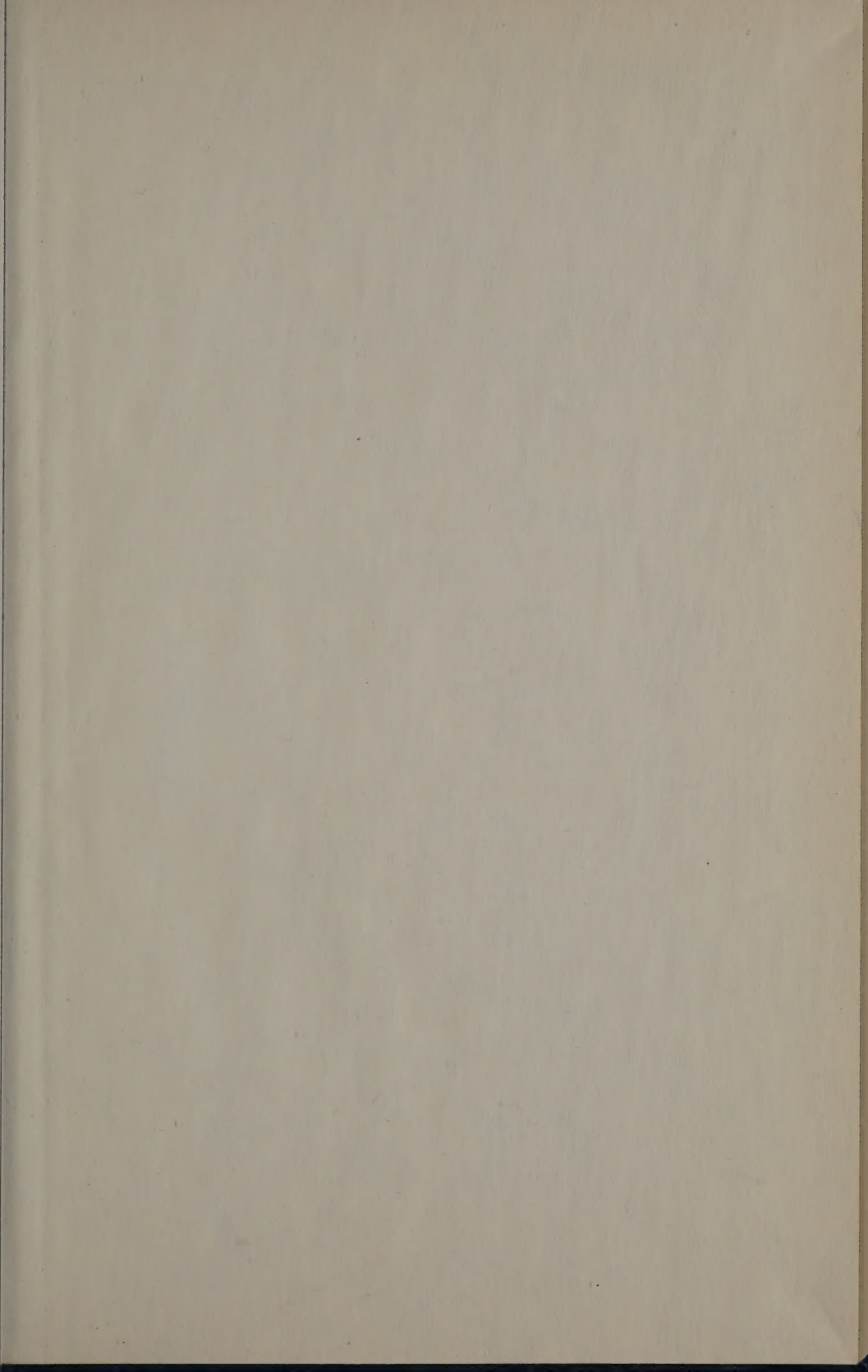
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

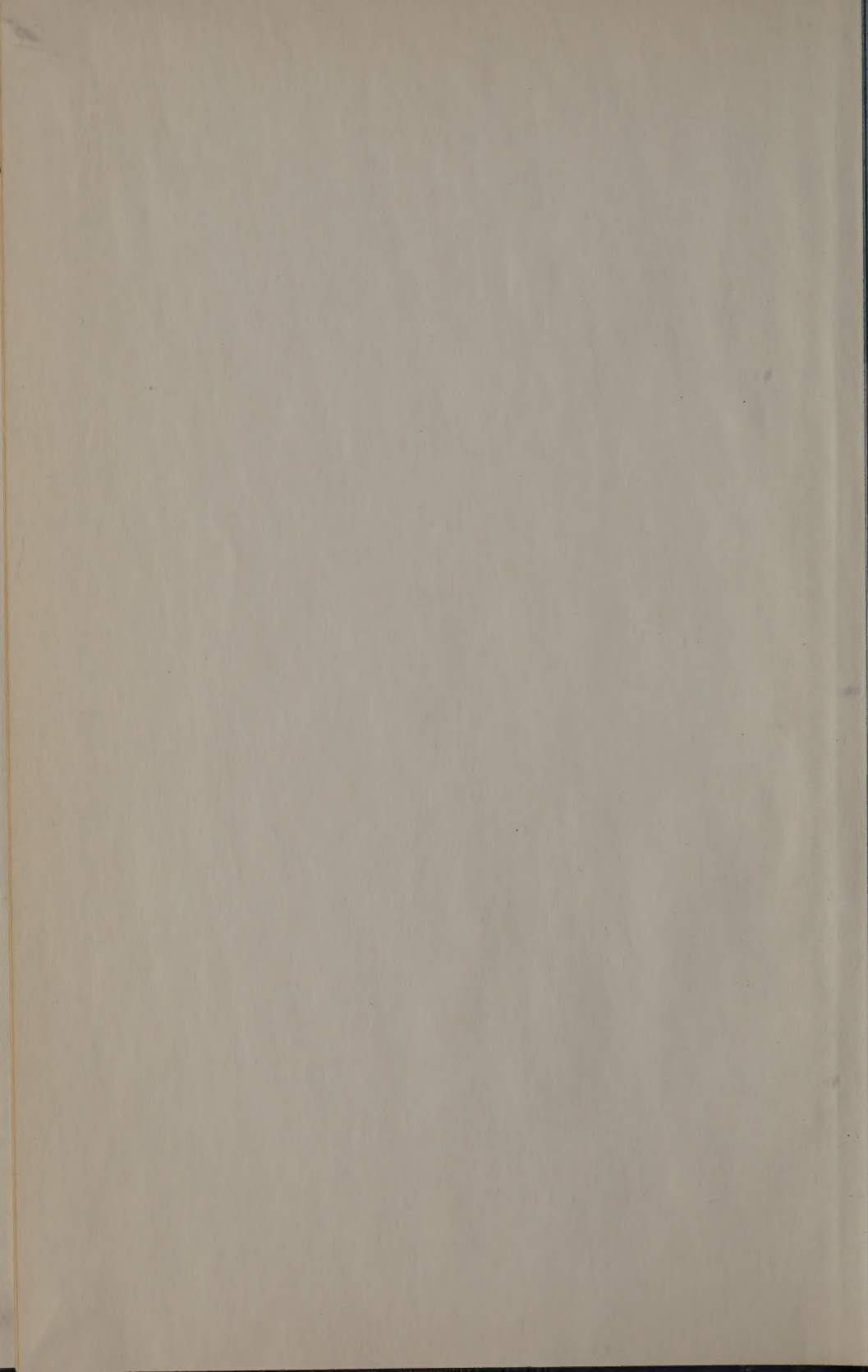
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First Hand
HISTORICAL EPISODES
Of Early
COFFEY COUNTY

From the Pens of
George Throckmorton
Judge B. L. Kingsbury
H. A. Fry
Aunt Jane Hunt
And Many Other Pioneers

Details of the Negro Exodus, The Ottumwa College, Early Day Indian Stories, the Grass-hopper Invasion and Hundreds of Interesting Pioneer Day Incidents Gotten Together by the late John Redmond, and appearing at various times in The Daily Republican more than 25 years ago. He had planned to write a synopsis as a foreword so the paging starts at 9 and ends at 144. This volume gives you a fairly complete early day record.

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Geo. Throckmorton Tells of His Experiences

When my father and mother (Mr. and Mrs. Job Throckmorton) came to Kansas in 1857, they came down from Ohio on the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to St. Louis, then up the Missouri river to West Port Landing, which is now Kansas City, and then across by stage coach to Burlington, Kansas.

When they were on the boat, the deckhands had some disturbance and were about to get into a general knockdown. My mother was close by and had my sister Flora in her arms (Sister Flora was at that time eight months old.) When these men commenced their disturbance, mother commenced singing and she sang that song:

"It matters not, I've oft been told,
Where the body lies when the heart is cold,
But this I tell you my wish to be,
Oh! Bury me not in the deep deep sea."

They just quieted down and there wasn't any other commotion among them. One hint from her was enough.

Years afterward, when my mother's father, Samuel T. White, came by stage coach from Kansas City to visit in our family, my two sisters and I were playing in the yard making a little sod-house. We saw the stage drive up and an old man get out and start up to the cabin. We children ran to him, took him by the hand and came leading him into the house. When we got in, my grandfather said: "Oh Katy! How does it come these children knew me?" We didn't know him. We thought it was our old itinerant

Methodist minister, Reverend Fairchild, because he was the only old man that we knew. The settlers were most all young men.

Uncle James White was a widower and he and Uncle Samuel White, his brother, came to Kansas by way of Iowa. They drove through and settled on the Neosho river, about three miles north of Burlington. They had a log cabin and when my mother and father came to Kansas, they lived with Uncle James White, and mother kept house for him about a year before father and mother moved on to their preemption claim.

Tall Prairie Grass

Their preemption claim was west and south of Burlington about four miles, but it was high ground and father didn't live there but a short time until he sold that farm and bought the one adjoining Uncle James White's farm on the west and bordering on the south bank of the Neosho river. In 1866 he sold that farm and we moved down to the farm two miles north from Burlington which he occupied until about the time of his death. I remember when we moved down there that the prairie grass was higher than the wagon box. Father and mother sat in the front seat in the wagon and the five of us children in the back and I know the grass was high enough it would sometimes sweep along the top of the wagon box.

Hauls Lumber from Ottawa

Sometime in 1868 he built the new house on the home place and hauled the pine lumber, siding and

shingles from Ottawa. He would drive up in one day—forty miles—load up the lumber and drive out from Ottawa about ten miles. The next day drive home to Burlington.

I lived in a log cabin up to the time I was about eight or ten years old. It was a double log cabin and had a fire-place to the west. What we called a double log cabin was where there was an alley-way between so we could pull firewood between the two cabins. We had a sleeping room in both rooms of the cabin. The fire-place was in the west room but the alley was between so if we wanted to we could drag wood between the two rooms. The fire-place was made of stone and we had andirons.

Files Legs off of Skillet

When father bought the first cooking stove he took the old skillet that mother had used in the fire-place, and filed the legs off so it would fit down on the stove. I must have been eight years old then.

Mother made candles. She had candle molds. She did not use the dipped candles like many did, but she had a pair of tin molds and would melt the tallow and put the wick in the mold, then pour the tallow in. When the tallow got hard enough she would pull out the candles.

She had a spinning wheel, but did not spin but for a few years. She spun some cloth to make little Johnny White a suit of clothes. I have a picture yet where he has that suit on that she wove and made for him.

Prairie Fires

The prairie fires used to be quite dangerous. In going across the prairies, we always went prepared

to back fire in case it was necessary. One night along about '69 the fire broke out upon the prairie by Ottumwa on the east side of the Neosho river and came sweeping down through the valley next to the river with such fury that at one place between Uncle Jim White's and our place it jumped across the river.

It burned an Indian who was on horseback. He started to run to the creek, but the grass was so high the fire swept through and overcame him. Robert LaFetra had just settled on his farm and had a little land broken out. They took some fire from the fire-place and back-fired around his house to keep it from burning; then he and his wife Mary got down on the freshly broken land where the fire couldn't get to them. The fire was so bad it burned up the sheds where the chickens were and lots of the chickens had their feathers singed off.

Mr. LaFetra had just come from Ohio. He had been so anxious to see the Indians and soon after he came in 1869 the Indians were having a big dance. It was the Sac and Fox Indians. They were dancing and going on around the camp-fire and even once in awhile they would whoop it up. Away along in the night and eclipse came over the moon. The Indians were so scared they just hushed up and we didn't see or hear anything of them until the next morning. Then they sent one of their number up to my father before breakfast to find what was the matter with the moon. They said "It was sick."

An Embarrassed Indian

I saw one Indian very much embarrassed one time. He and his wife came to our cabin to buy

some flour and bacon. His wife was carrying the papoose on her back in a blanket and he—a great, big fellow—was just carrying his rifle. Mother sold him the flour and the bacon, wrapped it up in a sack and handed it to him. He commenced to put it on the wife's back so she not only had the papoose to carry but the meat and flour too. My mother took the papoose off the squaw's back and handed it to him and told him to carry that papoose. He was so embarrassed he just didn't hardly know what to do. But he carried it, at least until they got out of sight.

The Indians used to camp in our timber when they would be going back to their reservation at Quenemo after they had been out on a buffalo hunt. One time there were three hundred of them camped in our timber. A big rain came and the Neosho river was very high. When it started to go down, of course, it left the bank pretty slippery, but when it got low enough so they could swim their ponies across they started on to their reservation. A good many buck Indians swam across first. Then the squaws would take their ponies. The little papoose the squaw would put in kind of a sack made out of buffalo skin with kind of a puckering string at the top, holding that with a lariat cord. The squaw would hold to the mane of the pony and the pony would swim and pull her and she would pull the papoose in that boat arrangement.

Indians Do Joke

Some people say Indians never joke, but that is a mistake, because at that time one of those Indians swam across from the

other side of the river and as they came up the slippery bank his hands came down in the slippery mud. As they came up, we children (three of us) were sitting on the bank. As he came up, he stuck his hand out and said "How, How."

Molested by Indians Once

We never were molested by the Indians except on one occasion. The Kickapoo Indians who had the reservation up toward Topeka, had been at war with the Osages farther south and in coming back to their reservation they came through Burlington and got whiskey to drink and were drunk. As they came to our house they wanted in the house. They said they were cold and my mother was afraid as father had just gone from the house to one of the neighbors close by. The Indians pounded on the door and finally threw a spear right through a broken window, almost striking my sister Mary—she was a little baby in the cradle. Mother being afraid, had little Johnny White, who was with us, go out the back door and slip across to where father was and tell him to come home. Just as he came in, another band of Indians rode up from the road. They would yell and whoop. Father got his revolver and went out to where they were, and they just cowered right down. They said they were cold and hungry and white squaw wouldn't let them in. They went on across the Neosho river to their camping ground then, and the next morning they sent one of their men back to apologize for the way they had done. They knew they were off the reservation and were afraid for the consequences. They said they were cold and hungry and too much whiskey.

That is, they were drunk.

The Indians would often decorate their faces fantastically, not only by paint, but by wearing ear rings. Some of the ear rings were very grotesque. For instance, I remember one Indian had a wire from the end of his nose to each ear and little pieces of tin suspended from each ear.

Oftentimes Indians would hardly try to speak English. On one occasion an Indian came to my father when he was piling some lumber. He wanted some tobacco and father said: "Well if you want some tobacco, grab ahold of that lumber and help me move it." It happened to be one Indian that was willing to do a little work for some tobacco, so he helped father move two or three hundred of feet of lumber and put it in a pile. Then father gave him a little tobacco. Then he went to the house and wanted something to eat. He motioned to his mouth and tried to make out by signs that he wanted something to eat. Mother said: "I can't understand that." Finally he said: "Biscuits," and she gave him a biscuit.

Indian Delicacy

The Indians boiled the most of their food, so when they would go to cook an opossum or coon, they would just singe the hair off of it and put it in the pot and boil it. Some folks were down from Burlington to see the Indian camp and they wanted to take a taste of the quarry that the Indians had. They did taste it and just afterwards the old squaw reached down in the kettle and took hold of a string and she had an opossum on the other end of it. The visitors quickly lost their appetites.

On the west of our farm there

was a lake that covered about twenty acres. This lake was covered with pond lilies, or as the Indians call them: chink-a-pins. The Indian squaw would often take up these roots; than they would take the hard nuts and crack them, mix them with the chink-a-pin roots and boil to make soup.

Saved Meadow Lark's Nest

One time when we children were still on the farm that we owned before we moved to where the bridge is now; that is, where the Throckmorton bridge is, there were three of us playing on the prairie where father was breaking sod with oxen and had two yoke of cattle. While he was going around, we children found a meadow-lark's nest right close to the furrow, and as he came around we showed him the nest. He turned those cattle and threw his plow out of the ground so as not to plow up that meadow-lark's nest. I have always thought that showed a very kind heart in him.

Father was a very patient man, but he did not work oxen very long. He bought in 1866 his first horse. I remember we called that horse "Old Julia." My sister Mary and I (I was about eight or nine years old I think) got on her to ride and thought we could ride all right. But it was flying time and the old pony went under the plum tree limb and rubbed us both off. It didn't hurt us very badly.

The Grasshopper Year

Most of the time we had plenty to eat, but during the grasshopper time, it was pretty hard to have white bread. We had corn-bread and almost every farmer raised cane sufficient to have molasses. I was a pretty good-sized boy when the grasshoppers came. That was in

1874. They commenced coming from the southwest and just as far as we could see in the sky we could see nothing but grasshoppers. It looked almost like snow. They commenced to light and then they ate every green thing. They got almost everything that year. Lots of the settlers were discouraged and some of them would have gone back to their former homes, but they couldn't very well. There was much need of help for the settlers.

Crop Follows Grasshoppers

The very next year following the grasshopper year we had an abundant crop; never did raise as much corn to the acre as we did in 1875. The effect of it was that Kansas made an exhibit at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. It created so much attention that following the Centennial, the settlers came to Kansas in great numbers and took up claims that a few years before would have been considered practically useless. Of course, the homestead law had been passed and that was a great stimulant for settling this country.

Nearly Drowned

I came very near being drowned one time. I was in company with Willie Venard, who afterwards became my brother-in-law. I had been across the river visiting at his house and we were going down to the river. His father and my father were back of us. We ran down to the edge and I took a stick to measure to see how deep it was. I told Willie I didn't think that was over my head and just as I turned around to tell him that, I began to slip, the bank was so muddy. I didn't get scared, but I slipped in. I said: "Willie, call for pa," and he called and called. I

went down until I could touch the bottom of the river with the stick. I would come up, catch my breath and go down again. My father ran and jumped right off the bank into the river and just as I came up the last time, strangling, he grabbed me and took me out. They laid me over a log and worked with me until I came to. That night every time I would get almost to sleep, I would think I was in the river, and awake with a jump.

First Public School

My father taught the first public school in Burlington—that was in 1863. He taught in the old Methodist church. It was when they moved the town site to Burlington. He had a big school of mixed scholars, all the way from children to men grown. There had been a private school taught by Mrs. Reamer before that, but no public school.

Had to Work

In 1874 my father was elected county clerk of Coffey county and he held that office for four years. During that time I was about fourteen to sixteen years of age. It threw a great deal of the work on the farm upon me. We kept help—two hands most all of the time—but we dealt in cattle. We had generally about one hundred head of feeding cattle and it was my work to haul out the corn for them. Of course, we didn't get any high prices for cattle then as we do now. When we got as high as five cents a pound, we thought we were doing fine. We would buy them at about three cents a pound, feed them corn and sell them at about five cents a pound, if the gain on the cattle paid for the cost of the corn we thought we were doing pretty well.

We did not have fences. We herded on the prairie north of Burlington. We didn't have sheep then. When we herded, we would lie on a high place most of the time and see the place most of the time and see that the cattle did not go off with other cattle.

In '64 and '66 father was a member of the State Legislature. I can remember yet how he used to go from home to Topeka in the stage coach before we had any railroads.

When I was a little boy we attended school at Burlington. One day I ran away from school to see the building of the M. K. & T. as they were building south from Junction City to the Indian Territory. I did not intend to run away from school, but I didn't get back in time. It was a big sight to me—the first engine I had ever seen. The M. K. & T. was built as a southern branch of the Union Pacific rail road and they were getting every alternate section of land as an inducement for them to build through the Indian Territory into Texas so the government would have a way of transporting troops down into that new country.

We shipped cattle to Kansas City. We did not drive any cattle there. Some of the first we raised might have been driven, but when father engaged in feeding cattle it was after the Katy railroad had been built.

In 1876 the Santa Fe built from Ottawa to Burlington.

Indian Grave in Feed Lot

In our feed lot right where we fed cattle there was an Indian grave. It was covered with flat limestone rocks and before the Indians were moved to their reservation at Quenemo, when they were going to their

hunting ground, they would come to the grave and tramp a ring around it by having the ponies tramp around and around the grave. One of the Indians would stand on the grave and hold the lariat and make the ponies tramp around and around until they tramped the weeds down. Then they would put bread and meat under the stones on the grave. After they had gone, we would go down and sometimes find beads that had been lost where they had been tramping and we would notice where they had put bread and meat under those rocks.

At an early day in Kansas the smallpox was so bad among the Indians it killed many of them.

Old Joe Quinemo was a great friend of my father's. Snowfall Kenemy was a little Indian boy that I used to play with. He could play hide and seek behind the smallest piece of grass I ever saw.

Years afterwards, one time, the Indians were moved to the Indian Territory and Joe Quinemo and other Indians were coming through; father had them stay all night at our house and put their ponies in the barn. It was very seldom that an Indian would ever sleep in a cabin, but that time Joe Quinemo and the two men that were with him slept down by the fire-place in the cabin. When they got ready to start on the journey in the morning Joe Quinemo came bringing in an old cowbell. He handed it to my father and said: "Me, You, Give. No swap." He was making father a present of the cowbell. I could understand some things the Indians said—not a great deal.

One time my father was visiting an Indian cabin and he forgot his buckskin mittens. Pretty soon he said to me (I was about 8 years old)

"George, I wish you would go down to Joe Quinemo's and bring my buckskin mittens. I have forgotten them." I went down and got them. My mother was surprised and said: "How did you make them know what you wanted?" I told her I held out my hands and said: "Bucky, bucky skin." They got them and handed them to me.

They had something like carpet made out of rushes and they would cut little poles in the timber and put them in the ground, tying the poles together at the top, then wind the rush carpet around that, leaving it open at the top so that they could build a fire and the smoke would go out the top.

They always had lots of ponies and dogs. When they went to move from place to place they would carry their wickeyup and roll it up in bundles, they had their own way of making saddles. They would hang these bundles on the pony and pack them that way—Indian style—that is, one pony after the other. They sometimes put the papoose in sort of a bundle on the side of the pony—more often the squaws carried the papoose on her back, even though she was riding.

The Sac and Fox Indians were good Indians compared with the Cheyenne.

We had breaking plows but no drills, discs, planters or anything of that kind. In planting corn, we prepared the ground and marked it off both ways, with a marker. We would then plant the corn by dropping three grains to a hill, sometimes covering it with a hoe and sometimes with a shoveled plow, the shovel was made like the blade of a spade, covering the corn and then lifting it up, letting the

one horse pull it.

The first moving machine I ever saw had one big wheel, instead of two. It was owned by Mr. Nelson, at Burlington.

We had chairs in the log house with woven hickory bottoms and pretty good, home-made comfortable beds, with featherbeds and light government blankets. The government blankets were really the remains of the Civil war, because nearly every man in the service had blankets that had been brought home when he came. We had a factory at Burlington that wove blankets—that was quite an enterprise. It was operated by F. A. Atherly, father of M. G. Atherly of Gridley and Frank Atherly of Strawn.

Nearly all the provisions that were brought in came by way of Leavenworth. The men would go to Leavenworth to get goods for the stores and haul them from there generally by ox teams.

Grandma did not have a sewing machine until in 1868 or '69. It was a Wheeler and Wilson—a good one. She washed with a washboard and tub.

First Church was Methodist

The first church at Burlington was a Methodist church that stood in the east part of town at the corner of Second and Hudson street, just north of where the Long Bell Lumber company is now. My father and mother were charter members of that church. Some of our ministers at that time were later quite prominent Methodist ministers. There was Rev. C. R. Rice, S. E. Pendleton and Rev. Mr. Hancock. They went to church with the ox teams sometimes, a bit more often with horses. By the time we had the church most

of the people had horses.

At one time pretty near the close of the war, there were 8000 refugee Indians from the Indian territory here. They were the Chocotaw, Chickashas, Creeks and Seminoles. The government had brought them up there between Burlington and LeRoy. They were in charge of Colonel Coffin. You can imagine what a time they must have been for the army. They didn't commit any great depredations at all—they were practically all friendly Indians—but often they had trouble among themselves. They were kept there until after the close of the war, then taken to the Indian Territory.

Father was not in the regular army. He was United States Marshal.

Buys Herd of Sheep

In 1876 my father and I went overland to near Toronto, in Wilson county and bought three hundred twenty-five head of sheep. We bought them of Charles LeFleur, west of the Verdigris river. When we started to take them home, they would not ford the river because sheep will hardly ever go into the water at all. Father went back to Charlie LeFleur's and borrowed a wagon load of walnut boards and hauled them down to the Verdigris river; put some rocks in the water with some cross-pieces, putting those boards down to make a bridge across the Verdigris river. Then taking a little salt in a bucket, he called to the sheep and they followed him right along. My brother and I herded the sheep while father took the lumber back; then we came on home across the prairie, passing close to where Gridley is now.

The people in our neighborhood

would go close to Wichita to hunt Buffalo. They hardly ever went until after they had the corn husked in the fall.

One time father went to shoot a deer that was in the field close to our house, we older children crawled up to the henhouse to watch him and just as he got nearly there, the deer started to run. Father looked up and saw that the children on the henhouse had scared the deer.

In 1876 President Hayes was elected President of the United States. He had promised to remove the troops from the south which he did. The effect of it was that the negroes of the South being afraid, started immigrating to Kansas. The transportation companies encouraged them to come, and the result of it was that it brought lots of those exodist negroes to Kansas—many of them are still here. The negroes in our county in talking about it said they told them to come to Kansas, where Governor St. John would give them 40 acres of land and a mule to tend it. Many of them did go out on school land west of Burlington, but only remained for a little while before coming to town. They said they couldn't live on prairie grass. Most of those negroes moved to the south part of the state, down about Independence—some of them just across the line into the territory—some to Coffeyville where they could raise cotton.

Three Big Bridges

They built the bridges—three of them—in 1869, one at LeRoy, one at Strawn and one at Burlington. The Throckmorton bridge was not built until 1882. The county voted \$45,000 in bonds for the building of the first three iron bridges in

Coffey county, two of them are still in use. The other might have been, but they condemned it and built a new one at a cost of \$75,000.00—a cement combination bridge.

It was while I was attending the

university at Lawrence in 1882 that Mr. Haskell introduced me to Mrs. John Brown—the only time I ever saw her. They held a reception for her in Lawrence as she was going East from Oregon.

Geo. Throckmorton.

Mrs. Marian Kent Race Gives Early History

Chicago, Ill.
April 18, 1931

My dear John:

Since the receipt of your letter yesterday, my mind has been running rampant with incidents as I remember them, and the stories told us by our parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Kent, of the early days of Coffey county and Burlington.

Our father came from his home in Lancaster, New Hampshire, to Galesburg, Ill., in the early 50s and in 1857 landed in Burlington. I still treasure the old carpet bag he brought with him. He established later a chain of Indian stores, in partnership with Sidney Durfee of Leavenworth. They traded foods and clothing, etc., for the hides and furs brought in by the Indians. The store in Burlington was later managed under the name of Kent & Grimes, Edson Grimes being the partner.

Our mother came with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Stimson, in the spring of 1864 to the town of Hampden across the river from Burlington, to the home of Isaac Olney, editor of the Hampden Expositor and brother of our grandmother.

It was always most interesting to hear about that journey from their

home in Warsaw, New York, by such facilities of railroads as the times afforded, to St. Joseph, Mo., and thence by stage coaches to Coffey county through the college town of Ottumwa, where the ruins of the old college are still standing, I've been told. Of course they stopped for a meal at the Stubblefield farm of "Jake ate up the greaser" fame and down through Burlington to deposit passengers, passing the stores of Kent & Grimes, Walking Bros., and others.

Has Hampden Expositor

When Rev. and Mrs. H. K. Stimson came to Burlington with their daughter in 1864, and drove thru the town Orson Kent stood in front of the store and thus Kate Stimson had her first glimpse of the man she was to marry. They forded the river at Whistler's ford to the town of Hampden, a cluster of small buildings, that was the rival of Burlington at that time. I have a copy of the Hampden Expositor, a really interesting relic. My parents were married at Humboldt, where our grandfather was the Baptist minister, on Christmas eve, December 24, 1864 and drove to Burlington and settled in the Burlington house, managed by Mr. and Mrs. John T. Cox.

It has been said Mr. Cox was the original Col. Sellers of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age." He was visionary and a dreamer, while Mrs. Cox was ambitious and a great worker and somewhat of a scold, though kind and generous to a fault.

Working in the hotel was colored "Aunt Patsy" who had come up from the south with the Fifth Kansas regiment. She always called herself the "Daughter of the Regiment" and every year marched with the G.A.R. in the Decoration day parade. Dear, good, kindly soul! Woe be to any child caught out bare headed. We must all wear our sun bonnets for fear Aunt Patsy would "get" us.

If the walls of that old hotel could have talked, what tales they would have told. I have a heavy white earthenware cup belonging to the first set of dishes used there. I also have a day book and ledger of the firm of Kent & Grimes which is a very good directory of the town in the early 60s.

There were many bright and interesting men in that part of the county, comprising the towns of Burlington, LeRoy, Hampden and Ottumwa. I especially recall Rev. J. M. Rankin of Ottumwa at that time, Fred Potter of Hampden, F. A. Atherly of Burlington who owned and operated the woolen mill that stood about where the water works plant now stands, on the banks of the Neosho river. I still have blankets and pieces of flannel made in that old factory.

Jollification Over Katy

There was a great jollification when the M. K. and T. railroad branch was completed to Burlington. I can recall the great cele-

bration and a large cake covered with icing in forms to represent Burlington with the first train entering, that was presented to our cousin Tillie Bigelow, as a popular young lady. The cake was made by Mr. Pollock. Among other prominent men were Silas Fearl and Samuel Junkins, both bright lawyers of that day and Col. Redmond, father of the "Old Man" of The Republican, came a short time later and formed partnership with Mr. Junkins. Then there was Judge H. N. Bent and a few years later Judge A. M. F. Randolph. Col. S. S. Prouty was an early settler and the first editor of The Burlington Patriot which was taken over later by A. D. Brown. James M. Lane was an early arrival, coming here before our father. In 1869 the partnership of Lane & Kent was formed that lasted until the death of our father and it was said, was the oldest firm doing business continuously in Kansas at that time. Then there was Judge B. L. Kingsbury and Dr. Wm. - Manson, who was one of the earliest physicians, who probably officiated at the entrance into this world of many of us.

Mrs. Manson was Miss Kinzie, a daughter of Capt. John Kinzie, the first white settler in Chicago, and on her mother's side a great granddaughter of Capt. John Whistler, who built the first Fort Dearborn in Chicago.

Another prominent man of the county was Gen. Harrison Kelley of Ottumwa, who later was elected Congressman from the Fourth Kansas district. Robert Adair was also a well known man and Henry Coweill is still fresh in the minds and hearts of all Burlingtonians.

Wm. Sanders and James Manson had a grocery store and later the name of the firm was Sanders & Hoffmans and still later Frank Hofmans took over the store and it is still doing business under that good old name. Mr. Sanders's sons are among the substantial business men of the town today. Henry G. Beatty was another one of the early settlers.

A history of Burlington should include the Patton family and the hotel by that name on Rock creek, that ran through that beauty spot, Patton's grove, where picnics and social gatherings were held in those days before many of those fine old trees had been cut away. The Jake Harlan family also lived near by and not far away the Sands family. The daughter Ella married the late Lem A. Woods, who was a prominent figure in the newspaper world of Kansas.

In the late 60s or early 70s there was a group of young men who called themselves the Pickwick club and had rooms in a building on Third street directly south of the old Burlington house, where the Newcomb hotel now stands. Among the members of the club were Lee Jarboe and N. P. Garretson, later president and cashier of the first bank established in the town. Then there was S. A. Brown, a lumber dealer, and Geo. and Will Hall, hardware dealers I think, and several others whom I seem to have forgotten. I think the Woodford Bros., came later. Also Geo. H. Dickinson, who had early settled in LeRoy and moved later to Burlington. The bank was a small frame building just north of the present armory, or as it used to be the Jarboe opera house. I recall when the L. A. Felton bak-

cry and confectionery store stood a little south of the old Eppinger home and the Eppinger store stood about where the home now stands. How many recall the old concrete house built by Rev. Mr. Hickcox, the first Episcopal clergyman in the town, north of the Kent home on First street? The Hickcox home was a show place in the early days.

I have much enjoyed Geo. Throckmorton's recent articles in The Republican and recall that spring wagon carrying the entire family to the Methodist church in town every Sunday morning. There was the Cross Bros., Sam and Tom, who, I think, built the old Excelsior mill, that were prosperous at one time, until the mill was destroyed by fire in the early 80's and the miller, dear old Mr. Mann, beloved by all we neighborhood children.

There was also the Stowe stone mill that stood back of where the National hotel now stands. Mr. Mart Hoover was the sheriff and with Job and Will Throckmorton, out standing figures. The reference of his son concerning Indians, recalls a story of our mother standing behind the counter of our father's store, when a big old buck Indian came in and leaned over and touched each of the brass buttons that trimmed her dress, and then went to the rear of the store and wanted to trade squaws with our father. I have not touched upon the county seat and its changes, for a small child has no interest in that and other historians have told that story. There are possibly errors in dates concerning some of these early people, but it is written just as memory brings them to me, and Mrs. Leo

Whistler, whom we have known from our childhood, will agree with most at least of my story for she has lived many years on that same spot in the shade of that row of tall cottonwood trees that used to line the road-side leading down to the mill. How we loved to play under those trees!

I would like to write some time of "Do you remember way back when?"

"I've salted down sweet memories,
And no matter where I go,
There's none can hold a candle
To the friends of long ago."

Marian Kent Race.

Business Directory of Burlington in 1870

Right in line with the letters from the old timers, comes a story in the Emporia Gazette about "Blackburn's Kansas Directory and Gaze-ter, published early in 1870 in Lawrence. Frank P. Warren of Em-poria has a copy of the directory, which tells of the towns of Kan-sas. It says of Burlington:

Burlington a Town

"Burlington—Is situated on the Neosho river in the center of Coffey county, of which it is the county seat. It is a station on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, 91 miles south of Junction City. Daily mail and money order office. Population about 2,000. B. Allen & Co., blacksmiths; Atherly & Co., woolen milles; Bear & Deem, cabinet makers; H. N. Bent, attorney; H. G. Beatty, groceries; C. Best, saddler; Bromley House, O. P. Bromley, prop.; Burlington Hotel, N. F. Tipton, prop.; Cox & Son, boots and shoes; Cross & Sons, grist mills; Daniels & Blackburn, dry goods; Davis & Cline, blacksmiths; J. L.

Davis & Co., watchmakers; R. P. Douglass, physician; Fearl & Stratton, attorneys; H. R. Flook, dentist; J. S. Garwood, tailor; H. L. Jarboe, dry goods; King & Smith, dry goods; Kingsbury & Co., builders; P. W. Land, saddler; Lane, Kent & Co., land agents; Manson, Puffer & Co., groceries; W. Manson, physician; W. McMullen, druggist; W. Miller baker; Morse & Harding, blacksmiths; D. P. Metcalf, dry goods; W. Morton, physician Marcell & Co., hardware; W. F. McCallister, physician; The Patriot, A. D. Brown, prop.; P. S. Patton, postmaster and stationery; Perley & Co., clothing; Mrs. Prouty, milliner; A. M. F. Randolph, attorney, Rankin & McConnell, attorney; Redmond & Junkins, attorneys; D. E. Scott, book store; J. M. Sheafer & Bros., attorneys; P. M. Sheafor, physician; Smith & King, dry goods; John Stowe, miller; Stanfield & Foster, groceries; Thomas Strawbridge, stoves, etc.; O. Walkling & Bro., dry goods and groceries; Wallborne & Co., house painters; W. Weber, boots and shoes.

Mrs. Maggie Wright Tells of Early Days

I have been reading about the old timers, and I sure enjoyed read-about them. It made me think of many things that I hadn't thot of for a long time. I don't know if I am an old timer or not, but I was born in Coffey county and always lived in Coffey county all my life and within a mile of where I was born, except for one year. I am almost 69. I sure remember when my father, Wm. Hale, kept sheep and I used to have to watch after the little lambs. The women folks never used to have quiltings as they do now for they didn't have time. They would have woolpickings to get their wool ready to take to the carding machine to have it made into rolls. Then it had to be spun in yarn and colored ready to go to the weaver. It was then made into cloth. Then my mother would make our winter clothes and they were all made by hand as there were no sewing machines in those days. Then the socks and stockings were to knit. They sure lasted and were sure warm. I forgot to say we took our wool to Burlington to Mr. Athley to have it carded.

One woman wrote about ox teams. I sure remember them and my mother and I went to Burlington with one of our neighbors one time with an ox team. We started quite early in the morning and got home about sun down. That would sure seem slow going now days.

Burlington in those days was a very small town. I remember so well when the first train came into Burlington. I was a small child, but it sure was a sight to me.

There used to be lots of Indians coming through here. They always camped near where we lived and would want to trade dried buffalo meat for hog meat and would get mad if you didn't trade.

My father came to this country in 1857 and moved here with ox teams. A herd of Texas cattle went thru a little while after them came and their cattle got the fever and they lost nearly all of them. I have heard my father tell of walking to Burlington and carrying a sack of flour home. It was ten miles. That would be some trip these days.

Mrs. Maggie Wright

Neosho City Sawmill Disappears in Night

Oak Vale Farm, Neesho Township

I was born in the Province of New Brunswick under Queen Victoria, near the highest tide in the world, the bay of Fundy, September 4, 1852. My father, Richard D. Gray and mother and quite a

few uncles and their families came down by way of the lakes by boat, probably sail or wind power, to Milwaukee, Wisc., then overland to Green county, where we lived until the spring of 1857, starting for "Sunny Kansas" or "Bleeding Kan-

sas," arriving at Burlington, Kansas, on June 6.

There was a store run by Jud and Do Walkling, at the corner of Third and Hudson streets. That day or the next, father drove on down to Neosho City on the hill just across Big creek south of the present home of George Throckmorton. Neosho City as a town did not last long, probably on account of the water problem. There was a saw mill and grist mill on the north side of the creek, owned by D. R. Hovey and company. I heard my brother-in-law, William Hale, relate about he and his father, Jacob Hale being at the mill and getting their grinding done at about 4 o'clock one evening, and lo! the next morning the mill was gone! When found it was on Eagle creek in Lyon county, taken there

by Hovey and his helpers with ox teams. There is still a small building on George Throckmorton's farm that stood near where his house stands. Mr. Elliot ran a small store and kept the post office. I well remember coming across the prairie on foot with my stepbrother, James Parsons, to get mail. There were no papers as there was no paper published in Burlington and only a few in the state. The first paper in Burlington The Neosho Valley Register, was established by S. S. Prouty, I think, and was bought by A. D. Brown and called The Patriot. I guess our present Republican is a direct descendant. Later S. S. Prouty was appointed the fourth state printer.

J. N. Gray.

Ottumwa Was at First Called Booneville

Ottumwa, April 22, 1931

Dear Editor:

I received a letter from you the first of the week saying you wished me to write about the times I knew here in the early settling of the country. This town, Ottumwa, was first called Boonville, but so many here came from Ottumwa, Ia., and Mr. Bowen, I think, who came from there, named this place Ottumwa.

My father and mother came from Keokuk county, Ia., and settled here in 1855. At that time I was two years old. My father by trade was a miller and ran a grist and flour mill for his father-in-law on Skunk River, Ia., and after he came to Kansas ran a steam grist and flouring mill for a man by the name of

Pete Smith. The mill stood south of Ottumwa about a half a mile, where Carl Heffron now lives. Smith sold flour, meal and buckwheat flour to the neighbors and the Indians. He and Henry Richards, who owned a store here, would have some of the flour sacked and hauled by wagon trains to Fort Gibson, Ark.

I remember many times we would shell corn by hand, and mother would put me on a horse and put the sack of corn in front of me, and send me to the mill with it. Father used to raise buckwheat and grind it and bring it home and we had molasses made of sorghum (which we raised) from cane and some times father would tap some of the maple trees and make molasses out

of the sap. Oh, but buckwheat cakes and maple syrup with ham gravy was good.

Our cabin was of one room and about 20 feet long with one door and one window and wooden hinges on the door, a latch of wood to close the door with a latch string hanging out. There was one bed with a trundle bed underneath for me.

The fire place was on the east side of the house and mother did the cooking by the fire place. We had no stove then. She would take a board about two feet long and put corn cakes on it and put flat irons at the back of it and turn it up to the fire to bake. She had a three-legged oven with a lid to it and she would bake corn pone in it. She also had a three-legged skillet. She would pull the live coals out and put the oven on them, put the lids on and bake. She had a pot to hang over the fire to boil chicken or other meats, and of course a teakettle.

Sheep Sorrel Pie

When baking a pie she would go and gather sheep sorrel (some times called "sheep shower") and make it and it took about as much sugar as sheep sorrel. I was at a wedding once when that was the only pie

they had. We gathered the wild onions. There were all kinds of wild berries and wild plums. I don't see why they didn't make pies out of them but I never saw any, but I have seen many cobblers and dump-lings made of those wild berries. There were wild blackberries, dew berries, raspberries and strawberries and we gathered the slough plums and those large plums by the tubs full. Here on Hickory creek we gathered Hickory nuts by the sack full for winter use.

There were all kinds of game here at that time, such as deer, antelope, turkeys, prairie chickens and all kinds of ducks and geese, sand hill cranes, coon, opossum, wild cat, and in the western part of Kansas buffalo by the thousands. Also many wolves and coyotes.

The prairies were full of all kinds of song birds and plover or snipes. Where have they all gone? Gone with the Indians, for when they were here there was lots of game. It is the same way with the fish, the Indian only killed what he needed, the white man killed wantonly and called it sport, until we had to have game laws, after it is too late.

H. A. Fry.

Oldest Business in Kansas Is in Burlington

Reading your publications of the Pioneers of Coffey county, has caused my mind to turn back a few years. My parents came to Coffey county in 1857. Father, G. H. Dickinson, came from Perry, New York to LeRoy, Kansas, during the summer of 1857. Mother, Elizabeth Quiggle came with her parents from Punxsutawne, Penn.,

during the winter of 1857 and located on a farm near LeRoy. They were married in September 1861.

Father often talked about his trip to Kansas and of early days in Coffey county. From New York he worked his way by getting jobs when he could, from town to town. When he got to Lawrence, Kansas, he walked to Hampden, where he

caught a ride to LeRoy. Store buildings were scarce in LeRoy, there being only about a dozen buildings of all kinds. His first job was to cut trees and help build a log business house. Then he made a trip with an ox team to Leavenworth to purchase a stock of harness goods, having learned the harness trade in New York. He opened his place of business September 1, 1857. A few years later he bought and used the first set of stock scales in Coffey county. He had a large corral back of his store building in which the cattle were driven, then weighed out over the scales.

Talk about Indians, they had plenty of them to contend with, I have heard mother tell how her father and her brothers worked hard to raise a crop, then to have it destroyed by Indian ponies. I remember when I was a small boy, father gave me to a large Indian, at least he looked large to me, and when the Indian started away with me, there was something doing at once. The Indian enjoyed the joke much more than I did.

Most of the younger Indian boys carried a bow and arrows. The town people would place a stick in the ground, it standing about two feet high, the end of the stick split enough to hold a nickel or dime for the Indian boys to shoot at. All parties enjoyed this sport. It was surprising how accurately they could shoot.

Most of the Indians traveled horseback. Some mothers with small papooses would ride on some

kind of a platform or bed, hanging between two long poles, the front end of the poles forming a shaft. Attached to each side of a pony, the back end of the pole dragging on the ground.

Often you could see the papoose wrapped in a blanket, riding in a standing position, and tied to the front part of the saddle, but more often the papoose was carried on the squaw's back. Father often traded for Indian smoked tanned deer hides called "buck skin", also for tanned buffalo hides for robes.

In later Indian days, father sold a saddle to an Indian to be paid for "in four moons"—months. In order to pay this bill promptly, the Indian rode in town a day ahead of the rest of the Indians.

Speaking of pioneers, we have made the claim for years without being disputed, that this harness business started by G. H. Dickinson in September, 1857, was, and is at this time the oldest business of any kind in the state of Kansas. Father moved the harness store to Burlington in March 1872 and then in 1895 he moved to Topeka, leaving me as manager, later I purchased the stock of harness goods. I sold the business in September 1920, making 63 years, the business was under the Dickinson name. The store is still doing a nice business at the old stand, owned by the Burlington Harness shop, almost 74 years since it was started by my father.

J. E. Dickinson.

Mrs. Mary E. Whistler Writes of Early Days

1247 Central Ave.,
Kansas City, Kans.

Dear Mr. Redmond:

I have been reading what the old timers have been writing and believe I am one of them. My father, Dr. H. R. Flook, came to Kansas in the fall of 1868. He first came to Emporia, then to Hartford, then Burlington. He stopped at the Burlington Hotel run by John T. Cox and met Jim Lane. He had a talk with him and decided to stay. He was the first dentist in Burlington and my mother was the first milliner. She brought one of the first sewing machines to Burlington, a Wheeler & Wilson.

My father sent for his wife and three small children. We were met at Lawrence by my father and a man named Woodworth with two ox teams with covered wagons and it took us two days to make the trip. When we got to the Neosho river we crossed it on a ferry boat about where the water works now stands and the woolen mill was near there.

I remember when Burlington got its first railroad, the M. K. & T. They had a great celebration, big tent, banquet and a dance with visitors from out of town.

Mr. Throckmorton tells of the

grasshoppers and the Indians. I remember how bad every thing looked after they left, so bare. And the Indians, I was afraid of them and one day my younger sister and I were left alone and along came a big Indian man begging for hog meat. I did not know what hog meat was then, but I knew he wanted something so I give him my father's best pants. He went off muttering something.

Later on I got over being afraid of them and after I married Mr. Whistler and went to live on the farm, they came through Burlington quite often and camped on our farm. Mr. Whistler's father was an Indian trader and knew so many of them. When the Sac and Fox Indians were moved to the Indian Territory in the fall of 1875, my husband was one to help move them.

I went to Sunday school in the first Methodist church building and there were as many sunbonnets as hats those days. I well remember Rev. C. R. Rice, Rev. S. E. Pendleton and Rev. Mr. Hancock. Rev. Mr. Hancock preached my mother's funeral, and in 1875 Rev. C. R. Rice officiated at my marriage.

Mrs. Mary E. Whistler.

S. N. Danner Tells of Indiana Immigrants

In 1859 a group of immigrants came to Coffey county from near Terre Haute, Indiana to settle on farms in what now is Avon township west of Aliceville. In the party which traveled in covered wagons were the three Bussett boys, Sam, Henry and John, who located on farms in a row, south of what now is known as the Isenberger place; and Mrs. Sherman and three daughters and a son, who settled across the creek from what now is the Allen Young place. My father, Michael Danner, also came with this party and later married one of the Sherman girls. These families and others came in one group, making a rather large caravan.

Arnold Sherman enlisted in the Civil War and came home a colonel, but he also brought a case of smallpox home with him, and his step-father, Mr. Abbott, whom Mrs. Sherman had married during the war, caught the disease and died. I remember Mrs. Abbott coming close to our house and warning us to stay away from her home for fear we would catch it. Smallpox in those days was very often fatal and was different from what it is now.

Father built a home of his own immediately after marrying Miss Sherman, but a big prairie fire burned it down almost as soon as completed. He then built a log house in which all nine of the children were born.

In those days money was scarce,

and "shin plasters" or paper money was used even in small denominations. A dollar's worth of 10c shin plasters would make a big roll. I remember the first silver coin I ever saw—a 25c piece. It was a curiosity, as there was very little silver money in circulation. In fact very little money of any kind was in circulation.

Chairs with hickory bottoms were in general use then, and we still have several of them in our home.

Indians were plentiful in those days, but not bothersome. I remember one time when a large number of Osages camped in the timber and during their stay one of their number died. Other Indians came to our house to borrow a spade to dig a grave and afterwards brought back an old hoe and an axe. While camped there the Indians used our well so often that they emptied it, and father brought the bucket and rope into the house so the Indians could not get at the water. They came to the house and asked for it, but were told they couldn't have it. At one time when we butchered three hogs the Indians wanted the head of one of the hogs, and when father was cutting off the head of the smallest hog for them, they asked for the head off of the biggest one. Father was on duty to protect LeRoy in case of an uprising during the war, but there was no trouble with the Indians then.

S. N. Danner.

Dr. Fear Recounts Pioneer Day Happenings

While I was not among the earliest settlers in Coffey county I have been a citizen of this county long enough to be classed among the "old timers," and will jot down some recollections of those times of 50 to 60 years ago. I was born in Ohio in 1855 and came to Kansas in 1872. We came down the Ohio river on a boat to Cincinnati, thence by rail to Hannibal, Mo., and over the Hannibal and St. Joe railroad to Kansas City, a town at that time not much larger than Burlington. From Kansas City we took the K. C., Fort Scott and Gulf road to Paola and from there by stage coach through Osawatomie and Lane to Greeley. We lived in Greeley until 1874 when we moved to Coffey county.

While at Greeley, my father practiced medicine and kept a drug store in which I clerked and at spare moments printed envelopes, letter heads, handbills etc., on a small job press for the merchants. Among my boy friends was W. O. Champe, who later became the editor and publisher of the "Garnett Plaindealer" which he and another old friend, Clark Richardson, were still publishing at the time of the death of Champe about one year ago. Champe was very much interested in the little job press and learned to set type and print at that time and was probably led into the newspaper business by this early environment.

Who can say how much a small matter in the early life of a boy, may have to do with his future, and the lives of other boys who

were influenced by his writings in his newspaper? For there is no doubt that a good man wields a powerful influence over the destiny of young people through the medium of the press.

Among the first incidents I remember seeing at Greeley was an armed posse of half a dozen men ride through the streets going east. Later in the day they returned and we learned they had caught up with a horse thief and left him hanging by the neck to a limb of a tree near Lane.

We moved to Coffey county in March 1874 and I attended the teachers' institute that summer and received a certificate signed by Geo. McConnell, S. C. Junkins and Wm. A. Allison. Next year McConnell, N. S. Werts and John M. Rankin were the examining board.

At that time nearly all the business houses were located on Third street. Among them I remember Hall & Haight, Scott's Book Store, T. J. Goodwin, Eppingers and Redmond & Junkins, attorneys.

Burlington put on a centennial 4th of July celebration in the grove just across the Neosho street bridge on the north side of the road, in 1876.

I worked for Charley Brown who was county commissioner at that time (1874) on his farm in Pottawatomie township and remember well when Charley Brown and the other commissioners bought the poor farm for the county about that time.

I was working for him the day the locusts, (called grasshoppers)

came down like a heavy snow storm. This was as I remember, August 22, 1874 about noon. Before sundown that day the "hoppers" had eaten the center out of the corn stubs where I was cutting corn, the green blades off the corn and the peaches off the trees, leaving the peach seeds hanging on the trees. Like chickens they went to roost about sundown, on fences or in piles on the ground. The next spring the young "hoppers" hatched out about the time we had plowed over a field of corn once and in a few days ate it down into the ground. We planted it over and raised a fine crop of corn. The young locusts, like the old ones, nearly all left in one day, rising and flying off south.

During the winter of 1874 and '75 the county commissioners ordered a survey made of the M. K. & T. railroad through this county to determine the amount of railroad in each township and school district in the county for the proper division of tax. James Shaw was county surveyor at that time. He with P. K. Wadams, Forcus McClain, myself and one other man made the survey. We were equipped with a covered wagon, a tent, grub box etc. One article among our daily rations was a 2 or 3-lb. chunk of dried beef. Rattlesnakes were numerous at that time and Shaw had a habit of pulling a handful of dead grass and dropping it on a rattlesnake then putting his foot on the snake just back of the head, he would take a large knife from his pocket and decapitate that snake as deliberately as he would afterwards slice off the dried beef. I eat dried beef with a better relish now than at that particular time. P. K.

Wadams and the other man walked to Burlington each evening after we had finished our day's work, leaving 3 of us to camp.

One night we camped on Big Creek on the south side of a high bank where the ground sloped toward the creek. About the time we were comfortably settled with our tent up and a good fire built at the open side of the tent the wind suddenly changed to the north with snow and very cold. We spread our blankets on some straw in the tent with our feet toward the fire on the east side of the tent. We took turns during the night, being crowded out on the lower side of the hill, fixing the fire and getting in bed again on the upper side and crowding out the next man on the lower side. I have heard of a game called "freeze out" but that was the only time I ever played the game.

In later years after I had graduated in medical school in 1877, I took a few lessons in hunting deer, coyotes and prairie chickens with Ed Drum, his sons Frank and Ed. Jr., and Will Pierson.

The settlement in those days was almost entirely along the streams and the uplands were open prairie. Often at night I became lost on the prairie on the uplands. One night I had a call professionally to a lone house on the upland prairie. After I left the road I had about 5 miles across the prairie at a right angle to the road and with the house to guide me. When I started home I had the wind to my back and not knowing that the wind had changed while I was in the house, I spent the night somewhere between LeRoy and Westphalia. I was riding a horse that I drove 25 years, and he had two

good eyes, but he was lost as completely as I was.

Another time a man came after me horseback and he was lost and wandered around about two hours. When we started out I put a pocket compass and some matches in my pocket, so when we finally struck a road that led to his home, he took the wrong end of the road and would not believe the compass was right and even when I showed him and argued with me until we came in sight of his home that the compass was wrong. It was told of a man in that neighborhood who had lived there many years that he became lost on his way home from Garnett one night and when his team finally came up to his own gate he inquired the way home.

For many years there was a Star mail route from Garnett to Burlington via Central City, Mineral Point and Avon P. O. F. L. Harford had the contract and with 4 or 5 Indian ponies and a light spring wagon and a buck board, made the trip from Mineral Point P. O. to Garnett one day and back and the next day to Burlington and back. Peter Patton, I think, was post master at Burlington and Sam Patton and "Ike" Patton were clerks in the P. O. My brother, W. H. Fear carried the mail for one or two years for Harford. Harford farmed the place for "Uncle" Sammy Tipton, as he was usually called.

F. L. Harford once became so exasperated because the collars hurt the horses shoulders and no new collars were to be had that one day while I was substitute mail carrier for two weeks while my brother was at home sick, he

took the horse collars to the wood pile and chopped them to pieces. The team had a holiday until new collars were provided. There were few fences on the roads and when roads became muddy we made a new road across what are now well improved farms.

There were a great many Indians still here in 1874 and even up to the early 80s. Once, while working alone on the house father was building, I turned around and an Indian was standing within two feet when I had no thought of any one being within a mile. He wanted to know something, but his language was "Greek" or worse to me until he brought out a mink trap from under his blanket.

One day a lot of Indians were trading in a store in Waverly. One squaw had a papoose tied on her back and the clerk had given the child a stick of candy, which it had over its face and hands and the mother's hair and face. The father was buying one thing at a time and paying for it with a large bill each time, putting all the silver change in a sack. He would say, "I want 50 cents coffee," or "50 cents sugar." He bought two sacks of flour one at a time, and the whole purchase was laid on a blanket on the floor and when he had all he wanted he walked out got on his pony and rode away, leaving that woman to tie those things all up in that blanket and get them on the pony and follow.

I have been very much interested in what others have written especially Geo. Throckmorton and read everything put out by the State Historical society.

J. C. Fear.

Sketch of Ottumwa by H. H. Klock

Ottumwa town was settled and laid off in the latter 50s; the pioneers being W. A. Bowen, Hamilton Smith, Gilbert Smith, John G. Shawbell and James Harris. The latter two built hotels and the first three took claims respectively on the west, south and east sides of the townsite. Mr. Harris and Mr. Shawbell were for some time leading citizens and highly respected. Mr. Harris died on his farm one and one-half miles east of town in 1897. None of his descendants are living here now except his son Jesse.

Mr. Shawbell's house was known for its good cheer the whole length of the Neosho valley. He died in 1903 at his home here, being over eighty years old. All of his descendants have moved away except his daughter Anna, now Mrs. Browning, who with her husband still lives here.

Hamilton Smith died in 1865, leaving a widow and a very interesting family. The widow afterwards married C. L. Edwards, who was quite a character here in the 70s. Mrs. Edwards became quite famous as a preacher and lecturer and is still living.

A brief sketch of Ottumwa written by H. H. Klock some time before his death, which occurred September 7, 1918 was brought in by H. A. Fry. Many of those mentioned by Mr. Klock have died since this sketch was written, and there have been numerous changes, but his article is run just as he wrote it, as follows:

Gilbert Smith sold out here and

moved to Sumner county in 1870.

Mr. Bowen died during the Civil war. His youngest son Robert, lives two and one half miles south and east of Ottumwa and stands very high in the community. The Bowens gave the name to the town after Ottumwa, Iowa.

Among the next lot of settlers were Harrison Kelley, John T. Cox, D. H. Hovey and Hiram Hoover. The latter opened out a grocery store and saloon in a log house just north of the present residence of H. A. Fry. Mr. Hoover closed out his business in 1864 and moved up the river where he died a few years later.

Mr. Hovey made molasses and wrote poetry. He moved out to McPherson in 1874 and died in Rush county a few years later. His family were all bright and smart. None of them lives about here.

Harrison Kelley made an enviable reputation as captain in the Fifth Kansas cavalry, was a member of each branch of the Kansas legislature, and served one term in congress. He was, during the 70s and 80s, one of the ablest men in Kansas and had hosts of friends and followers among all classes of people. He stood out boldly and unflinchingly for negro and woman suffrage when both were unpopular. Gen. Kelley died in 1897, mourned and regretted by everybody.

John T. Cox was a man of decided character and ability. He was well educated and for years was the mainstay of the Western

Christian University at Ottumwa. Mr. Cox moved to Burlington in 1865 and Judge J. M. Rankin in 1866. And when they went away, the light went out of the University and as the board of trustees was unable to re-kindle it, some miscreant set fire to the building and it was burned down in August, 1872.

Mr. McCombs came to Ottumwa from Iowa about 1860. He raised a fine family. All are dead except John, who still lives here. He is seventy-eight years old and remarkably well liked.

For years Ottumwa was the educational center of the country and was mainly brought to that eminence by Rev. J. M. Rankin, who taught here for years. He moved to Burlington in 1866. He was among the best and most prominent citizens of the county. He died three or four years ago, full of years and honor.

Primitive Baptist Church

Henry Richards moved here from Indiana in 1857, and went into the Mercantile business. He was very successful. Through his energy the Primitive Baptist church at Ottumwa was organized; and during the thirty years from 1865 to 1895 it was a powerful body of believers. During this entire time Mr. Richards was a leading minister in the church. He sold out his store in 1872 to C. H. Cannon and moved out on his farm where he lived until 1897, when he sold out here and moved to Crescent City, Okla., where he now lives. He is eighty-four years old, and in excellent physical condition, and still preaches. He has the respect, confidence and love of all who know him.

George A. Smith came here in 1867 and Foster B. Scott in 1868. No better men than these two ever lived here, as both set shining examples of honesty, truthfulness, integrity; and both raised large families. Scott died in 1885 and Smith in 1887. The latter leaving a widow who still lives here. A. J. Scott, who lives on the old Gwin place, is the youngest son of F. B. Scott.

Along in the 70s two brothers came here from Illinois, by the name of R. M. and A. H. Petty. Both were able men, the former served one term as county commissioner and the latter was quite a famous Missionary Baptist preacher. He died in Topeka, Kansas, three years ago. R. M. was accidentally killed in the white lead factory of his uncle at Joplin, Mo., fifteen years ago.

Dr. David Gwin came here from Nebraska in 1867. He was for many years the head and front of the Christian church here. He was able, steadfast and immovable. He sold out here in 1877 and moved to Arkansas, then to Neodesha, then to Neosho Falls and then to Moran, where he died ten years ago.

The John W. McCormick family moved here about '70. Mr. McCormick was postmaster here four years under McKinley and made a very efficient officer. His family consisting of wife, three sons and one daughter were all famous for brains and behavior, two of the sons Eugene and Frank are successful ministers of the gospel. The other son Norman and the daughter Clara are eminent as teachers. Two of the boys live in Oklahoma and one in Iowa and the daughter lives in LeRoy, Kansas.

H. A. Fry names the following as

among the pioneers of Ottumwa:

Among the pioneers of Ottumwa are:

Samuel Knotts, father of Mrs. John McCormick, Mr. Knotts was one of the first Ottumwa postmasters.

Will Minehouse, a carpenter, built most of the houses around Ottumwa.

Walter Williamson, carpenter, was postmaster for some time and his wife was assistant. He and his father-in-law, Ira Howe, had a carpenter or cabinet shop on the same location where the Shaffer house now stands.

Art VanSlack owned a store at Ottumwa and later moved to Burlington.

Will Harris, son of James Harris, owned a harness shop.

Dr. Jenks was a doctor and captain in the militia.

Henry Fry came to Ottumwa in the fall of 1855.

Simpson Despain came in the spring of 1855.

Carl Meyer, shoemaker, and family, later moved on a farm near Strawn.

Thomas Reed and family.

Mr. Bolton, shoemaker.

John T. Lawrence

Pete Taster

— Essex and family.

W. Axtell, farmer

Rube James, farmer.

Tom Hastings and family.

— Darnell and family.

Ben and Bob Woods.

Bick and Ben French, owned a saw mill where tenant house now stands on Big Bend farm.

John Williams.

Howard McMann.

Charlie Bailey, stock buyer.

T. Barnett and family, farmer.

Edd and Lidda Ogburn, farmers.

S. Samuels, Civil war veteran and family, farmers.

A. J. Knowlton, Civil war veteran, farmer.

Edd Rudrauff, Civil war veteran, farmer.

John and Ruben Beavers, farmers.

Henry Burger of Pennsylvania, teacher.

Jonathan and Morgan Bowman, carpenters. Morgan was the husband of Mrs. Sarah Bowman, who recently died.

Tabin Tucke of Pennsylvania, teacher in the college.

John Ball.

Stewart Shreeves bought Shawbell's old hotel and built a barn of it on his farm.

Mr. Theyer and two daughters, Julia and Susie. Julia was a teacher.

John Dodge and family.

Sam Axtel homesteaded north of Ottumwa.

Green Traylor was an early resident with whom Lee Rider made his home. Rider hauled logs to the mill and the lumber to Burlington to build the seventh house constructed here.

Early Days on Buffalo Creek

While some of the children of the Dougless Grubb family are among the living, we will jot down a few items. Mr. Grubb was born in Rochester, Boulder county, Kentucky, November 1817 and was a Civil war veteran. His regiment was the 11th Kentucky Infantry and he served from 1863 to 1865.

Our mother also lived in the same state. She toiled and worked and farmed. She wove cloth and made the clothing while her husband was in the army. In April, 1871, we started to Kansas and were four weeks on the road, with two ox teams and one horse team, in covered wagons. We also had one little black pony. The two boys, John and S. A., took turns about riding. We started with bedding and enough provisions to last all the way and finally arrived at our farm home seven miles west of Burlington. Father had bought the farm from an old bachelor, sight unseen.

The prairie grass was as tall as your head and we were afraid to step for fear of stepping on a big rattlesnake. A little creek ran through the place and was called Buffalo creek. Such fine wild plums, grapes and gooseberries grew along that creek. There were 14 in our family including one cousin. Every Sunday morning a 100-pound sack of flour was opened and the first mess was biscuits. The women didn't seem to know or didn't

care much about making light bread. We fenced and improved the farm and father erected a six-room house on the place, which was a quarter section. Fine crops were the rule. They did grow corn, wheat and oats. There were few settlers or neighbors, who came before we did. Those here were Motzenbarger, Ryan, Fox, Arnold, Cook and the Bailey families.

The farm where the Cleaveland family now live was yet unsettled, an 80 of prairie land. About sundown one evening about three hundred Indians in company with a few white men camped on this prairie. A small boy died during the night about two years old. He was a chief's son. And such crying and mourning, they all did. They kept that up all night. The next morning they started with the corpse and buried it in Burlington.

In 1875 the Stone school house was built and had quite a school. Wm. Throckmorton was the first teacher. Time has passed and changes have been made from time to time. The Grubb farm home has changed hands. Only four living children are left to tell the story of the past and the rest of the family has passed on, our parents living to the ripe old age of 86 and 95. As this is only a brief sketch of our old home, while numerous other events have happened we leave others to tell the story.

The Grubb Children.

French Ridge Named for French Settlers

The term "French Ridge," applied to this immediate neighborhood had its origin from the nationality of the first settlers. John and Mary Cayot with their family Peter, Frank, Philip, Jule, John and Mrs. Gustine Poire came from France and finally decided to live in this section about the year 1857. The children all selected homes close together and reared their families here. They attracted numerous relatives and friends who settled close. Mrs. Mary Cayot died in 1859 and according to her wish was buried on a certain spot on the prairie near her home, the present French Ridge cemetery. There was a spring of water near this place where they obtained their water supply. The father died the following year and was buried beside his wife. A stone wall was placed around the graves and as relatives and friends passed on they were buried there. In 1887 the cemetery was incorporated as a perpetual burial ground. The first five trustees were Albert G. Johnson, Peter Cayot, John J.

Rullier, Peter Payer and Tim Baker, all deceased and buried there except Mr. Baker. John Cayot of Kansas City is the sole survivor of the original family. Minnie and Ullis Poire are the only direct descendants living in this neighborhood at present. The Cayot family was connected much with the early history of Coffey county and live in the memory of many.

For many years "French Ridge" was one of the liveliest communities in Coffey county and many young people from Burlington, Westphalia and other nearby towns frequently drove to French Ridge to take part in the social activities there. The French Ridge dances were especially popular. There was a dance hall on the old Peter Cayot homestead and for many years that was the social center of the entire community for miles around.

French Ridge is located about ten miles northeast of Burlington in Star township.

Mrs. Walter Payer.

Frost Here Every Month in 1860

In the spring of 1856 James H. White and his brother Samuel L. White came down the rivers in the old boat called "The D. A. January" as far as Westport Landing then walked to Burlington. James White pre-empted 160 acres three miles northwest of Burlington along the

Neosho river and it is still "the old home place." He received the patent for it signed by President James Buchanan. We still have the patent, as he never sold the farm.

The brothers built a log cabin and batched for more than a year, then Samuel returned to Ohio. We have

a picture of the log cabin but made long after its useful days were over. James White farmed some and worked at his trade some of the time. He was a mason and plasterer and plastered the hotel called the Burlington House. He found that the son of an old neighbor from Ohio, Studebayer, was the owner of the three-story woolen mill.

In 1860 there was frost every month during the year and drouth cut the crops so the other states sent supplies to the people of Kansas in general. But 1861 was better for crops. He had 12 acres of corn and it made 75 bushels per acre. It was worth 20c per bushel but there was no sale for it at that. Six acres of wheat sown the fall of '60 made 20 bushels per acre. We still have a small sample of that wheat, still plump and bright.

The District 36 school house was built in March 1861.

In January of 1861, the meat supply ran very low so a bunch of Burlington men went out to western Kansas, the other side of the Arkansas river, to hunt Buffalos. The Osage Indians were mad at the white men and had threatened to kill them and the first night the Indians surprised them and took everything from them. Bill Shaw went after them to recover his rony and they shot him. Then Mr. Green went out with water for Mr. Shaw and they shot him. The rest of the men came back home. A more detailed account of this shooting is in the old Burlington Patriot for January 1861.

In 1863 they elected Job Throckmorton representative and Fred Potter to the senate.

Gurrillas were bad in north and western Kansas but never got near

Burlington to destroy and kill. But when old "Pap" Price came by the Home Guards were called out and joined Col. Moonlight to follow him and save people and property. Three times they were drawn up in line of battle expecting to fight but each time was only bluff as Price's object was to get enough of his men down to Ft. Scott to destroy it. But Moonlight was too close on him, altho they did some damage. One large stone building had been shot thru with a cannon ball, making a large hole thru the corner. Some frame buildings were burning but the town was saved.

During the war many citizens of Burlington and Coffey county enlisted in the Union army, and not only did large numbers of men enlist but many boys joined. When the Price raids were headed toward Kansas companies of home guards were formed to protect the state against the southern raiders. Two companies were formed in and around Burlington. Captain Chas. Puffer was in command of one, which went to Fort Scott and Captain Lenard in command of the other.

The "Muster Roll of the Burlington Volunteer Militia" shows the following enlistment:

Charles Puffer, Captain

H. U. Bent

Silas Fearl

Orlando Walkling

Orson Kent

M. E. Grimes

T. E. Olney

Leo Whistler

James M. Manson

Lucas Everett

D. P. Metcalf, J. P. of Burlington township

F. A. Atherly

Henry Atherly
 Eugene Vince
 William Sword
 E. B. Fonda
 C. L. Edwards
 Lewis W. Ward
 J. H. Noel
 Job Throckmorton
 James White
 W. G. Moore
 O. Webster
 Thomas Arnold
 Adam Arnold
 Sam Arnold
 Jacob Motsenbocker
 S. F. Casey
 Henry Church
 James Richardson
 Wm. Fox
 B. L. Kingsbury
 L. Hurlbert
 John McWilliams
 T. J. Darnell
 J. M. Ward
 George Wetherten
 S. B. Palmer
 B. F. Harris
 J. R. Buchanan
 Thomas Johnston
 J. M. Vanlandinham
 J. M. Milson
 Augustine Holland
 James Reed
 P. W. Lamb
 George Ryan
 C. E. Tomlinson
 Michael Roberto
 Alva Townsend
 David Johnson

The other company, known as the independent company, had some of the same names on its roll. Its list follows:

— Lenard, Captain
 — Bent, First Lieutenant
 John Whistler, Second Lieutenant
 J. M. Vanlandingham
 Bidle Cunlbertson
 Thomas Naughton
 Tiry Harris
 H. C. Harris
 H. H. Suttle
 D. B. Brown
 John Naughton
 Lewis C. Knight
 David Johnston
 W. R. Vanlandingham
 P. W. Lamb
 They drilled each Tuesday and Saturday.

In 1865 a new dry goods store came to Burlington, Tipton and Mosbee from Franklin county, Ohio. They bought the old stone building that belonged to Hurlberts. That gave Burlington two dry goods stores, 1 drug store, 1 grocery store, 1 hotel, 1 saw mill, 1 grist mill, a carding factory and cotton gin and woolen mill. But no church. There was a Methodist church at Ottumwa and Burlington had camp meetings in the woods on the Tipton farm just north of Burlington. One earnest old worker among them was old Aunt Jane, colored, who always prayed "Oh Lord! Save dese pore Sinners. Lord shake dem over de brink of Hell, but doan let 'em drap." In 1866 was a county seat fight. The first election was a tie. The second one Burlington won by 17 votes.

Mary J. White.

Bert Fry Gives Some Indian History

Well I guess I will write what I know about the Indians. You see I was with them ever since I was two years old, till I had grown to manhood. The Sac and Fox Indians had a village a few miles north of Ottumwa on the Marais des Cygnes river and I saw them almost every day as Ottumwa was their nearest trading point at that time. Their village was built of slabs leaning against some poles or posts. They also had tents made of the skins of animals put on around the outside of poles with the ends leaning close together at the top with a small hole at the top for the smoke to go out as the fire was built in the middle of the tent.

A big Indian by the name of "Soaknut" was their chief or governor. I have been to their village and it seemed to me the population was mostly dogs and little Indians. Of course the men were out hunting. Being with them so much and so long I learned their ways and most of their language, but it has been so long since I last saw them I have forgotten most of it, but will give you a few words.

God was "Manitou" or great spirit, the heavens was "the Happy Hunting Ground." A grown Indian was a warrior or "brave." An Indian woman was a "squaw." An Indian youth was called a "Skiniway" and an Indian baby was called a "papoose," and their homes were called "Wickyups." Whiskey was called "wis." Tobacco was called "chewock." Money was

"shones" and to tell an Indian to leave or go away you would point to the door and tell him to "puckycher" and to "skeedadle" meant to run. An Indian would not run if you pointed a gun at him, but take after him with a club and he would "skeedadle."

An Indian was tricky. You had to watch them. I used to be around the mill most of the time. One day some of them came to the mill for a sack of flour and the scales were close to the flour bin and while father was putting the flour in the sack, one of them put his foot under the sack and would lift the sack up a little so if he didn't happen to notice father would put in more flour. Sometimes they would lift up on the sack and they would watch the scales and if as sometimes happens that you would over-balance the scales, they would not let you take out any.

Perhaps you will want to know where they got their slabs and bark to build their houses at that time. There was a saw mill on every river or stream where there was any timber. There were missionaries among the Indians before white settlers ever came to this country for many of the Indians could talk English if they wanted to.

Talk about Indians being stoic. They were humorous and never neglected a chance to play a joke on Indians or white man. One day I was at the river watching the little Indian boys swim. They wanted me to join them, but the way they were ducking each other I

was afraid and I couldn't swin anyway. Pretty soon a big Indian boy came by and jumped into the water and commenced ducking them and you should have seen them skeedaddle.

An Indian can swin by the time he is old enough to walk. They have to. You see there were no bridges in those days and when a stream was up past fording, they never stopped. They plunged in—Indians, squaws, dogs, children, ponies and all swam across. They never stopped for high water.

One day over on a little stream on the other side of the Neosho river, called Buffalo creek, an old Indian came up to the bank. The creek was up high, so the Indian and squaw and some of the children plunged in and swam across, all but one little Indian, and either the water was cold or he got stubborn, I don't know which. Anyway, he wouldn't come across. The old Indian scolded and jabbered at him. But no! He wouldn't go, so the old Indian jumped in and swam back and caught him and threw him in the creek. I tell you he swam across in a hurry.

An Indian trail ran right by our place. They would start from their village and camp down by what is now known by the name of Schneider ford between Burlington and Ottumwa and in the bend southwest of where Tom Hunt now lives, there was a still owned by the Norton Bros., where they made whiskey. Tom and Ad Arnold made the whiskey barrels in a cooper shop at the corner where the roads cross on K57 between Burlington and Strawn, just south of the Oscar Cope farm. To make the barrels they used to buy large oak trees of my father who

owned a large piece of timber. The trees, some of them, were 5 feet through. They would saw them down and saw them into blocks of barrel length, then split them into sections, then make the heels and steam the sides to bend them in the right shape. They would buy long hickory poles of father, then split and shave them, bend them round, and with a lock notch in each end to hold the loop together. They would drive them over the barrel frame. Well of course the Indians would get the whiskey and such a time as they would have. I could hear them yelling one night. They had a war dance and one of the Indians killed his squaw and she was buried under an oak tree just a few steps from where Tom Hunt now lives. They brought up stones from the river and covered the grave with them to keep the wolves out.

I have seen the Indians in the war dance. They would go round in a circle and yell and sing and hop up and down like a grasshopper and keep it up until exhausted. They used to go by our house out on Buffalo hunts. Sometimes they got into fights with the Comanche Indians. When they came back from some of their fights they would tell us how they won the fight. They would fall over on their ponies' sides, throw up their hands to imitate the falling enemy, and they would have several ronies. They are the biggest brags or blows on earth. Sometimes they would get licked. Then what a dfference. Some of them would come back on foot and you wouldn't hear a word from an Indian.

Their chief, Old Soaknut, used to tell about the big water on the

Neosho river, he said they had a fight with the Comanches at Indian Hill west of where Strawn now is, and to get away from them he swam his pony from Indian Hill to the College Hill at Ottumwa, and I know the river must have been high for there was drift wood half way up the sides of some of these hills.

The Indians arms were the bow and arrow, the tomahawk and scalping knife. The tomahawk had feathers in the end of the handle. An Indian could stand off twenty steps and throw it into a tree or an enemy. Their bows were about six feet long, and they could send an arrow through a buffalo so it would stick out on the opposite side. They would jump on a pony without halter, bridle or saddle. Their ponies were trained and an Indian would guide the pony with his knees and the pony knew what to do. Some of the Indians had rifles. The bows were made out of strong seasoned hickory and in later years they made them out of hedge wood.

There is to be found Indian arrow heads at old Indian camps yet, so they say. They were of stone, until later years they made them out of steel. I have some of those stone arrow heads now.

The Indian likes to sing. I have heard them. They have love songs, death songs, war songs, religious songs and rollicking songs. I have seen them go by, their ponies in a gallop. They sang like this, beginning low and guttural then to a high pitch then down low again, and the chorus was this: "Chee hay, ya ya. Chee hay, ya ya. Chee hay, ya ya" and I have heard my mother sing an Indian love song. It was sad and mournful and

sounded like you have heard a turtle dove's notes. Part of the chorus was like this: "Wo-hoo wo-hoo wo-hoo." Then there was a religious song, in English it went like this:

"When in the dark, no Indian I,
On me look, Heaven, and send a cry,
And send a cry, and send a cry,
For the white man telled me so."

Speaking of old Soaknut, the chief, he came in the store one day and saw Mr. Kefner buy a plug of tobacco so Soaknut went up to him and said "Me want chew of Chewack." So Kepner handed him the whole plug so he bit off a chew big enough to choke a cow and stuck the rest into his pocket and walked out. Of course the man thought that was the last of his tobacco, but after while he came back and gave the man his tobacco.

There was a man living on Lebo creek by the name of Joe Lebo from which the creek took its name. Old Soaknut was out to Lebo's place one day. Joe had a dog. Soaknut says:

"How much you take for dog?"

"What you want him for?"

"Oh eat him, heap fat dog!"

"Anybody eat dog is a D—m hog!"

A while after that Lebo went to Kansas City and on coming back about noon he got to Old Soaknut's village. Old Soaknut invited Lebo to stay for dinner. After dinner old Soaknut said:

"How you like him beef?" Lebo says: "Fine. Heap good." Soaknut says: "Anybody eat dog D—m hog."

Lebo in telling the joke on himself said that he went behind the wikiup and stuck his finger down

his throat but dog wouldn't come up.

There is an old Indian graveyard on the river about a half mile west of where I live now. There used to be a stone pile in there with a dead Indian in it. They had buried him sitting up with all his earthly possessions by his side. You could see him by looking through some cracks between the rocks. It was the only graveyard for years, and many white people are buried there.

Some times the Indians would kill a white man for plunder. One man by the name of Comings who lived here in Ottumwa was shot in the back while he was coming home from Kansas City in his wagon. He was killed for plunder, so the men got together and went to their village and made the Indians give the murderer up. What the white men did to him was a plenty—the unwritten law was all they had those days

The Indians had their medicines. The squaws would gather all kinds of herbs, roots and leaves and make medicine for all kinds of sickness. I remember one time a neighbor's little child was bitten by a rattlesnake. An Indian squaw came by soon after and saw the child and she said "Me fix him." So she went out and pretty soon came in with some roots she had found somewhere. She pounded them up and made a poultice and bound on the wound and said "Papoose be all right by and by." Then she left. But you know that whiskey used to be a great remedy, so the parents got scared and gave the child whiskey. In the after-

noon the squaw came back and looked at the child and said to the parents "What you do," and they told her they gave it some whiskey. She says "Oh! Bad. Bad. Papoose never will wake up." And it didn't, either.

An Indian would never kill a rattle snake. They respected rattlesnakes as they always give warning before striking.

Indians are awfully sly. They could walk up to you and you would never hear them. I remember one time I went down to the lake south of our home and I crept up to the bank and was just getting ready to shoot, when chewhang went a gun, and an Indian jumped up and started for his game. That Indian was within four feet of me and I never saw him. Well I gently eased out of that and he never spoke and never let on that he knew that I was there, but I seemed to have no interest in ducks. The squaws raised small corn. It was an early corn about like sweet corn and was spotted white and blue, called squaw corn. They used to cut it off the cob and dry it and bring it down to Ottumwa for trade. Sometimes bring whole ears.

The government built them stone houses and they would sleep in their wigwams or tents and put their ponies in the stone house.

Old Soaknut, the chief, was a good Indian. He was honest and truthful (the only one I ever knew that was). He was trusted by every one who knew him, but his own tribe did not trust him and they sentenced him to death a year before they executed him and he stayed with them to the last, and we could not get them to tell us what he had done. Some of them

said he was "a D—m mean Indian," and that was all we could get out of them. But we suspected that he was too honest for them.

An Indian is suspicious and if he sees anything he does not understand he wants to investigate and know what it is. I remember one time a fellow was going round with a battery. You could take hold of a couple of handles and he would turn a wheel and shock you. Well, of course the Indians were watching, and one of them wanted to try it. He took hold and the man turned it on full force and that Indian went up in the air with a yell, and went out of the door like he was shot out of a gun. We never saw him any more and you could not hire any of the other Indians to touch it, only they would poke at it with a long stick. They called it white man's "Devil Box."

One time there was a white girl came to our house with some old squaws and wanted to buy a chicken of father. He sold her a rooster and she handed it to me and said "Won't you please go and cut its head off?" I did so and she kindly thanked me, all in plain English. She was dressed just like the old squaws.

Another time I was down at Burlington when there was a bunch of Indians stopped on the street and there was a white boy about 10 years old with the Indians. The men would split the end of a stick and put a nickel on top of stick and the boy with his bow and arrow would knock out a nickel every shot, 15 paces off. He must have had a pocket full. He talked in broken English. He told of his capture by the Comanche Indians, and said they tomahawked

and scalped all his family but him. Jim Lane, Orson Kent and others tried to get him to stay at Burlington with them and go to school but he said "me go back to the mountains and kill Comanche." He was a regular Indian only he was a white boy.

Then there was a white woman by the name of Kelley. She was a sister-in-law of Harrison Kelley. She used to visit Mr. and Mrs. Kelley here at Ottumwa after she had been released from the Indians who had captured her. She was with them a number of years, but after she left them she used to go back and visit the tribe she used to live with, but I guess you have heard about her and her troubles, so will write no more about that.

Geo. Throckmorton wrote about the big fire where an Indian was burned to death. I know all about that fire, for I was right into it fighting it to keep it from the house and stable. Of course we could not do anything with the head fire, for it was through and to the river before we could back fire. We could only fight the side fire and the sparks of fire left. There was a high wind. It did jump the river and some say that Jim White put it out 4 times before it got away, but I don't believe that any one man could stop it. It got across anyway. I saw bunches of loose grass going blazing through the air and when the head fire got to the river, the fire was still burning back here a mile from the river. A solid fire all the way. It ran so fast as the grass was tall and dry. It started about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. I don't remember what year. Us boys were coming from the river when we first saw it. It was then at Sam

Lawrence's place. Some say Sam Lawrence set it out to burn a fire guard and it got away from him when the wind raised. Some say the Indians set it out, as they sometimes did. We never knew how it started; and it did burn a man to death. Mr. Buckles heard him holler and went to him and carried him to his home on his back nearly a half mile distance, then he pulled the Indian's boots off and some flesh came off with them. He had stopped at Ottumwa that afternoon and had traded horses with Dan Clayborn. The fire caught him about 100 yards from a creek east of the Buckles home. Well, he lived three days before he died. Mr. Buckles sent for his brother the night of the fire. I saw his horse coming back through the fire next morning. I saw the horse standing about a hundred yards north of our house. He had got back that far. I went up to him, his hair was burned off of him and his eye balls hung out on his cheek bones and his flesh was cracked open in places and he was shivering like he was chilled. This man's brother came up and got our axe and put

him out of his misery.

My father was building a frame house at that time, and had hired two carpenters from Ottumwa to build it. They got some walnut boards from father to make this burned man's coffin. I remember the carpenters names were Ira How and Watt Williamson. Watt Williamson got in the coffin to see whether it was wide enough. They trimmed the coffin on the outside with black velvet and put on steel handles. The inside was lined in white. The coffin cost about \$10. I always thought the man was a Mexican, for an Indian who lived in the prairies all his life knew better than to start out across the prairies without fire protection as there was always danger of fires. I saw fires every year and every fall the farmers always burned fire guards. Sometimes they were not wide enough and the wind carried the fire over, but that fire was the most destructive I ever saw. Almost all kinds of animals in its track were burned. It must have been eight miles wide and I don't know how long, as I don't know for sure where it started.

H. A. Fry.

An Old-Fashioned Horse-Trading Expedition

Washington, D. C.
May 6, 1931

John Redmond,
Editor Republican,
Burlington, Kansas.

Dear Sir:

Your kind invitation to enter the list of immortals by inscribing a few lines on the history of Burlington does me great honor, and I wish I

could contribute a few lines that might be of interest, but as you probably know, my residence in your charming city was of short duration, though one of my pleasantest memories. However, groping back through the misty span of years I recall that in the spring of 1883, after a brief visit to my sister, Mrs. Eugene Vince, then a resident of

Burlington, I joined an outfit headed by Mr. Parmely, who was in the livery business, and consisting of a Mr. Castle, Mr. Vince and another whose name I fail to remember. The expedition was in the nature of a horse trading venture. We were "on the road" about six weeks, I acting as cook—fortunately without any casualties. I judged the trip was a success, as when we arrived at our destination in Kansas City, everybody had money in his pocket, the grade of stock was wonderfully improved and we still had two "snides". Traveling slowly, camping on the boundless prairie where ever and as long as we chose to linger, "feasting" on side meat, potatoes, bread and coffee, inhaling the purest and most invigorating air on earth combined to make this one of the most memorable ventures of my life and (though I may be in my dotage) I would like to repeat the experiment. Certainly "those were the happy days".

Returning to Burlington in the fall, I became acquainted with the city and its social functions to considerable extent during the winter festivities, and in my day dreaming come the faces of a bevy of the brightest and prettiest young ladies, some of whose names are lost to

memory, but others I can yet recall were the Misses Dickinson, Shea, Stanley, Henderson, Krueger, Kent, Felton and Puffer, while the sterner sex comprised Steve and Ed Puffer, Frank and Charley Fearl, Will Withers, John Dickinson, Charlie Horn-ecker, Harry Kelley and of course "Most Easy" Budd. Dancing, skating (both ice and roller) made the winter of '83-4 one which will always be among my most prized memories. I wonder how many of those I knew are still in the land of the living.

Three papers furnished the news at that time, The Patriot, edited by A. D. Brown, on which Budd, Fred Robbins and myself were engaged, The Republican, run by Heborn & Smith and The Independent owned by John Watrous, with Lem Woods as chief handy man, and all seemed to be doing a profitable business.

The spring of '84 I left Burlington, and although I have journeyed much and far in the intervening years, some of my most cherished memories are of the friends of forty-seven years ago, and my earnest hope is that I may some time renew acquaintances so long severed.

E. J. (Bert) Patch.

3109 Twentieth St. NE

Early Day Entertainment

The writer, a boy 10 years old, arrived with his parents in Anderson county at what is known as Cherry Mound, April 28, 1866, settled on 160-acre homestead, went to school in a log school house about 14 by 18 feet, used slabs

flat side up with holes bored in and pins driven in, for legs as seats. Pins driven in walls and 1x12 board nailed on sloping down, used for writing. We stood up to write. One 3-pane window on each side furnished light. What

would young folks think of that kind of school house these days? We had 23 to 25 scholars.

Having a young eastern man for teacher, they decided to have an "exhibition" the last day of school. They used the school house with curtains through the center for dressing rooms.

Went to LeRoy saw mill and got a load of plank which were placed on blocks for seats around front yard. The men of district hauled logs and driftwood from the timber made big piles of logs around the outside of seats, and when fired that night made both heat and light for the audience.

A platform 2-feet high just outside of the door made it easy to see and hear the plays put on. A crowd of people completely filled the front yard.

Had Sunday school in the log school house every Sunday and preaching every two weeks for two years before building the new house. The preacher traveled in a covered spring wagon with his whole family. He would come Saturday afternoon and preach on Sunday and usually stayed in the neighborhood with some church members until Monday, then drove on to the next appointment.

Every boy had a pony and every girl had a side saddle. The writer's sister and a young man wanted to get married. They saddled their ponies and rode 15 miles to Garnett, county seat, Anderson county, where they were married. They rode home and went to house keeping.

Joe Patton and Billy, Steve Sturdiman, Anthony Hinde, David

Holmes, Charley Brown and their sisters were frequent Sunday callers at our place. In fact all the young people would meet at some home every Sunday afternoon. When you saw a young fellow riding across the prairie leading a bareback pony you could guess he was going after his girl.

My mother sent me two miles over to the Pottawatomie timber to gather a sack full of ripe paw paws for butter. Miss Frances Tipton, a girl about 17, went with me. We each picked a hour full, tied them on the back of our saddles and started home but had not gone far when Miss Tipton bantered me for pony race. Away we went for a quarter of a mile, as fast as our ponies could run, and when we got home we had ripe paw paw butter in sacks all ready to strain out

My first trip to Burlington in 1868 with father and mother was to the old woolen mill on the bank of the river where the water work plant now is. We traded wool for flannel and jeans. Mother made all our winter cloths.

My second trip was the next spring. We drove a team, hauling a load of groceries from Garnett to H. G. Beatty's store on North Third street. There was no railroad in Burlington then. Patton's postoffice was in a small 10x12 frame building back of where Mayor Chas. Wingett's carpenter shop now is.

There were plenty of Indians, deer, bob cats and prairie chickens on the prairies those days.

C. B. Kellerman.

Pioneer Days Around Strawn

My grandfather, Jacob Hoover and his only brother Isaac, with their families left Boone county, Indiana for Kansas Territory on the 9th day of October 1857. Some of the families that will be remembered by the old timers was George (my father) Martin B., one time sheriff of the county, John and Andrew. John was killed in the war.

Of his brother's family there was Milton, David, Samuel, Margaret (F. S. Mauck's wife) and Perry.

It was both ox and horse teams with a few cows. When they got as far as Johnson county, Missouri, word was passed out that Kansas was starving. My grandfather wintered in Missouri, but his brother Isaac came on to Ottumwa in 1857.

I was born in Missouri the 7th day of March 1858, but seeing the disgrace of being born in Missouri, a great howl went up and then the caravan was put in motion and we camped in Ottumwa on the Bert Fry hill on April 11, 1858.

At that time all the valley land was taken, and my grandfather gave \$600 for a relinquishment of the tract on Lebo creek now owned by Ed O'Donnell.

My father's preemption was four miles north of Strawn, where he lived three years, and there is where my memory begins.

Father was plowing and I was with him. A prairie fire commenced and he left team and boy at one end of the field while he tried to save his rail fence. The

wind changed, bringing the fire in on me. I stumbled in on the plowed land where mother picked me up. I was badly burned and carry plenty of the scars yet. Woolen clothes saved my life. It is all plain in my memory yet.

In recalling names of 1855 settlers, and that is as far as they date back, there is Joseph Crail, Josiah Leabo, Hiram Karr, Bill Slayton, E. Strawn, Hiram Hoover, Jesse Kennedy, — Evans, — Williamson, Harden McMahan, Henry Stringham, Samuel West, Isaac Webster and others. Grandchildren of several of these families are here yet.

James Jacobs located in 1855 at the mouth of Crooked creek, but left there and two years later, in 1857, came back with his brother, Bill, T. L. Horrell, A. B. Moore and George Harris, and all located near where the town of Strawn now is.

About this time the Lanes (Tom, Sam and Jim), Theopolis T. Dawson, William Rhodes and others came. The sixties gave us the Lawrences, Housers, Peytons, Prices, Gilberts, Bowman brothers and others.

The seventies brought William and John F. Jones, John King, Goodnights, Warrens, Hodges, Sauders, Antrims, Theobalds and Hammans.

My father built the first frame house in the township in 1866. The lumber was sawed at Neosho Rapids, and was nearly all walnut. It was hand dressed, and Morgan and Jothan Bowman were the carpenters.

I was old enough to get in on

two log house "raisings," one for Jeff Jenks and one for Ace Funk. We were gathering for the Funk house, when a lone horseman rode up. It was Job Throckmorton making the canvas for some office for which he was a candidate. He was invited to select his ax and take up a corner which he did. I don't think politics was mentioned. He ate dinner with us and went his way with every vote there in his vest pocket.

Margaret Crail was married to John H. Bowen April 13, 1856, the first couple married in Coffey county. They lived continuously on the same farm until her death April 22, 1928.

(Editor's note: Mr. Hoover says Bert Fry stole his Indian story about Sokenut and the dog meat. This rather indicates that the dog meat story was substantially correct, altho nearly everyone tells it "on" a different person, altho the Indian of the story always is Soke-nut.—J.R.)

Once at our home after the meal was over but things still sitting on the table when two buck Indians came to the door. They promptly were invited to "set up and eat," and did. On the table was some sauer kraut. Both took liberally, but after tasting it they didn't seem to like sauer kraut. But instead of pushing it back, and letting it alone, they would put it in their mouth, spit it in their hand, and toss it under the table. And after they left, mother still had her kraut. But there was no rug or

carpet spoiled, as there was none there.

My first school was in a log cabin that stood on the spot George Gilbert's home now occupies. The seats were split logs, smoothed with a broad ax, and the fattest boy had the softest seat.

Our first overflow of the Neosho river was in 1866, when we all took to the hills. After the flood, grasshoppers came and finished the job: our first grasshoppers.

It was in the seventies we met our first jack rabbits and fox squirrels. It was cotton tail rabbits and grey squirrels before that.

About 1880 Samuel Lane put up the first wire fence I ever saw. Smooth wire. And how the cattle did play with it! He later clamped barbs on it, but no good. Then came the glidden. James Jacobs brought in the first cultivator, a wooden beam wier, but everybody knew it was a failure, for no man living could plow on both side of a row at the same time. But he did.

The first wire nail I ever saw was in 1884 and if you hit it the "last" lick, the head would fly off. Ask Bill Vasey or Charley Wingett.

Well this is too long but 73 years is a long time. Seventy-three years ago I was the least one of our family. Today I am the oldest-timer in California township and have changed from red hair to white.

Silas Hoover.

Lived on Same Farm For Sixty-Seven Years

Dear Mr. Redmond:

As I have been reading what so many of the old settlers have to say so I begin to think I was one. I came with my parents to Kansas in 1857. I and my oldest brother were born in Missouri but were both small. I was not quite two years old but he was 7 or 8 years old: is now past 82. My father, Frank Harris, bought a farm about 10 miles southwest of Burlington, altho there was not much town then, and there were lots of Indians. That was the most we saw. They would come and want to trade calico or beads and other things for something to eat, and lots of times would beg for something to eat, but were not ugly about it. We children used to play with the Indian children and ride their ponies with the Indian children. We also saw the grasshoppers and they were awful, they ate up everything green. They would almost darken the sun sometimes. We also were here in the drouth of 60, also during the war, and it was scary times. My father had an ox team but a drove of Texas cattle was driven through here and many people lost most all their cattle from Texas fever. We lost all of ours, but one. We lived in the log cabin that was the cabin the man built that preempted the place. I have a brother on the place, who was born in the little 2-room cabin in 64. He was born and raised there and is still living on the place with the oldest brother who is 82 years old past. Their names are Tom and Jim Harris.

Another brother was also born in the same house in 61. His name is John Harris. He lives about 4 miles southwest of Burlington.

One time a party of Indians came to our house and one Indian man could talk our language. He had the picture of A. Lincoln around his neck. There were several of them. They were the Kaw Indians. My mother sent me out to get her some chips and I saw one of the Indian women in the hay lot taking out some of our hay, so I told mother who went to the door and saw her. So she told this man and he came to the door and made the woman put the hay back. Then she came to the house, but would not come in, but talked to him in their language. A neighbor was there and asked him what the woman said. He said he did not like to tell for she was mad. Then they went back down to their tents just a little way from our house. Then at dark two of the men came back up to see if father had got home, but he had not and one of them cried and said he was hungry. When father came home mother told him, so in the morning father took a good-sized pan of corn meal and almost a side of meat and gave it to them. They said "Heap a good man." They were tickled to get something to eat. Then they left and in a short time another bunch came and camped in the timber also and they stayed a week and danced every night. We children would go over and watch them. They didn't have any fiddle, but an old

tin bucket with a sheep skin stretched tight over it and fastened down some way. They would beat on that like a drum. They had a ring like a race track but not so large, just round. They just danced round and round: seemed to pat the music with their feet.

Another time, I think mother had hay hands or harvest hands, I forget which, but mother was getting dinner for them and had her things all cooked ready to put on the table, and she had the plates and knives and forks on the table when they saw the Indians coming, so she set all the things on the bed and covered them over with a sheet. The Indians came in and got all round the table, but seeing

nothing to eat they got up and said, "no good." They would have eaten everything up if they had seen it.

In those days people cut their hay with scythe and their wheat with the cradle. They did not have machines then like now, and we "dropped" our corn by hand and covered it with a hoe. Father marked it out both ways and we children dropped it. My oldest brother covered and a neighbor's boy covered it with the hoes.

People would not know how to live now if they had to do as people did in those days. Well I guess I have told enough: all I know and maybe more, but I don't think so.

Mrs. Caroline Sutton.

Postoffice Robbery and Killing

There were just two stores in Burlington when my father, A. W. Baker came here, I often heard him say. One of them was the store of Charles Puffer, father of the Puffer Sisters, and the other that run by the Walkling Brothers, Do and Jud. Dr. Wm. Manson was the only physician here.

I have heard my father say we came here in 1861 from Marshall Mo., where I was born, coming behind ox teams. My uncle A. B. Baker and his family came with us. Father lived in a house where the V. King greenhouse now stands.

One of my early recollections was the robbery of the Burlington post office by Fred Crackbush and John Everett. They were sent to the penitentiary for it. Mrs. Crackbush died in Burlington. She was

a friend of my mother and I remember when the United States marshal came to Burlington after them. Mart Hoover was sheriff at the time. Everett used to work for the Walkling Brothers. Do Walkling kept some fine horses and Everett tended to them. He was a half breed Indian.

When the M. K. & T. railroad came to Burlington my father and mother kept a boarding house where the old National hotel now stands. It was a log house, and had two big rooms with a fireplace in one end. I remember when the first train came to Burlington. The Burlington people gave a big supper and dance in a tent on Third street. I remember that father danced with Mrs. David Eppinger, mother of Julius and Harry Eppinger. C. K. Johnson, who board-

ed with my parents, killed a man from Emporia that night at the dance.

I can remember the first saloon. It was run by Hank Stanfield. My father and brother helped build up Burlington and there are many landmarks in Burlington that my father and brother LeRoy Baker helped build.

When we went to school in those days we had to walk in the mud as there were no sidewalks. Father worked for Mr. Stowe in the mill which stood near Rock creek on the lots north of the National hotel.

There were lots of Indians around here at times in those days. They usually camped around the Whistler ford, just south of where the dam is. When I was seven years old I went with my father to Walkling Brothers' store and while

there an Indian came into the store and let on like he wanted to trade his squaw and papoose to father for me, and finally told father he would give his squaw, papoose and pony for me, and came toward me as if to take me. I ran to father to take me home to mother. Dr. Manson used to say that when he died he wanted to go to the happy hunting grounds of the Indians. Father and Dr. Manson were friendly to the Indians.

Mrs. Leo Whistler and Oscar Hussa said they wondered how many people remember the first log bridge across the Neosho river at Burlington. My father was working at Hampden for Fred Potter and came over the log bridge on his way home just before it was washed out by the high water.

Mrs. Geo. Folkerts.

How "Key West" Secured Its Name

Key West was christened by an old sailor, whose name is unknown, who had sailed around the Florida peninsula. He said it was as desolate a place as Key West, Florida, which was saying a lot, and the name stuck.

The first settlers were along the south fork of Frog creek, so named by the U. S. surveyor because frogs were so plentiful and they had so many frog legs to eat.

There were six settlers along the creek prior to 1860, but I cannot fix definitely the time they settled. They were John and Elihu Griffin, John and — Haigler, Sylvester Wilkins and Enoch Sherdivoin.

But 1860 saw several more fam-

ilies among them the Lemuel Warners, Chas. Cochran and the Romarys, all of whom have had a part in the building of the community.

The first school was taught in an abandoned log house that stood on the north part of the farm now owned by A. E. Warren in about '62 or '63. The teacher, Louisa Gillette, received \$25 per month and "boarded round."

The first school house was built of logs on the present site of the cemetery about 1864, but was moved across the road a year or two later. In '68 a frame school house was built a half mile from the present site on the north side

of the road. This building was sold and a new one erected in 1872 on the present site and this has continued to be a community center ever since. All this changing was not caused by the needs of the pupils but by the changing and moving of settlers that would come stay a year or so and move on.

Most of the necessities were hauled by ox team from Leavenworth or Kansas City, usually making a trip in the spring and one in the fall for the season's supply, but Ottumwa was the postoffice and anyone going there would bring the mail for the whole settlement.

But it wasn't many years until a postoffice was established on a star route from Burlingame to Burlington called "Queen City." However my folks took over the postoffice in 1878 and changed the name to "Key West." There was also an office at Eclipse, six miles northeast and one called Section at the place where E. H. Carr now resides.

The early settlers soon found the need of a public burying ground and the Key West cemetery corporation was formed. The land was donated by the owners and the present cemetery came into existence, the only one in the township and the principal burying ground in the north part of the county for several years.

Mr. Stanfly was the first to be buried in this cemetery.

There was a very dry year. I have heard my father and uncles tell of, but I can not recall the year. Frog creek, which at that time was much deeper than now, was dry except in holes where the deepest water was.

When my folks took over the

postoffice, they put in a stock of dry goods and groceries, the supplies being hauled by wagon from Ottawa or Burlington. The eggs and butter taken in trade were taken and exchanged for supplies. I usually went along as driver. Egg cases were not in use then. Eggs were packed in bushel baskets in oats or bran, and the butter was packed in wooden firkins in winter and 30 gallon barrels in summer and you can imagine what butter looked like after an eighteen mile ride in the summer time. Ice was not in use then and ice cream was not invented.

The store and postoffice was discontinued in 1884 after Lebo had come into existence.

In the early days when the blue stem grew so rank on the unbroken prairie, each community had its prairie fires but the one that stands out as the big one in this community occurred the last part of September 1875. This is the first event that I can remember distinctly. The fire started about 3 or 4 miles northeast of Ottumwa. The wind was in the west of south and blowing like it can in the fall of the year. The farmers saw the smoke and smelt the order of burning grass and were watching and hoping that a fire guard 60 feet wide, that had been burned a mile south of the school house, would check it. But the flames jumped it like it wasn't there. The head fire raced on and struck the schoolhouse, the flames sweeping up and around it, but it had just received a fresh coat of paint which probably saved it from taking fire.

I remember, though I was only three and a half years old, standing in the yard and seeing those

flames as they raced past our house only 200 yards away. The fire went down the road then fenced with rail fences until it passed the broken ground and then spread out again, jumping Frog creek, on past where Olivet now stands, till it reached the Marais Des Cygnes river. Then, as often happens in the fall, the wind began shifting to the north, driving the fire east as it swung round, then driving it south. It burned until it reached the Neosho

river down below Neosho Falls. Old timers say this fire burned for a week before it was stamped out.

Key West school house has been a live community center since first established. There is always something doing there.

Farm organizations have had their part here also. The grange was organized in 1874 and re-organized twice since. The F.M.B. A., the Alliance and U.O.A.M. all have held their meetings here.

C. E. Romary.

Early Days in the Crandall Neighborhood

Well Mr. Redmond I will try to give you a little more of the early history of the south part of Coffey county. Neosho City being abandoned, I think what little mail the early settlers got was by way of LeRoy or Scott Town as the Indians called it then. Gen. John B. Scott came to LeRoy from the Sox and Fox agency now the present site of Ottawa in Franklin county. As I remember him he wore a U. S. General uniform; a rather large man and made a fine appearance. He has a son now living in LeRoy named for him—John Scott, his present wife being Frances Morris, daughter of James Morris a Civil war veteran of the 9th Kansas cavalry, a son of Wilson Morris who preempted land on Big creek southeast of where Gridley stands. The founders of LeRoy were Scott, Richard, Barr, Thomas, Crabtree and Troxel. Pert Smith and Jerome his brother, had a store in the early days, also a Mr. Ward who traded his store to Perry for land. The first paper that I remember LeRoy

had was the "Pioneer" in the sixties owned or run by W. Higgins. As a boy while living with S. J. Carter and going to school there he would have me turn the crank to run off the paper Saturday afternoon. I think the paper was short lived. Bill Higgins as they called him left but later was elected secretary of state.

Our neighbors were Alexander Briles southeast of us, Mr. McCormick east and Van Winkel west, the Hunting brothers north. Then M. Davis, Hosea Beall (the father of R. H. Beall who now resides in LeRoy), Lyma Perry north east on land now owned by John Wright. Then Watson Letel built a cabin in 1857 on the hill and probably laid a land warrent on the land now the home of County Commissioner F. L. VanScoyk. Then there was Dr. Pegg southeast, on Turkey creek, who was found dead, sitting on a log with his back against a tree. He was old and it was thought he became tired and sat down to rest and died from

heart failure. There was the Timmons family just across the road from the Beall claim now owned by L. E. Crandall near where his fine ranch home and barns stand, also Mr. Parsons on the creek and Mr. Godfrey then Mr. Faulkener, who also came from New Brunswick, who enlisted in the Civil war and died in the hospital at St. Louis as did our neighbor Mr. Beall who came here with us. He was county clerk in 1858.

Warren Crandall Sr., came, I think, in 1858 and bought the Davis claim where now stands the beautiful home of Warren Cran-

dall; also the old Crandall ranch home, with fine large house, barn and sheds, hay barn and scales. There also is one of the finest stone fences in the state. It was built nearly 60 years ago. Then there was James Baldwin, west up the creek, who was a partner of Mr. Crandall in the cattle business where, at the present time, on an eminence our Ollie Crandall Lamb has built a new and beautiful home, surrounded with all the necessary buildings an equipment for her ranch of 2000 or 3000 acres.

James N. Gray.

Noell Tells of Early Days

Syracuse, Kansas.

I have been reading in the recent issues of the Republican reminiscences of early days in Coffey county. Pleased? Well, yes. Many of the names of old timers bring back a flood of memories. Mrs. Marian Kent Race spoke of her grandfather H. K. Stimson as being a preacher. Yes, in his day he was one of the chiefs in the Baptist church; he and my father were great friends. I wonder if there is in existence a copy of "From the Stage Coach to the Pulpit," that wonderful auto-biography of his. We used to have one in our home, and it did not go begging for readers.

I was not so familiar with people in and about Burlington as some who have been writing, but still there are some characters of the town that no one has yet mentioned. Among them: John (?) Stockwell who used to drive the omnibus to and from the old Katy depot to

care for the traveling public; and our old friend, the drayman (I fail to recall his name) who used to drive his one horse dray to handle the freight and other supplies for the merchants of the town. Yes, and the old auctioneer who used to cry his sales every Saturday afternoon, following the announcement of such sales by someone going up and down the streets ringing a bell and crying "Auction, Auction," at the top of his voice. Perhaps those of the town did not then regard them as important, but to a boy from the country who did not often see "town" it was a rare treat to see various characters and they sure loomed big in his life.

Then there is another character un-named as yet by any one, but certainly not forgotten — Andy Franklin of the War of 1812 fame, who lived to a ripe old age. A staunch old Democrat, he was, and never could quite get over the fact that Hayes became President

instead of Tilden. At one time in the 80's a Republican spellbinder (J. W. Ady I believe it was) was delivering an address in Burlington and was giving it to the Democrats pretty hard and accusing them of stealing about every thing that could be stolen, when, reaching the climax he said "I'd just like to know what it is they haven't stolen." Out in the crowd stood a little old man, Andy Franklin, and in that piping shrill voice of his which when once heard could never be forgotten, answered quick as a flash: "They never stol the Presidency."

So much for an introduction.

My father, J. H. Noell (or Uncle Julius as he was known by many, just why I do not know) came to Coffey county in the spring of 1857 and took a pre-emption claim on South Big creek, which place later, I believe, was owned by Jarvis Johnson, not far from where Uncle Fred Henley had his home. Father came from Virginia in the summer or fall of '56 and taught school that winter at Westport Landing. He and some three or four other parties among them a man named Tripp started southwest from Westport Landing in the spring of '57 with no particular place in view. They came down by way of Ottawa, and passed the Stubblefield place of "greaser" fame. They came to Hampden; crossed the Neosho river at the Whistler ford, and on to the present Burlington townsite. Guess there wasn't much of a town there then.

He proved up his claim, but losing his wife in the fall of 1862, he left it and moved up nearer to Burlington.

He was one of those who in spite

of the drought of '60, stayed to help make the future Kansas. I have often heard him speak of experiences during that spell of dry weather that he said lasted for a full year. He in some way managed to raise a small crop of corn that year.

My mother came to Kansas about '57 or '58 and lived with her brother, S. F. (Sam) Casey who had come to Kansas in '56 and settled on Otter Creek. Here my father met her and after their marriage lived at various places in the vicinity of Otter Creek and Burlington. He lived in Hampden during the latter part of the war, and was Deputy Register of Deeds, and Deputy County Clerk, tho' just how busy he might have been at either job I do not know.

He taught school almost continuously from the time he came to Kansas in '57 until 1880. Some of the places in which he taught were: Hampden (the old stone schoolhouse) Otter Creek (No. 6) in the old school house on the place now occupied by Mrs. J. A. Bowman, and later in the present school house in the same district (unless a new school house has been built there quite recently), the Morrow school on North Big creek near the Pepper church (suppose the old church is gone ere this), the Wharton school on South Big creek, Bangor school, the Gillett school on upper North Big creek and "55" (Stone school house) on Otter Creek.

I first saw the light of day in a frame house that stood just east of Otter Creek and about a quarter of a mile west of the Otter creek cemetery.

I might add here that this cemetery was originally a family bury-

ing ground for members of the Casey family. Pneumonia was the dread disease that carried off many of the early settlers. Among those buried there in those early days were: my mother's mother, Mrs. Sally O. Casey; her sister Sally Howerton and her husband; her sister Mary Webster and her husband, Orlando Webster, besides other relatives. Later the cemetery was laid out and platted and became a neighborhood burying-ground.

In the spring of '67 or '68 my father homesteaded, 80 acres, on North Big Creek, a place now owned by Alberts. He built the usual log house with fireplace in the south end, and door in the east. Whatever of lumber that was used therein was all native, and the sheeting for the roof was of lumber sawed just one way, some places these boards were extremely wide while at other places extremely narrow, almost reaching the vanishing point. The roof itself was made of oak clapboards, riven out of the logs by my father with the old time frow. Sometimes in winter the snow sifted and blew in the "upstairs" (there was no such thing as an "attic" at that time) so that we oftentimes woke up in the morning to find ourselves covered over with the "beautiful."

In those early days fish were abundant in the creek, and we had a fish trap in the creek near the house, tho by far the most of the fish were caught with hook and line, and my father knew about where to find and how to catch the big bass, and the black perch and the sunfish. (Not many catfish then and no carp whatever.)

I remember the grasshopper in-

vasion of '74 about as my old friend George Throckmorton gave it. Will add however that when the hoppers first came, our chickens tried hard to get around them all, but soon gave up in disgust. As I remember it the hoppers remained active in the fall until they had been frozen the third time. When they first came, it became necessary to take care of what garden truck we had. Father had a small patch of tobacco. This was cut and put in the smoke house, but that made no difference to the hoppers. Into the house they went, and no one else had a chance to chew or smoke that tobacco. Peaches that happened to be on the trees were considered by the hoppers as quite a delicacy and they devoured them without either cream or sugar. The pits were left hanging on the trees.

Among the old timers in that part of the county that I knew personally or of whom I have heard my father and mother speak were: Jonathan Jonah, David Milford, Aunt Betty Trissell, Frank Harris, Henry Teachout, Lossen Steele and family, Homer Gillett and family including Francis and Wilson, sons, Bill Burgett, Ed Shobe, Lew DeWitt, Sam and Will Hale, the Varvels, the Whartons, Uncle Fred Henley, he of the Quaker faith who never got away from his "thee" and "thou," Rev. John Heritage, Baptist preacher who always used "h" where he shouldn't and left it out where it should be used, Ben Heritage, who used to stutter when he tried to talk, but forgot all about it when he led in the singing at church and Sunday school, Curt White, David Cox, he of a large family and all large in statue, who used to make

sorghum to supply all the southwest part of Coffey county, the Lapsleys, the Vawters, the Razors, the Palmers, George Bear, the Weimers, the Elliots, the Stricklands (Fred who recently died was an old school mate at old "52"), the Coffmans, Tom Deem, the Rockhills, Dr. Wiseman, John Howard, George Holt, Dan Sullivan, Columbus and Henry Bowers. Henry Teachout will be remembered as the donor of the land that is now in the Teachout cemetery.

Father was Justice of Peace in Liberty Township for some years and it often fell to his lot to tie the nuptial knot. At one time he went through the cold about the Christmas time to be the officiating person on such an occasion. When it was all over the groom who happened to be short on finances, promised to pay a peck of beans the next summer, for the job. Guess he did not raise the beans—at any rate we did not eat any of them, but the folks lived happy ever after.

At another time as Justice of the Peace, a case came before him in which a young man had given an old man quite a severe beating. The young man was hailed into court, and when the evidence was all in, there was nothing to do but assess a fine against the defendant. The boy did not have a cent to pay his fine and costs. Rather than see the boy go to jail, the old man put up the cash for the boy, and all went on their way rejoicing.

We never raised any sheep, but we did raise cotton. Mother used to give each of us children a bunch of cotton from which to pick the seeds. This had to be done before we had a chance to "play." We used to lay the cotton before the

fire in the fireplace to get it warm so it would pick easier, but it had to be done, whether easy or otherwise. Mother used to card the cotton, and use it for quilts and "comforts." I've seen the old spinning-wheel, but never saw mother spin any. But she could knit and sew and she did a lot of it, mostly by hand. Her first sewing machine was one turned by hand, with chain stitch. Woe betide the youngster or oldster either for that matter if the seam began to rip. In those days when the women went visiting their sewing and (or) knitting went along.

From our home on North Big creek to the Verdigris river a distance of some 25 or 30 miles the country was wide open and covered with the big blue stem grass, tho not so tall as in other places, yet tall enough to carry a fire at a mighty rapid rate under one of the head southwest winds that still blows over Eastern Kansas at times. Many is the time we have been awakened in the night by the cry of "Fire, Fire." Oh, it used to ring out in such a way as to be able to awaken one from the deepest sleep. Excitement, yes. Indeed. Every one who chanced to be large enough was drafted for action. No, not drafted, for self preservation demanded and got volunteers. To head off these fires, it was a common thing for each homesteader to mow a fire guard about his place in the fall, and as soon as the grass was dry enough to burn, on each still night the sky was lit up in all directions with the burning of the grass between the mown swath and the farms. Sometimes two or more of the neighbors would join forces, the younger members being much

in evidence, as it was real sport for them. Here they learned the art of fire fighting, an art which had to be used almost every fall or spring.

The Indians used to make their camps in our woods, and it was quite a treat for we children to visit these camps, to see their wickiups and watch them cure their deer hides to make buckskin. They used to stretch the hide taut between two saplings, and then build a kind of smudge under it. Then with a round pointed stick, they (the squaws) would rub up and down to "break the grain."

I remember visiting one of these camps one morning in the fall of the year, just after the first fall of snow had come. We children, with some of the neighbor children, went to "camp." There we found children of our own size, and smaller, out playing in the snow, with no clothing of any kind except a loose shirt. Forming a ring around a stump, one would get up on the stump and jump out as far as he could in the snow, and then another and another round and round they would go. That same afternoon I went with father to the same camp and found those little "Injuns" had broken the ice on the creek and were in swimming.

Charley Edwards, (he had but one arm, and we always called him "Uncle Charley") taught our school in "52" one year. He never was known to have a time piece of any kind, but managed to get along any how. Some times he would go to sleep at noon and then we would get far enough from the schoolhouse that we would not disturb his slumber. No wonder we liked him! One day at the

noon hour, soon after we had eaten our dinner, some of the children came running into the house and announced that "the Injuns are coming." We looked out, and sure enough from the southwest they came, a long string of them in single file, on their ponies. At once, Uncle Charley told us to go to our dinnerbaskets (not pails) and get out whatever of goodies there might be left from dinner, and we'd go out to meet the Indians and see the papooses. He threw one of the girls shawls over his head and out we went to meet them. After the "How, How" had been said on both sides and the goodies passed out Uncle Charley asked to see the papooses. Not one in sight any where. Soon they took a roll of blankets off of one of the ponies and when the blanket was unrolled out came a papoose with his eyes blinking in the light. I've often wondered how the little chap lived in that roll.

Father always took an active part in politics, tho for the most part he was on the minority side. It was not an uncommon thing for candidates for office to stop at our house over night. Among these I remember Delos Miller when he was in the race for sheriff; and Charlie Butler when he was running for the legislature. Our names being the same, he, Butler, took some notice of me. Now at that time I had quite a lisp in my speech. He called me to him and said, "My mother thayth I lithp, but I can't pertheive it unleth I thay thoft thoap or thoup." Boys could not vote or he sure would have had more than one vote at our house.

There are many things I'd like to tell, but my story has already

reached out too far, and too long. If you wish to use all, or any part, or none, it is at your pleasure.

With still a hankering after old Coffey county, I am

C. W. Noell.

Helped to Build the Railroad

Chauncy Hammond and wife and son Eli came to Kansas in 1857 from Michigan and preempted 160 acres 1¼ miles east of where A. A. Dodge now lives, southeast of Burlington. Two or three years later a daughter was born. She now is Mrs. Clara Rich and lives in LeRoy.

Mr. Hammond went into the Civil war in 1862 and after his discharge from the army came back to Coffey county to resume life here. He kept a diary in which he kept a record of things that happened, and we still have that diary. It tells of many things of interest,

including the theft of George Layton's horse in 1871.

My father, Eli Hammond, son of Chauncy Hammond, helped to build the railroad from LeRoy to Burlington and often told of the Indians camping in the woods nearby, and how the Neosho river would chase them to high ground when it went on a rampage. Eli Hammond died near Gridley August 16, 1915 and is buried beside his father in the Pleasant Hill cemetery, formerly known as the Saunders cemetery. He remembered Lincoln as president.

Ray Hammond.

Sea Shell Calls People

My three elder brothers moved from Indiana to Iowa in 1856. In 1857 they moved from Iowa to Kansas, locating in Coffey county. J. J. Sanders settled on Crooked Creek, and Thos. M. Sanders settled on Scott Creek. W. J. Sanders lived with his brother Jim for a short time, and then moved into town.

We did not move to Kansas, until '66. We came by train to Lawrence, then on a branch to Ottawa, and from there by stage coach to Burlington.

There were not many families living there at the time—in fact

Burlington had not yet become the county seat. There was considerable rivalry between LeRoy, Burlington and Hampden—the location of the latter was where the present Hampden school now stands.

Mr. J. T. Cox ran the little local hotel, known as the Burlington House, on Third street. Walkling Brothers ran a store—Do Walkling was postmaster, and the postoffice was located in the store. S. S. Prouty ran the weekly paper. There was the Whistler family who lived by the river, near what has always been known as Whistler's Ford—named after the family.

This was one of the favorite camping-spots of the Indians on their way in the spring to the Flint Hills for hunting—and it was where they camped on their return in the fall.

There were only two churches: the Methodist and the Episcopal. Rev. McQuiston was pastor of the former—Rev. Hickox pastor of the Episcopal. Shortly afterwards the Catholic church was built, on Third street.

The Jarboe family ran a store, and Mr. Jarboe afterward established Burlington's first bank. Some of the families who were living there when we first settled in Burlington, and others who came shortly afterwards were the Orsen Kents, the Levi Hiddens, the Adair family (Bob, Tom and William), H. J. Batty, Sam Junkins, Jim Lane, Uncle Peter Patton who ran the boarding house, F. A. Athley who was the first mayor, being elected in the fall of 1870. He and his brother started a woolen mill down by the river, making a cloth for men's clothing. We all thought this was a big thing, and that it was bound to make Burlington a prominent city.

There was the Howard family who lived down below the present wagon bridge, near what was then known as the Howard Ford.

There were several colored families—among them was Old Aunt Patsy who, on every Decoration Day, was in line with the members of the G.A.R. She had served as a colored nurse during the war, and drew a pension.

The Henry Ely family lived across the river on what is still known as the Ely farm, and the Throckmorton family near what

has always been known as the Throckmorton bridge.

There was Garwood, the tailor, who if I remember correctly, ran his first shop in Grimes' store.

Wm. H. Bear, who moved to Burlington in '67, was later county recorder. There were three Puffer boys—Charley, Frank and Lorenzo. The Vince family lived at the south end of town. Mr. Vince repaired watches and clocks. Bert Kingsbury married Lucy Vince, and had moved back east, but stayed only a short time when they returned to Burlington. He was admitted to the bar, and was later elected judge.

Women Suffrage was quite a prominent issue in those early days, and I recall Kate Stanton, George Francis Tree, Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, who all lectured in Burlington. Presiding Elder Rice, of the Methodist church, took a very active part in promoting these lectures.

Referring again to the churches: The Methodist church had no bell, and a Mr. Charles Edwards had a sea-shell which they blew on Sunday mornings in order that the people would know it was church time. Speaking of bells—when the Christian church was first built the only bell they had was a cracked one, which was in use for a number of years. Eventually they began to raise money for a new bell, and gave a church dinner and supper in one of the vacant stores. In order to keep people reminded of the church festival, and to arouse their enthusiasm for the purchase of a new bell, they kept the old cracked one ringing most of the day.

The M. K. & T. was the first line

to run into Burlington—I think the first train came into Burlington in the early 70's. It was a big event, and naturally there was a celebration. We had a big dinner for the train men in charge of the work, and for the officials who were on the train.

The first county officers were: Sam Junkins, county attorney; Jim Lane, county treasurer; Uncle Peter Patton was recorder and his wife was deputy, as Uncle Peter was blind. Judge Bent was probate judge, and W. J. Sanders was county sheriff.

There were no theatres, but the Rouse Theatre company came to Burlington and played for a week at the Episcopal church. I remember the names of some of the plays—there was *Lena Rivers*, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Hidden Hand*.

Memory keeps recalling many of the early settlers. There were Dr. Manson, living where the present old Menzie house stands on South Third street, the Redmond family, the Dickinson family, the Stockwell family, the Morton family, Billy Parsons, the lawyer, the Eppinger family, Joe Miller, and Dr. Fluke, who was the first dentist in Burlington. The Harlan family lived on a farm on Scott Creek, but later moved into town. Belle Harlan married Dr. Jones, and I believe they are all living in California now. There was old Peter McCann, who lived alone so many years in his cabin on Fourth street just south of Neosho.

I remember one of the stories told when they were having election to determine the county seat, and certain men from LeRoy were in Burlington to check and chal-

lenge votes. One of the men was standing directly under the window of Prouty's printing office. One of the boys upstairs (by accident, it is said) upset a bucket of very dirty water out of the window, which spilled right where the LeRoy watcher was standing. While there was never any admission made as to the actual number of votes cast, there undoubtedly was a great deal of repeating done by the two towns contesting for the county seat.

It was not unusual, at that time, for one to go into his yard and find prairie chickens feeding with his own tame group. I remember one morning when Mr. Osborn went out to milk, and saw a covey of quail. He went down to one of the neighbors for a quail net, which they set where the present Catholic church now stands, and whistled the quail into the net. When they counted them there were 31 altogether.

The real last plague of the grasshoppers, if I remember correctly, was in 1877. We had a few the following year, but not the swarms of them that we had had the year previous.

Mrs. Rebecca C. Osborn.

In taking down the above notes from my mother, who is 87 years old, it was remarkable to note the keen interest she took in recalling certain instances of interest and many of the friends who were so closely associated with her in the early settler days.

I personally cannot refrain from recalling some of the early happenings, which date back a good many years, as I arrived in Burlington in 1871, at the corner of

Seventh and Hudson streets.

Some of the early names which occur to me are the Eppingers, Tom Gray the barber, the Hoffmans, the Holmes, the Sanfords, the Tompkins, the Porters, the Gibbons, the Youngs. It would take too much space to try to mention them all.

I recall the old school house, with the haunted basement, the old swimming hole below the railroad bridge, the swimming hole up at Indian Ford. There was Frank Clark, who always fired the cannon, and Bert Eastman. There was the Mohawk club, and when we went to Parsons in March, during the campaign, what an event it was for us kids, especially those who had never been on a railroad train. But the real campaign trip was when we took Stockwell's two busses and drove to LeRoy to parade through the streets, waving kerosene torches, which always leaked, wearing red and white oil-cloth caps and capes, and drove back that night hot, tired, and dusty. But I would love to do it again, for those were the days of real sport.

Hallowe'en night there was not a gate, a picket fence, a young tree, or a Chic Sale "three-holer" which was not in danger of being broken down or tipped over. They tell a story of how some of the boys pulled one of the grocery wagons

down to the river, and after they had pushed it into the river up rose the grocer and said "Now, boys, pull it right back. How true this incident is I cannot say.

Was there even a keener set of minds than those who framed the duel up at the dam early one morning, between the traveling actor and Fred Robbins, the printer, and had Mr. Robbins believing he killed the actor. They hurried him to LeRoy, hustled him on board a train for Missouri, and although he learned afterward it was just a joke he never came back. Some were pleased that the scheme was successful.

Oh for the days of another county fair, the church dinners, and the red hot taffy. Lemonade, peanuts and dust—all mingled together, but my, it was good.

I know I express the great pleasure felt by everyone who lived in Burlington in those early days, in bringing to mind our good friends, how much those associations mean to us now. Families may break up and move to different sections, living here and living there, but that close bond of friendship that develops among families living in smaller communities remains intact. There is no wealth or position that one prizes higher than the memories of those early days and friends.

Guy S. Osborn.

Steam Mill Blows Up, Also Ottumwa History

In writing of old times many things come up. I remember one time J. W. Preston, father of Ben Preston, took a load of wheat to

the LeRoy steam mill to have it made into flour and sacked. We had to stay all night waiting for it, then came home. The old

steam mill blew up. The fire man had let his boiler boil dry and then he pumped cold water into it and being full of gas and dry steam it went out and struck a tree just west of the mill broke it off, and glanced on another and turned and about half way across it fell into the river. Several years after I saw it still in the river several hundred yards up the river. The fireman must have been drunk as at that time there was a brewery at LeRoy. It was the first steam mill there.

While Ottumwa is one of the oldest places in the county a great many are living there now who were among the early settlers. The changes have not been as great as in many of the larger towns of the county and the village is not as large as it was in former years. One of the reasons for this is on the account of never having a railroad. The town has never been able to afford a market for the farmers and the result is that Burlington has always enjoyed a large trade from the farmers of Ottumwa. For the past 50 years there has never been a time but what Ottumwa has had a general store. In the earlier days of her history it had several but for the past 30 years a couple of stores, black smith shop and post office have constituted the business on the main street of Ottumwa until the R.F.D. came in. The Shawbells used to run a hotel years ago but of late years there has been none. One time in the early days old Sam Wood, who was an old Kansan, stopped over night at the Shawbell home and after supper he commenced to tell stories about the public men, Kansas war stories, etc., and all in the house

became interested in him and when Mr. Shawbell went in an adjoining room to see what time it was he was surprised to see that it was three o'clock in the morning and while Shawbell and Wood never agreed politically he always liked to hear Wood talk. From that time on they were always great friends. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Shawbell were people who had the admiration of the people, who were acquainted with them and they will be remembered in this place.

Mr. Klock for years and years conducted a general store in Ottumwa. His family was reared there and his only son who started out with as bright a prospect as any man that ever lived in Kansas, was drowned a few years ago in the Neosho river. Usually the people and newspapers always have a great deal to say about a man's ability after he is dead, and here I am going to change the rule by saying some things about H. H. Klock, the man was a scholar, an orator, a thinker, a man who kept well posted and up with the times. No man has ever represented this congressional district and no senators outside of Ingalls and Plumb represented Kansas in the United States senate that compared with him intellectually in anyway, and yet the people never appreciated the man as they should have done.

After Mr. Klock retired from the mercantile business John H. Allen started a store and conducted it up to the time of his death. Mr. Allen and wife reared their family in this township and were among the old residents of it. After Mr. Allen's death the widow ran the business until the store burned. This left the town without a store

for a short time when F. Hoffmans of Burlington put Pete Crahan up there with a new up to date stock. Then Mr. Crahan bought out Hoffmans and ran the business a few years then, sold out to James Mark. Mr. Mark sold out to F. M. Jones and after he ran it a while he sold out to John Meek. John Meek sold out to Charles Jones a son of F. M. Jones and is running the business there now and is doing a good business. The man who always kept Ottumwa before the people of Kansas was General Harrison Kelley who was one of the oldest settlers of the place. five years ago when he moved to five years ago when he moved o Burlington and lived until the time of his death. When Harrison Kelley died he was as well known as any public man in the state. He had always taken an active part in politics and was a man who believed in a square deal. There was not a particle of deception in Kelley. He would tell you right out what he would do and give his reasons. Mr. Kelley served one term in congress. He was an intense Republican and the colored man never had a truer friend than he was. At times he used to embarrass his friends by his remarks on the race question and Kelley never turned a person away from him who was worthy and needed assistance. His generous hand always extended to the poor and both himself and wife will always be remembered for their hospitalities and charities by those who knew them. Their family, three daughters and a son, were all raised in Ottumwa. Harry E. Kelley of Fort Smith, Ark., is one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of that city. The

elegant home adjoining Burlington was given to Burlington by H. E. Kelley a few years ago.

John McCombs is another of the old timers and was a man who had many friends and admirers. His wife has been dead a great many years and he is not living now. Mrs. J. B. McCabe and family are residents of the township and have lived here many years. Mr. McCabe died many years ago. He was, during his time, one of the prominent men of the county and twice made the race for Sheriff on the Democratic ticket and although the Republicans had a large majority in the county he was defeated by only a few votes each time. Allison Smith and family have lived in this township most of their lives. Mr. Smith has always been one of the active men in building up the town and township. Henry Burger is another of the early settlers of the township. He had been here over 50 years at his death and if he was living could tell as much about this section as any one now living

Up to twenty-five years ago Jacob Stublefield who eat the greaser, (and before I go farther I will explain that joke). In early days his father owned a farm at the head of Long creek and his home was a kind of a half way house for travelers going east from here as it was about a day's drive. They stopped there to stay all night so on this night some travelers were there and next morning the man went into the kitchen and said to his wife, "Hurry up with those griddle cakes." As his wife had a wide strip of bacon rind to grease the frying pan, it was missing and she knowing where it went exclaimed, "Mine

Gott, Stublefield Shake has eat the greaser." I guess "Shake" ate the greaser all his life for I don't think he ever heard the last of it. His wife Malissa, married him when he was only a boy and she sent him to school in old Hard Pan when I went to school. Jake died at Sawtel, Calif. He had four boys and was living with one of them. When his wife died the family broke up and all scattered.

Jake as he was called by everybody went west. He made a trip to the Klondike county but did not like it there and soon returned. In speaking of Jake reminds me of what Col. D. R. Anthony of Leavenworth said of him during the Dinsmore Douglass legislative in Topeka during the Lewelling administration. It was a day or so after George Douglass had knocked the door down in order to get into the representative hall, before the session of the house was called a great crowd was standing around the hall. Jake was talking loud about, we, him, being the people. Anthony walked up to where a number stood listening to Jake's talk then said, "You are a fool is all that ails you.

Perfectly harmless however, just an ordinary fool with a big mouth that is working overtime." Most of the crowd laughed and this broke up the party and after Jake recovered from the shock he went to find out who that was and when told he had nothing more to say.

There were a number of colored families who were early settlers of this township. They came here from Arkansas soon after the war between the north and the south. They are all dead now but some of their children are living here. There was Ned Williams, who was over one hundred years old when he died and who lived northwest of Ottumwa about 3 miles. Joshua Williams, who lived down the creek about a mile from Ottumwa; Thomas Chaney, who lived east of Ottumwa a mile; the Bolen family who lived a mile south of here in a cabin between the Kelley lake and the river on the Harrison Kelley farm. They all died with the small pox except two girls. The family was buried there. The two girls went to Burlington. There were a number of other colored families here.

H. A. Fry.

The Old Ottumwa College

The story of one of the first universities in Kansas, its sudden change of denomination, its growth and its downfall and ignominious end by H. H. Klock in the early 60's. The Methodist church of Ottumwa was a powerful organization numbering more than 100. The head men in the church concluded they would have a Methodist uni-

versity and as College Hill was unoccupied they chose that for the sight of the university. Funds were raised and the foundation of the building laid with impressive ceremonies in 1862. Within a year the walls of the building were up eight or ten feet. During this time the Christian church under the leadership of Jenks Cox and Mc-

Combs had reached a large membership. In 1863 these men secured the services of a famous, wonderfully able and elequent evangelist with a singing woman by the name of Hutchinson. These two held a four weeks' meeting.

The result of their labors was a proselyting of every one of the leading Methodists among them, being the entire board of trustees of the university which was immediately transferred to the Christian church and named the Western Christian University. The churches at times did not work in unity as they do now. The board was increased by the addition of Cox and Jenks and as they didn't want to build on a Methodist foundation the walls were torn down and the foundation again laid. The building was hurried to completion and Mrs. Hutchinson raised \$600.00 and bought the bell which was far the best in the state at that time. In 1864 Rev. J. M. Rankin was employed to run the institution. In the meantime school district No. 2, Ottumwa, was organized. The board sent the district school children to the university and their tuition was paid out of the district funds. This gave a great boom to the university and the condition of things lasted through 1865, at the end of which year the board of trustees got in a quarrel with the district board and flatly told them to run their own school. The district board accepted the challenge built a schoolhouse and proceeded to employ Judge Rankin for teacher. The board of trustees of the university employed able and learned men and struggled along some

way for a year and then the whole institution collapsed. Rankin and Cox moved to Burlington. In 1867 David Gwin came to Ottumwa. He was a strong man mentally and spiritually, he was made leading elder of the Christian church with Dr. Jenks, as second elder. Both of these men were prominent physicians and both aspired to the leadership of the Christian church. In the meantime the building of the Western Christian University had been sold on a mortgage foreclosure and both these men made desperate efforts to get possession of the building. In the late winter of 1872 Gwin won out and turned the building over to the Christian church. A board of trustees was appointed and John McCrocker was employed to run the proposed new school with his wife assistant. The school was to open the second Monday in September and the building was fired and burned in August by persons who were never caught or arrested.

I went to school then from old Hard Pan, two miles and a half and walked from home. Another boy also went to school there by the name of Monroe Buckles. He lived a mile further south and the winter I went to school, he went on his skates, there being ice on top of the snow. The old college was a two story building built of lime stone and Rankin taught the high school in the upper room. A man by the name of Laban Tucker taught the lower school of small children. Scholars came for miles around to that college.

H. A. Fry.

The Negro Exodus to Kansas

You asked me to write you some facts or remembrances in regard to the "Negro Exodus" to Coffey county, Kansas during the years from 1877 to 1879 inclusive, the number arriving and the probable cause and final effect of their coming.

The negroes arrived from the south by railroad in the spring of 1878 and were about 125 in number including men, women and children. They were practically without means and depended principally on their labor and voluntary charity for their living. They were mostly peaceable and well behaved and were mostly of a religious nature. They were quartered in small hovels, principally in different parts of Burlington, for awhile, in fact several months.

Much has been said of the cause of their coming and even Congress appointed a committee composed of nationally prominent men to report as to the cause of the immigration. They spent much time and labor investigating and with much expense but with no sure result. As an actual fact, the real cause of their migrating commenced during the presidential election when Rutherford B. Hayes, and Samuel J. Tilden were candidates. Hayes in his speeches had said, if he were elected president he would remove the United States troops from the southern or Confederate states. They had been kept there after the close of the Civil War to maintain order especially to protect the negroes that had been freed during the Civil war

and had conferred upon them the rights of citizenship. Mr. Hayes was elected, or was so declared by the "High Joint Commission" appointed by congress to investigate, the report being 185 electoral votes for Hayes, the Republican to 184 for Tilden, the Democrat, even tho Tilden the Democratic candidate had much the higher popular vote. The senate committee to investigate the Negro migration was composed of Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana; Zebulon B. Vance of North Carolina, George H. Pendleton, Ohio, Democrats and William Windom of Minnesota and Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire, Republicans. An effort was made to show that Gov. St. John offered inducements for the Negroes to come to Kansas.

Hayes as President withdrew the United States troops from the south. This caused uneasiness among the negroes and their leaders at their meetings strongly urged migration, especially to the northern states, north and west of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. At the same time many of the northern states that were doubtful politically put out an inducement favoring their immigration. And too, the transportation companies took advantage of the situation to induce them to come and in 1878 they commenced to arrive by boat to St. Louis and Kansas City and by railroad to Kansas from there. Several thousand arrived in Lawrence and Topeka and even a "Benovelent Commission" composed of fifteen prominent men in-

cluding John P. St. John, Albert H. Horton, P. I. Bonebrake and Lyman U. Humphrey and others was organized to locate the negroes on public land, especially in Wabunsee county and at Nicodemus in Graham county.

The party of negroes shipped to Burlington included about 125. They arrived, I think in the winter of 1877 or spring of 1878. They included Perry Carter together with Adam Alexander and Madison Davis and Wilson and many others that I was personally acquainted with, but whom I do not just now remember. In the summer following many found employment on the farms and as street laborers. Those that brought work cattle arrived over the M-K-T railroad about a year later. They were in charge of George Jones, who later accompanied them when they were sent back on account of their cattle spreading Texas fever.

To relieve the city of Burlington of the responsibility of caring for so many they were induced to locate upon a section of school land I think in Sec. 36 T. 21 R. 13. I don't know by what authority but my father, Job Throckmorton and John Weaver, father of S. D. Weaver, were appointed to assist them in locating on this land. Many tried to locate but many remained in Burlington. Those that did locate had work cattle that they used to break the prairie sod but before the summer had passed the cattle of farmers in the vicinity of these Texas oxen commenced dying of Texas fever. This created a terrible uproar and the officers took charge of the cattle and had them shipped back to Texas over the M-K & T railroad. At that time little was known as to the cause of Tex-

as fever. It was thought it was caused from spores on the feet of the Texas cattle and consequently gunny sacks were tied on the oxen's feet as they brought them to the train at Burlington. George Jones, the leader of the negroes, accompanied the cattle to Texas. A few of the negroes remained for a short time in Burlington but in a few years nearly all had migrated to Independence or Coffeyville where they could work in the cotton fields and today there are practically none in Burlington.

These negroes were mostly of a religious nature and with the assistance of benevolent people in Burlington built and for a time maintained the Second Baptist church in Burlington. At one noted revival in Burlington soon after they arrived they were holding their meeting in their church which was then on North Third street. They had their preacher the Rev. Charles Caesar Taylor from Topeka. He was afterwards appointed to the position of assistant to Registrar of the Treasury at Washington D. C. and afterward appointed Ambassador to Madagascar, Africa. I remember in his preaching he would say "And now my little chillen you must have your trunks well checked and your tickets in your hand and when de good ship of Zion comes down get on board little chillen get on board"

The Freedmen's Relief association was incorporated May 8, 1870 with the following directors: John P. St. John, Hebert H. Horton, P. I. Bonebrake, John Francis, Bradford Miller, N. C. McFarland, A. B. Jetmore, J. C. Hebbard, Lyman U. Humphrey, Willard Davis, A. B. Lemmon, James Smith, T. W. Hen-

derson, C. G. Foster and John M. Brown. This committee issued an appeal to friends of the colored people.

On April 1, 1880, Henry King then postmaster of Topeka wrote to Scribners Magazine: "There are at this writing 1500 to 2000 colored people in Kansas who have settled there in the last 12 months. In the way of personal property they have about \$2.25 per capita and are farming about 3,000 acres of about 20,000 acres they have filed upon. Asking help in locating the

colored people on public land, especially a tract of land belonging to the state university which could be bought for \$2.65 an acre. It was located in Wabaunsee county.

The farmers about Burlington especially Mr. Grimes, S. J. Carter, M. M. Kiger and my father, Job Throckmorton would at times employ some of these negroes to hoe in the fields or cut corn or break prairie with their oxen.

George Throckmorton.

Drum's Early Coffey County Memories

My parents were married in Kalamazoo, Michigan in 1855. Father's name was Ed Drum. They moved to Illinois in 1856, and came to Kansas in April, 1857, coming up the Old Muddy from St. Louis to Westport, now Kansas City, Mo. They had heard of the Neosho Valley in Kansas, and father inquired in Westport if there was any one going out there. He was told about a freighter, named Joe Lebo, after whom the town Lebo was named. So father hunted him up and asked him what he would charge to haul himself and wife and a trunk to the Neosho Valley. He said if father would drive the ox team he would haul them. Father said he would, so they started and father walked all the way to the Stubblefield place on the head of Long Creek where they stopped for the night. Mrs. Stubblefield was sick, so Mr. Stubblefield asked father if they could stay until his wife got better. They stayed a week.

One day while there they walked 2 miles east on a high hill and looked down on the Pottawatomie Valley. It looked good to them, so the next Sunday they walked over and found people living there, and that they could get work. So they decided to move over. Stubblefields had five boys. One day while the boys were scuffling in the attic, or up-stairs, one of them named Jake fell through the clapboard floor with nothing but his pants on. And it was while father and mother were there that Jake ate the last "greaser" in the house. A "greaser" was pork or bacon rind used to grease the griddle when making pancakes or such foods.

Father and mother worked in the Pottawatomie neighborhood until fall, when father traded a man out of his claim and built a log house on it, and there was where I was born February 25, 1858. So far as I know, I am the oldest male child born in Coffey

county, now living.

In 1861 we went to a Fourth of July celebration in LeRoy, and it was so cold father wore his overcoat until 10 o'clock. In '64 father moved the log house up on higher ground and built more to it. While we lived there he traded for the quarter north of him from Orson Kent, and in '68 he tore down the house and moved it north across the creek and built again.

We sure saw some hard times. In '74 and '75 it was the hardest. We children took white bread to school but at home had corn bread and mush and milk. The timber those days was full of all kinds of berries, so we children had all we wanted to eat, with a few artichokes thrown in. Father traded for a span of mares in '59 and started to raising horses, and in a few years he had thirty horses running on the commons. It was one of my chores to round them up every week. Talk about prairie fires, I have sure seen terrible ones. I remember one that started up by Olivet and went south between Wolf creek and Hickory creek and crossed Wolf creek somewhere east of Burlington, and the next day the wind changed to the south and brought it back up north between Wolf creek and Long creek to near Melvern. Next day the wind whipped to the northwest and it swept everything before it. It caught one bunch of our horses and burnt up eight of them.

Father liked to hunt prairie chickens and deer. When he and Jim Lane and Mart Hoover went hunting they generally brought in the game. They surely loved to hunt deer. They would gather up H. E. Cowgill and a few others and

go down in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, to hunt deer. Father killed fifteen deer one winter.

I was like other pioneer youngsters, I attended school at District 11 in a log school house, sat on some plank that was not very smooth. There was a saw mill in the neighborhood.

Indians! I have seen a string of them five miles long. They always stopped on the creek where we lived as that was half way between Quenemo and LeRoy. The Indians called Quenemo Sac Town and LeRoy Scott Town. John B. Scott was a great friend of the Indians, that is why they called it Scott town. There were some that you could trust. I remember one time we had some fat hogs, and two old Bucks came along and happened to see them. They wanted two and asked father what he would take for them. He told them, so they said "We take 'em." They got their bow and arrows, killed and strapped them on their pack ponies without sticking them. They said they had no money but would pay in so many moons, putting up their fingers, and they did.

Snakes! Deliver me from ever seeing that many again. I remember walking along a rail fence and I stepped on something cold. I was barefooted. I looked down and there was bull snake as long as a fence rail.

In those days the creeks were clear and we could see the bottom of water several feet deep. Holes of water that a child can wade now were deep enough then to swim a horse. In fishing we used to catch only the fish we wanted, as we could see the fish in the clear water. If one came along

that didn't suit us we pulled our hook away from him. We used to think that turtles were very fine to eat. There were many large ones in the creek and we like them. There are seven different kinds of meat in the turtle.

This will give some idea of how people lived in those early days. Many of the experiences we had are hard for the youngsters of today to believe, but they were real experiences.

J. F. Drum.

Facts Recorded by S. C. Junkins in 1871

Mrs. May Junkins Slagle of Pueblo, Colo., has sent in some writings of her father, Sam'l C. Junkins, who died in 1891 at his home just north of Burlington, on the farm now owned by Paul Wilson. The items apparently were written by him with the idea that eventually there would be a need for such information. The items which were entitled "Facts", were written in December, 1871 and January, 1872, and preserved until this time.

In her letter accompanying the manuscript, Mrs. Slagle says: "My father came to Coffey county from York, Maine in 1858. My mother (Julia Tamblin), came from Wisconsin in 1857. Also the Watrous family came from Wisconsin at the same time."

Mr. Junkins was for many years one of the leading attorneys of southeastern Kansas. For 28 years he and Col. James Redmond, father of the editor of The Daily Republican, were partners in the law business.

Mr. Junkins began writing his "Facts" December 28, 1871, and they are written in his own hand, typewriters not having been invented.

His "Facts" follow:

Abijah Jones, a native of New York, came December 27, 1854 with his son, George, and Wm. R. Saun-

ders and his brother Alban Saunders, also from New York. Landed at present site of LeRoy.

Found a house, the first built in county, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile below town-site of LeRoy, in the timber; built and then occupied by Frederic Troxel and family. Mrs. Troxel is a sister of John B. Scott and John B. Scott had been down, he and Thomas Crabtree, and some others, and Scott then had a man named Vickrey, (Washington Vickrey) hewing logs $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of LeRoy.

These logs were for Scott's house which he lived in when his family came in 1855 or 1856. (I think he did not permanently settle with his family till 1856).

Jones and the Saunders brothers went down river and up on the south side and crossed to north east side about 3 miles above LeRoy, where Jones selected his "claim" and built a log house.

Wm. R. Saunders and his brother both selected land on Long creek where they built houses and then went back for their families, returning to their new homes in February 1855.

Washington Vickrey brot in his family on spring 1855 and settled in the river bend just about a mile west of LeRoy.

John B. Scott was a native of McLean county, Illinois. He had been an Indian trader among the Sac and Fox tribes in LeRoy and afterwards at the Sac and Fox agency on their reserve about 30 miles south of Lawrence in this state.

John B. Scott and Thomas Crabtree and others had in the fall of 1854, visited the spot where LeRoy now is, and had selected the spot as one suited to be a town. It was first called, or known as Scott-Town, especially by the Sac and Fox Indians.

When actually settled on in spring of 1855, Scott and his associates called the place "Bloomington" in honor of their shire town in McLean county, Illinois, and the place was so known when the U. S. surveys were made, as will be seen by roads marked on the plats, roads "leading to Bloomington".

But when a post office was to be established it was found a town of the same name existed in another part of Kansas territory, hence Gen. Scott selected another name, the name of "LeRoy" was given for some reason.

A Democratic convention held at Burlington in 1858. A Republican, seeing four men go towards Stanfield's store, remarked "See those Democrats go straight to the whisky shop—perfectly natural." The remark might be true enough, but came without comical grace for a man reeling with intoxication.

In April 1858 a letter from authorities at Anderson county, to A. Jones, county attorney for Coffey county, inquiring for — Claywell, a horsethief. Jones replied he was here—his home 1½ miles south of Burlington. Next came a warrant.

Meanwhile a citizen of LeRoy having had a horse stolen, traced it to north of Lawrence and found it had been exchanged for a pony. When Claywell was arrested at Burlington this pony was found in his possession.

Claywell was taken to LeRoy by John Chess, Sheriff of Coffey county, and the people took up the case, called a jury, held a trial, jury brought verdict of guilty of grand larceny.

A vote was taken by forming two lines and it was found that more than three-fourths voted to hang the prisoner at once.

He was taken into Scott's timber just west of town, and prayer first offered by Rev. Benoni Wheat of the M. E. church, the fellow was strung up to the limb of a tree and died in a few seconds.

A few, as A. Jones, county attorney, and Rev. Mr. Wheat, voted against lynching.

A. Jones and family had been sick through winter season in 1855 with chills, so the family moved to Kansas City and Jones went to California. He returned in 1857 and took up a home on Badger creek, just east of Wm. R. Saunders. Badger creek is a tributary of Long creek.

Mr. Jones found neighbors settled here, to-wit: David Giesy, Caleb Butler and Augustus A. Burr, just east and north.

Dr. Packard came in 1857 and made claim on east of Long creek. In November, 1858, he married Mrs. Frances Lamb, the daughter of A. Jones. Mrs. Lamb was a widow when she came here with her father. The Doctor died in three months after his marriage, and his widow afterwards became the wife

of Moses Edson Grimes, formerly of Vermont.

John Chess died this morning (December 28, 1871) at 2¼ o'clock of congestion of the lungs. He was taken sick only last Friday. Mr. Chess settled just above LeRoy (2½) miles in ———. He was a native of Pennsylvania, an ardent anti-slavery Republican, was twice sheriff of our county, and was again elected to that office at our last November election.

Lawyer Bullock of Ft. Scott used to come up here to courts, as also — Sims. Both were southerners, and both went into the rebel service in 1861. It is said Sims lost a leg in the war. Sims was a great awkward fellow. He was one day defending in J. P. court in a case in replevin, the property at issue was a wagon and also a spare set of thills.

When Sims read the bill of particulars of the plaintiff, he said "Thills" and in a patronizingly kind way added the explanation: "evidently intended for fills."

At adjournment Jones drew Webster on him and the fellow owned the joke, saying "Did not I make an ass of myself!"

When the case was appealed to the district court, ex-Gov. Shannon had the defense and repeated the blunder. His chagrin was deeper than his predecessor, but he was equally frank in acknowledgment.

Morgan Dix came from Indiana in the spring of 1855. He walked down from Neosho Rapids in Lyon county to LeRoy (then called Scott Town) and found John B. Scott and Thomas Crabtree, John Troxell and Fred Troxell and also Saunders Bros., on Long creek.

Dix went up the river on the west side to the west edge of the county—at Smith's branch (now called Eagle creek) and found a well just dug by — Carr.

This man Carr is he who has often related that when he came here in early part of 1855 it was so dry that he walked in the bed of the Neosho river from Emporia to LeRoy. Mr. Carr might have made an excellent historian, but for sake of answering accuracy he should of reduced his narrative to writing while the events were fresh. (This was told me December 25, 1871, at 8 p. m. at an inquest.)

December 25, 1871, I was at an inquest on the body of one Harvey Deaver, who had been killed as supposed on night of the 23rd at his hovel near the edge of the brush at the southwest part of Henry Richard's field 1½ miles southeast from Ottumwa.

He was a North Carolinian, and had served in a Tennessee Union regiment in the war, as he had his discharge in his pocket.

He was alone in his house a few days and it is supposed a man named Stephen Brown shot him in a quarrel or for sake of his wife who loved Stephen pretty well.

Two balls were lodged in his head—the body lay there two days, and on Christmas at 4 p. m. Dr. Wm. Manson, coroner, called and I went up with him to hold inquest.

It was a very cold night, the ground icy and partly covered with snow. The house was an old hovel, built in 1855 by John Despain. We came near freezing during the examination.

The jury was Gen. Harrison Kelley, Maj. John A. Kennedy, J. G. Shawbell, U. S. Shreves, James

Pieratt and Morgan Dix.

From there we returned to Burlington, issued the coroner's warrant for Stephen Brown and put it in hands of W. J. Saunders, undersheriff at 9 p. m. Brown had escaped.

On this occasion I talked with Mr. Dix. I had formed the resolve only the night before to write up events in this county, and this conversation with Mr. Dix was the first contribution in my collection of facts.

Theodore Denecke came with and as one of the Hampden colony. He arrived in April 1855. He said:

"When we got to Kansas City we bought teams, mostly oxen, and loaded up provisions, implements and personal baggage of the company. There live here now, Stephen Pepper, Charles Morse and family, Henry W. Ela, J. B. Wetherbe and some female members of family of — Harrington.

"When we arrived at Sac and Fox agency, Gen. John Whistler who had long resided there as an Indian trader, and who just previous to this time had been down to the Neosho and selected a claim, feared our company would 'jump' his claim and so started ahead of us in all haste and got to the Neosho half a day ahead of us. We found him encamped on his claim. It was one of many that had been spotted by Gen. Samuel C. Pomeroy and his brother-in-law. It seems they had not long before us been to the Neosho and in their eagerness for land, had gone through the timber and emblazoned their names on the trees in many places. Their claims were not respected.

"The first house put in vicinity of Hampden was by a man of our

company named Timer. The next day Whistler's log house was raised. It was the work of 16 Sac Indians whom the General had brought down with him to assist him in making an opening and improvements.

"The next day the log house of Theodore Denecke (the relator) was put up. This was set near the edge of the timber on the east side of the Neosho not far from the S. E. corner Sec. 23 T. 21 R. 15. We drew lots for the particular claims we were to settle upon, the land not being yet surveyed, it was not certain but two might come on one quarter section in some instances.

"I raised this season, 25 bushels potatoes, 100 bushels corn and lots of tomatoes, peppers, pumpkins, etc.

"Settlement started soon after us at or near mouth of Hickory creek, below Ottumwa. There were a few pro-slavery settlers who started settlements there. Most of these left—a few became good free state Democrats afterwards.

"An early settler near Ottumwa was one Hamilton Smith, who distinguished himself as a free state leader.

"During summer of 1855 there was trouble at Lawrence and we were called on to help defend that citadel of freedom. We marched about 40 strong, and during six weeks did patrol duty at fords on several roads south and southeast of Lawrence—living on beef from Dutch Henry's herd that had been taken by the party under Capt. John Brown of undying fame in freedom's cause.

"Returning to our homes in September we found some of the timid had left and others preparing to go. Sorry to say that in packing up there were some so un-

scrupulous as not to respect our goods. Others who stayed were very neighborly with our potatoes and other vegetables. There was some excuse for this: provisions were scarce and hunger knows nothing of conscience.

"About this time W. A. Ela was thinking of going out of the county and took some rash measures in getting a wagon from one Perry Mills, a Tennessee quaker who kept a grocery here. Ela raised a club to strike and the Quaker warded off the blow and took the Deacon by the shoulders and hurriedly placed him on the ground and put his knee on his breast saying 'Friend Ela don't you know it is wicked to strike, and don't you know that if you fight you will surely go to hell?' In the hurry of Ela's fall his ankle was dislocated.

"While Ela was down he called loudly for his son, Henry, to bring the gun. Henry came but just then one of the company present who sat on a horse raised his rifle and brot it to bear on poor Henry. Then in a loud voice said: 'Henry, About face. March!' Around the house went Henry, and the battle was bloodless. The only fatality was the dislocation of Deacon Ela's ankle in the sudden fall.

"On one occasion soon after, an alarm came to my cabin late at night that a pro-slavery party was advancing on us from up the Neesho. We rallied about a dozen and that night rendezvoused at house of — Despain, near Hickory creek. The party was increased by others collected in that neighborhood to perhaps 30.

"In the morning I desired Wm.

Whistler (son of John) to go ahead with me to spy out the enemy. Some of our company protested against it as rash. I reasoned with Whistler, that if the enemy saw us he would be as much alarmed as we. That at any rate a large body could not surprise us, etc.

"We went on up towards where Ottumwa now stands, met a frightened settler who insisted we ought not to proceed as the enemy was numerous, well equipped, and was fortified.

"However, as we were joined by a few more of our party we went on till we could see for ourselves it was nothing but a company of the Sac and Fox Indians returning from a hunt on the Arkansas and with them a few whites. They had gone into camp, hobbled their ponies, and were enjoying their rest wholly unconscious of all the terror they had created in our little settlement.

"Wm. R. Saunders and Thomas Crabtree from the LeRoy settlement came up in 1855 or '56 and asked us to join with them in taking steps for organized government—for election of magistrates and officers.

"We responded we could not do so except by acknowledging the Bogus territorial law. We preferred for the present a state of nature, rather than submit to laws odious in themselves and doubly so in being thrust on the territory by the mob at Shawnee Mission called a Legislature, every one of whom was and ever has been a citizen of Missouri.

"They intimated they would have magistrates at LeRoy and that they could prevail on Charles

Morse of Hampden to serve as one. We answered that Charles Morse could not hold his courts at Hampden. That as to the courts at LeRoy, if they acted to affect us or our friends, we would go down and regulate them. Not long after that, John B. Scott, their chief man, was made a magistrate and he sent some sort of process to be served on one Victor Mouquett, a Frenchman living in South Big creek and the officer took from Mouquett his rifle.

"Now a worse blunder could not have been heaped upon poor Scott for he rested under the foul charge, not merely of serving in office under the bogus laws, but was charged loudly with being made the instrument of an accursed pro-slavery conspiracy to take away the arms of free men.

"A few determined men rallied, and at demand the rifle was given up with apologies.

"When the Burlington Town Co., came and wanted to come in and join us and make a town at Hampden, I vehemently urged the cause, but a few, as Mr. W. A. Ela, would not consent. Thus a rival town was built up at Burlington, and Hampden sunk to nothing." (Denecke is a tailor by trade.)

This morning (January 27, 1872) Theodore Denecke died. I had gathered from him the facts aforesaid about four weeks ago, and he then engaged to give me a fuller relation at another time in which I am unhappily disappointed. Mrs. Denecke died the last week in December last—

Hardin McMahon came from Indiana to Coffey county and arrived on October 1, 1855. He stop-

ped on Eagle creek for two months, but did not then take a claim.

When the land was surveyed early in 1856 SE $\frac{1}{4}$ 27-20-15 was found without a claimant and McMahon went in and finally pre-empted it.

McMahon was a Democrat and tho no border ruffian, still leaned strongly to the pro-slavery side as did several of his neighbors, Hiram Hoover, and others.

McMahon was the first probate judge holding the office by election and such an election as deserves notice.

The county was first afforded a civil government by appointments made by the Governor. He appointed as the probate judge one John Woolman, and as county commissioners, John Evans, John B. Scott and John Woolster, and also established LeRoy as the voting precinct.

In 1857 when the first election was held for county officers, the people voted at LeRoy, Hampden and Ottumwa, and of the votes cast for Probate Judge, William R. Saunders had a clear majority, but the votes of all the precincts except LeRoy being thrown out. McMahon was declared elected, he having received a heavy vote in that Democratic town.

Judge McMahon went down to LeRoy to hold his court with feelings of distrust of his own attainments in the law and of a proportionate awe and reverence for the attorneys who came to his court. Two lawyers from New York appeared in his court with ponderous volumns under their arms ready to pour upon the new judge a flood of light "upon the common law of England and the

statutes in aid thereof" from the time of Coke & Bracton down to the "Bogus Laws" of 1855.

Editor's note: Mr. Junkins's writing of Coffey county facts came to an abrupt end at this point with the sentence unfinished. He did not, so as far as can be

learned, ever complete the history he began writing December 25th, 1871. His last writing was January 27, 1872. The sheets of paper containing these "Facts" were sewed together with thread, making a pamphlet. It is regrettable that he did not carry out his idea and put in writing the story of the early days in Coffey county.—J. R.

Pioneer Days in Strawn and Ottumwa

I, too, have been reading and enjoying what the "Old Timers" have to offer about bygone days, not realizing until now that I belong to that class, though it has been over thirty years since I was in Burlington. At the time I left there I knew every one, old and young, not only in Burlington but in Strawn and Ottumwa as well. Nearly all of the writeups have been in regard to Burlington and vicinity. I shall write mainly of Strawn and Ottumwa. The value of these reminiscences lies in the fact it keeps us in touch with the past.

The townsite of Strawn was surveyed in 1871 and given the name in honor of Enos Strawn, who came to Kansas in 1855. He was probate judge of Coffey county one term, and one of the commissioners appointed to locate the county seat. He was justice of the peace for forty-one years. Other settlers were Herman Hoover, James Chestnut, 1855, Thomas L. Horrell, 1857, Elisha H. Benedict 1857 and his son, Walter F. Benedict one of the first merchants, was in business until 1876. Then there were James and William

Jacobs, 1855. D. L. Wingard in 1872 had a dry good store, Mr. Fletcher a grocery store, Mr. Prather a shoe shop, Robert Smith hotel, Frank Newkirk was postmaster and railroad agent. Who remembers when Strawn station was changed to "Rock-A-By"?

James A. McGinnis came with his parents in 1854. He preempted land in Coffey county on the river east of Hartford. During the early troubles of 1856 he took an active part with the Free-state faction, and became one of Gen. Lane's trusted stand-bys and took many chances with his life. He received from President Abraham Lincoln a commission as First Lieutenant, serving until the close of the War. In 1868 he was elected to the State Legislature from Coffey County. In 1858 he married Sarah Benedict, daughter of Elisha and Mariah Benedict. He moved to Butler County, in 1869 and died in 1912. One son survives him, Walter F. McGinnis of El Dorado.

Jack Armstrong, a noted character from Ohio, walked to Topeka by way of Nebraska about 1854 to help aid and assist without the hope of fee or reward to bring Kansas

into the Union a free state. Spent most of his time in and around Lawrence. Once when he was at our home, he told of two men who came out from Westport, now Kansas City, to get "Jim" Lane of Lawrence. He said that on the Wakarusa were two graves—the end of their journey.

James H. "Jim" Lane and Samuel C. Pomeroy were Kansas' first United States senators. Lane's first election to the United States Senate was the most remarkable incident of the kind in all the history of this county. He left Lawrence in a wagon with but twenty dollars in money, and the landlord threatened to eject him from the hotel at Topeka for want of funds when he coolly reminded the hotel keeper that "Jim Lane can move into a store box in Kansas Avenue, and beat them all." Before leaving Lawrence he had actually been refused credit for a loaf of bread. Once during Lane's campaign for office he spoke at Ottumwa.

Silas Hoover made mention of his first school having been in a log cabin. Once he told me that his first teacher was my mother. I have an order signed by T. L. Dawson, Clerk, and Henry H. Middlebush, Director of School District No. 18 Coffey County, directing Thomas M. Lane Treasurer of said school district to apply to the County Treasurer for the sum of \$36.22 being the amount due Mariah P. Benedict for teaching a three months' school commencing January 13, 1863. Also one of her certificates indorsed by J. M. Rankin when he was county school superintendent.

When a small boy, my grandfather, Elisha Benedict, would take

me with him to Ottumwa. He had the contract of carrying the mail in 1872. It was on one of these trips, we forded the river at Strawn, watching the men at work on the bridge. They were pulling the stones to the middle pier with oxen. I also remember my father telling about getting up a petition asking the commissioners to locate the bridge at Strawn. Uncle Tom Horrell was one of the commissioners. Up to that time the citizens of Ottumwa of "Pinch" as it was called, thought they would get it.

Some of the first houses in Strawn were moved from Ottumwa. The last one I recall was the building Charlie Jacobs and Grant Harvey moved to the rear of their new building about 1896. This building was moved from Ottumwa by my uncle, Walter F. Benedict.

James Chestnut who located there long before the town was thought of, started to build a water mill to grind wheat and corn and also to saw lumber.

He dug a mill race part of which can be seen below the bridge, also built a dam across the river. Just under the bridge one can see part of the foundation above low water line on the north bank. That was about 1858. High water swept out his dam and with it went his hopes of building a mill. After the death of his wife (my mother's sister) and children, he returned to Canada. In the little cemetery just off the bridge were buried his wife and three children, and my grandmother Mariah, wife of Elisha H. Benedict. Both of my grandmothers, Mariah Benedict and Margaret Lane, died on the same date, February 2, 1867, an unusual occurrence.

Elisha H. Benedict with his family came to Kansas in 1857 from Ruthland, Ohio. He pre-empted 160 acres of land about one and half miles east of Strawn on the north side of the river. Benedict creek was named for them as they were the first settlers on the creek. The town of California was located on this creek in the spring of 1858. No buildings were ever erected there. My father, Thomas M. Lane, came to Kansas in 1859 from Boone county, Indiana. Father and mother were married at Ottumwa by Rev. John M. Rankin.

All the land along the river having been taken up, father located on the upper part of Leabo creek. Later he sold his land and bought the north 80 acres of my grandfather, where I was born and for about five years lived in a log cabin. Father built a frame house on the hill where we lived until he went to live with my sister in Texas and I came to Colorado.

My parents with others went through trials and hardships including prairie fires. In the spring of the year I enjoyed being out at night and watching the grass burning for miles and miles. Once my father had to blindfold his horses in order to ride through a wall of fire to save his life. Twice we had all our fences burned—those fires were not so nice. I remember the grasshoppers, also father telling of the Texas fever among his cattle. A herd of cattle was driven through at night from Texas to Abilene. The cattle were allowed to graze during the day. A little while after that, he as well as his neighbors lost, some all and others part of their domestic cattle, by contracting the fever, which was a

severe loss to the early settlers.

Indians, yes, I remember them. One day when father was away, a dozen or so rode up. My mother went out and talked with them. She could speak their language. My younger sister crawled under the bed. I wanted to go to my mother, but was afraid to venture out. A few years later I met one on an old road and I almost passed out, but he paid no attention to me. My father was very friendly with them. At one time he let them have his rifle, and they were gone a long time on a big hunt. Neighbors said he would never get his gun, but they returned it in fine shape.

They gave my father the name of "Buffalo Man" on account of his black beard. Soconut, chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, told of the big flood and the Indian battle with the Comanches that took place on Indian Hill west of Strawn in 1836. Account of this appeared a few years ago by H. H. Klock. It was Soconut who gave my father the prescription to break up malaria by taking green coffee tea. I had to take it when a small boy; bitter, quinine is no comparison, but I never had a chill since.

Father often spoke of the county seat struggle. We were living not far from Ottumwa, but he was in favor of Burlington. When it came to voting, votes were bought with corn, flour, money and whisky—more whisky used than any thing else. Men even voted their dogs, and men who had died years before.

Thomas L. Horrell, aside from being county commissioner was treasurer of Strawn school district for seventeen years. He was Second Lieutenant Co. E of the state mili-

tia. My father was Corporal in this company. On the 12th of October 1864 this company was called out on order of Gov. Thomas. Relieved from duty by Col. Potter. At the time of Price's raid Andy Franklin was teamster. Andy had served in the Mexican War, and the War of 1812. Once a funny thing happened in my uncle's office (Lane & Kent). Andy Franklin came in with a paper, getting signers in regard to his pension. Mr. Kent signed the paper, handed it to uncle who looked at it, said he would like to, but he had been told that Uncle Andy was on the English side. Any one who remembers Uncle Andy's shrill voice can imagine what took place. In a few minutes the office was full of men wondering what was coming off. I have been told he drew pensions for service in three wars. My grandfather was in the War of 1812 and often showed me the scar on his arm that he received in one of the battles.

Miss Mary J. White in her recent article mentions a large "stone building at Ft. Scott which had been shot through by a cannon ball." While there father placed his arm in the muzzle of this cannon, saying as he did so: "When I am ready to go home you may shoot me there." He walked a few paces from the gun, when it was discharged by a man who was showing how to fire it, not knowing it was loaded, having been captured from Price's men. When the gun was discharged the ball struck the ground, rebounded and passed through the stone building mentioned by Miss White. My father saw Gen. Marmaduke taken prisoner not far from Ft. Scott by a boy about eighteen years old.

I often heard my father tell of one of his neighbors when he lived on Leabo creek. This man was with Napoleon when he crossed the Alps, and told how they transported the heavy howitzers by taking off the wheels, slinging them upon a pole, carried by two men. The howitzers were placed in logs which they hollowed out for that purpose, then attaching ropes they pulled them over the mountains. He said it was the hardest work he ever performed while with Napoleon's army. I wish I could recall his name.

In 1867 the interest in the political canvass was upon the three proposed amendments. One of them for or against women suffrage. The suffragists secured the aid of Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton and others. My father was a very strong woman suffragist. It was during this campaign that my parents entertained Miss Anthony and her officers, there were more than fifty at the banquet.

The drought of 1860 has been spoken of, father said there were thirteen months without a drop of rain. He had to follow the creek with a scythe and cut grass for his stock. Those were months that tried a man's soul, and those who stayed and fought the battles are the ones that helped make Kansas what she is today. One very cold winter when there was lots of snow on the ground, one lone buffalo came up with our cattle to be fed. At first he was very shy, but in time was not so afraid; he came back the second winter.

When I was a small boy we had sheep. I well remember seeing my mother use the old spinning wheel.

It was of the large type and made of black wanut.

There has been a great deal said in regard to the college at Ottumwa, no one has mentioned the laying of the corner stone. Father was there, said it was laid by the Free Masons. How well I remember those ruins, they could be seen for miles when out on the prairies. I remember father coming home and telling about the college burning down. Once when hiking over the prairies north of our place I came upon some stakes driven in the ground and asking what it meant was told a railroad was staked out, and the place is where Lebo now stands.

Again referring to Silas Hoover's mention of my uncle, Samuel Lane's wire fence. About that time we had some smooth wire fence. Father got one of those barb machines and my job was to feed barbs into it as father clamped them on. It was July or August and oh, so hot and no shade. How I did want to go swimming. Little did I think then that at this time I would be working for a steel corporation where they turn out the barb wire and woven fence.

One afternoon in June, 1879, going home from school at Strawn and seeing a group of men below the bridge, I stopped to see a drowned man, Stephen Stouder, who was drowned in a shallow pool of water while fishing. He is supposed to have been stricken with a paralytic fit. I mention this, wondering if there are any of my schoolmates who remember this. Mary E. Jackson, a cousin, was the teacher and was also the author of the "Spy of Osawatimie or the

Mysterious Companions of Old John Brown."

On April 18, 1880, a tornado swept through the county destroying houses at Strawn and Ottumwa. No one was hurt as I remember. The next morning the first thing to greet me was the fence down and the stock in the fields. It was Sunday, but I was kept busy that day helping my father fix up the fence. The only Sunday I ever knew my father to work all day.

Now in conclusion, allow me to mention the only survivor of those early pioneers that I know of—my aunt, Mrs. Celecia Ann McGinnis Lane, wife of James M. Lane deceased, now in her 89th year. She came to Kansas with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William McGinnis, in 1855. She has seen all the hardships of early pioneer life. One of her sports in early life was horseback riding. It was on one of her trips over the prairies that she saved the life of Bush Dooley. She came to his cabin and found him sick. She rushed home for her father who took him home and cured him. Mr. Dooley told me this just a short time before his death.

Mr. Dooley lived in Ottumwa for a time. He and a brother were in the Civil War and were taken as prisoners to Andersonville where his brother starved to death, Bush weighing only 90 pounds when released at the close of the war.

I am afraid I have exceeded my limit. I have tried to keep within the bounds, but on a subject like this, one cannot do it.

Adios.

Eldo B. Lane,
1334 Cypress St.,
Pueblo, Colorado.

Mrs. Dora A. Simmons Reminiscences

July 9, 1931

Just seventy-five years ago today I landed on the banks of the Neosho with my father, Allen Crocker, and my mother, one brother and two sisters. The Heddens, Grimes, Ela, and the Whistler families came here the year before, so they were our neighbors.

I well remember being at John B. Scott's funeral.

My father helped form the constitution in '59 and was sent once to the legislature and was county clerk four years. When he ran for office he received all the votes in Hampden township except two, and they were members of the same church but could not vote for him for he was too black a Republican. My father died before he was fifty, so not many now living knew him. He was a great hunter and there was plenty of wild game.

I have known him to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and go where the wild turkeys roost and bring home all he could carry. Prairie chickens, quails and ducks were very plentiful. My father would go west, buffalo hunting, and has killed many of them. He would hang up the hind quarters to dry, then we would have fine eating for a long time.

There were plenty of wild gooseberries and plums. Mother has often had a five-gallon jar of plum butter, so you see we never went hungry.

My mother said she never saw but one time she thought she could not give a person anything to eat. Once she was out of flour and father was going after some in the afternoon. Just before dinner they saw two men coming and mother said, "Now don't ask them in for we have only enough bread for ourselves," but when he went to the door they wanted something to eat. He threw open the door and said "come in: we will divide." He never turned anyone away hungry. I do not think anyone will go hungry in Kansas if they will work.

I do not remember the log bridge but well remember crossing on the old ferry boat when the river was up bank full. I went to town with Mr. and Mrs. Edson Grimes in a lumber wagon with a big span of mules, and we drove on and when the boat began to move, the mules began to move backward. Mr. Grimes was at their heads, but a dozen men could not have kept them from going back. The rear wheels went into the water before they got the boat stopped. They called, "Get the women out." We got out and that was long to be remembered.

My father, sister and I rode on the first M. K. T. train that ran to Parsons. I sure have enjoyed the old settlers' writings.

Mrs. Dora A. Simmons.

Story of Hampden, By Mrs. C. W. DeLong

In that irrepressible conflict which decided the fate of slavery in this nation, Kansas played a memorable part. When the Missouri compromise which excluded slavery north of the Mason and Dixon line was repealed and there was substituted in the settlement of the new territories of Kansas and Nebraska what proved to be the tragic policy of "squatter sovereignty", the initial struggle was precipitated and the soil of Kansas was stained with the first blood shed in the cause of freedom. To settle the new territory for statehood emigrant aid societies, anti- and pro-slavery, were formed north and south, and the meeting of these hostile tides is the story of the border war. Among the colonies sent by New England in 1855, to aid in making Kansas a free state, was one from the town of Hampden, Massachusetts, which was under the leadership of Wm. A. Ela, father of Henry W. Ela, who pre-empted a farm southeast of Burlington, now owned by Dr. H. T. Salisbury.

Henry Ela was the last survivor of the second company of emigrants to Hampden. He died in Burlington in 1917.

Wm. Ela's company was met at Kansas City by S. C. Pomeroy. The colony's original destination was Lawrence, but Mr. Pomeroy who was afterwards senator, induced them to settle in the Neosho valley. They came to Coffey county and founded the first town in the county to which they loyally gave the name of Hampden.

Wm. A. Ela was secretary of the New England colony and ran the first store in Hampden.

The summer of 1855 was exceptionally wet and the growth of vegetation very rank. As a consequence there was a great deal of sickness among the unacclimated colonists and several of their number died before the year ended. Most of the survivors went back east, but a few, among them Wm. A. Ela and family, stuck to the land of their adoption, braving the new perils of the border war which now broke out. The hostilities, however seemed to die out the following year and with returning peace new towns sprung up all over the country.

Prior to this, the Carey and Landers, Sharps and Tulks with their families had settled on Wolf creek, east of Burlington. Also Thomas Gooch, who came from Lapham, Norfolk county, England, purchased forty acres of land and improved it, with the intention of bringing his family here but when he went after the family which he had left in New York, he felt it his duty to volunteer as a soldier in the Civil war which he did and was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg taken as a prisoner to Libby prison and died in a hospital near by.

In 1857 came the Jones and Morris families from Pennsylvania, in 1858 Rev. Rodney Paine and family from New York. Mr. Paine was a Congregational missionary sent to Kansas from New York.

In 1856 Maurice Gooch brother of Thomas Gooch and father of the writer, in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Margaron and daughter Ellen, who became Mrs. Gooch ten years later, left London on a sailing vessel for America, landing at Quebec, Canada, August 12, being seven weeks on the ocean.

March 22, 1857, Mr. Gooch arrived in Coffey county from Lawrence, enlisted in the fall of 1865, returned to Coffey county, purchased the farm of the widow of Thomas Gooch, and the same fall returned to Canada and the following year brought his bride to his home, where she now lives.

The same year another brother, John Gooch left England, landed at New York and came to Coffey county to make his home. He ran a butcher shop in Burlington for a time, then purchased what is now known as the Wiggins farm, south of Sharpe where he engaged in farming and stock raising.

William Morris, who came with his parents from Pennsylvania in 1857, and Mrs. Morris whose maiden name was Mary J. Sherwood, came with her parents from Indiana, in 1866, and Mrs. Elizabeth Jones Dixon who was born on the Jones homestead in 1857 are now living in this neighborhood.

Early in February 1857 a company of young men was formed at Lawrence with O. E. Learnard as their leader. They came to Hampden, and making the acquaintance of Mr. Ela asked him to give up all claim as president of the Hampden colony. This Mr. Ela refused to do. They told him they would cross the river and kill his town. They obtained authority to move

the saw mill, which for lack of water had lain idle two years, and took at least half the houses with them.

Thus Burlington was founded and named by Col. O. E. Learnard in honor of Burlington, Vermont, his birthplace. Col. Learnard lived in Burlington only a short time, enlisting for service in the Civil War, later returning to Lawrence where he died.

After they moved the postoffice from Hampden, it looked as though Hampden would soon be dead, but it had many friends, as two-thirds the county lay on its side of the river. In a few months it had another mill. It is but due the memory of Mr. Ela to say that he sacrificed twelve of the best years of his life to this Hampden project. He built the first school house here in the county, doing the most of the work himself.

The convention which organized county government was held in it. Mr. Ela secured the services of Mr. Olney, a printer of considerable ability, built him a house and office and Hampden had a newspaper, The Hampden Expositor, soon after Burlington had established the first one in the county.

Soon after the war broke out Mr. S. S. Prouty, editor of the Burlington Patriot, got a commission in the army and Mr. Olney succeeded him and published the paper until the close of the war. He then moved to Garnett and founded the Plaindealer, the first paper in Anderson county.

The county seat was located at Hampden by popular vote in 1864, and two terms of court were held there in 1865. But the town lack-

ed enough men of enterprise, and what was a more serious matter, it lacked a water supply. There was but one good well and that was just over the town line.

Burlington finally wrested the county seat from Hampden and the first town of Coffey county is now only a memory.

Mr. Ela was renowned for his hospitality. He entertained strangers extensively. It was his home that gave Rev. Mr. Rodney Paine and family a most cordial welcome. The family remained there until Mr. Paine secured a claim on Wolf Creek and erected a cabin of logs. Later Mr. Paine built a frame house. W. W. Brown of Parsons now owns the Paine homestead.

His next venture was to gather material for a spiritual edifice, building a Congregational church in Hampden. It was organized with seventeen members. Mr. Paine divided his labors among Hampden, Burlington and Big Creek. He was employed by the Home Missionary society, as were those who succeeded him for many years.

Of the Hampden church, Deacon Grimes of Vermont was the pillar. He had four sons, three of whom a good many of us remember: David, M. E. and L. R. The first sermon ever preached in Burlington was delivered by Missionary Paine in a blacksmith shop, procured and fitted up for the occasion by Chas. Puffer. The congregation numbered twelve men.

The privations incident to pioneer missionary work were many. Maurice and Thomas Gooch were living with the Paines when one morning Maurice got up and shoveled snow out of the entire habitation, then ran to a log cabin, which had a fireplace, on what

is now the C. E. Webber farm, to get warm and get a kettle of fire, Mr. Paine having made three unsuccessful attempts to make a fire. The same day Mr. Paine was sent for to preach the funeral of Mr. Farnsworth, the pre-emptor of the Van Slyck farm, now owned by James Applegate. Mr. Paine was unable to go on account of the severity of the weather.

One time when Maurice Gooch was out hunting he found an indian who was intoxicated and lying with his head at the edge of the water on Wolf Creek and the creek rising. Mr. Gooch pulled the indian back from the water as the creek rose and stayed with him until he became sober, then took him to the house to get something to eat. Later when Mr. Gooch was carrying the mail by pony express from Burlington to Eureka he encountered a big drove of indians who, for some reason I donot know why, were not going to let him pass. All of a sudden a big indian came forward, made the other indians stand back and told Mr. Gooch to go on, which he did. This was the indian Mr. Gooch had befriended on Wolf Creek. An indian never forgot a kindness or an unfriendly act. On Mr. Gooch's return trip from Eureka his last stop to stay over night before he got back to Burlington was always on what is known as the Vic Seewald place six miles south of Burlington. I am not certain but I believe Isaac Cox lived on this place at that time. This was the last house on his route before reaching Burlington.

Burlington, like most pioneer towns, soon had its saloon. An indignation meeting was called and a committee appointed to persuade

the saloon keeper to quit business. The committee consisted of three ministers, Mr. Paine, Congregationalist; Mr. Hickox, Episcopalian; and Mr. Hahn, Methodist.

The saloon keeper heaped all manner of abuse on the ministers, declaring his business was more honorable than theirs. Mr. Hahn told him that he was going to pray for his removal. In about a week the saloon keeper dropped dead. Mr. Hahn said that his prayers had been answered and that he was going to pray for more of them.

What a sensation this caused may be imagined. At once a petition to conference was circulated not to have Mr. Hahn sent back to Burlington. About this time Col. Learnard returned home from a session of the legislature and seeing how they had acted, made them withdraw the petition and sent instead a petition to have Mr. Hahn reappointed, which was done.

The loss of crops was bad enough but the wells went dry all over the country, Mr. Paine's among the rest. Water had to be hauled from wherever it could be found. Mr. Paine was in the habit of keeping the drinking water in the well. One Saturday afternoon Eddie Paine, a boy of five years, the favorite of the community, while out

playing with the children became thirsty and ran to the well for a drink. He lost his balance and fell to the bottom, a distance of twenty-three feet. His head struck the edge of the bucket and he was killed instantly.

Heralds were sent in every direction, as far as Mr. Paine's hearers extended. The shock was terrible, all else was forgotten. The funeral on Sunday at Mr. Paine's house was well attended by a sadly stricken audience. Mr. Hahn of the Methodist church, conducted the services.

During Mr. Paine's residence of eight years in this community, he held a memorable revival in Hampden in which he was assisted by Rev. John Fox, an eloquent evangelist, and a college friend of Mr. Paine's at Oberlin, Ohio.

The Congregational church of Hampden, Massachusetts, furnished their namesake in Kansas a pulpit Bible and a fine communion service and baptismal font. These were later bequeathed to the Congregational church in Burlington. This communion service and font were probably among the first used in the state.

The church of Hampden was the vine planted in weakness, the one in Burlington the branch grown up in power.

Neosho Primitive Baptist Church Organized

The Primitive Baptist church called Neosho, was constituted at the home of John and Ruhamah Beavers in Coffey county the 3rd Saturday in May, 1866. The names of those in the constitution are: Eld.

Hiram Harlan, Henry Richards, Cicero Wilkinson, Jane Wilkinson, Mary E. Wilkinson, John Beavers, Ruhamah Beavers, John D. Judd, Thomas Reed, Sarah A. Reed, Chas. M. Reed, Orminor Harlan, Arthur

Veach, Mary Veach and Mary Judd.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkinson-Hamlin is the only one now living that was in the constitution. She is 90 years old. There were many additions to the church after the constitution.

Their meetings were held at the homes and at school houses until they built a church house in Ottumwa. They would go several miles in a big wagon, horse back and afoot to meeting. There were no spring wagons or buggies in those days.

Ottumwa is a noted place for

ministers to start preaching, there were three Primitive Baptist Elders, Henry Richards, W. F. McCormick and J. Veach, two Christian ministers, Albert Jasper and Eugene McCormick, and one Methodist, John Jones, all were born and raised around Ottumwa with exception of Henry Richards, who came in early days from Indiana here. There are only a few left to tell the story of the Primitive Baptist church in Ottumwa.

Sadie Bowman.

Sadie Bowman Tells of Pioneer Days

I have been reading with interest what the old timers have to say about by-gone days and will jot down a few items.

In the spring of 1864 father and mother, Lewis V. Bowman, John Beavers and family came from Henry county, Indiana to Leavenworth, Kans., and were met there by Arthur and Richard Veach, Richard was mother's brother.

With ox teams and covered wagons they were a week on the road from Leavenworth to Ottumwa. Mother said the wind blew so hard while they were on the road that it tore a new wagon sheet all to pieces. The families located along the Neosho river. Beavers located on the farm now owned by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maggie Mark. Father and mother located in a log cabin on Har den McMahan farm, living 6 years south and east of Strawn.

They experienced many hardships. They were sick with malaria and ague and the grasshoppers destroyed the vegetables. Supplies

were freighted from Leavenworth by oxen and horse teams.

Mother would ride a pony over the prairie to drive up the cows. The grass was so tall: almost strike me in the face as she carried me in her lap following the cow paths through the grass. We still have the side saddle. It is 78 years old and in good condition.

Father helped haul ties from John Kennedy's sawmill for the M. K. & T. railroad. He took sister and me to see the first train that went over the road and set us on a pile of ties by the side of the railroad track. I shall never forget how scared we were. Thought the train was going to run over us.

I can remember the prairie fires, how the flames would leap up in that tall grass. The Indians would pass by our home, stopping for water and wanting to trade buck-ey meat for hog-ey meat.

At the time of the flood of 1866 we were living on the hill. A number of families came from the valley to our place, Elder Samuel

Billings, Primitive Baptist minister and family, Tom Reed's family, Newmans and Wilborns. Mother said while there, Mrs. Reed churned a crock full of butter did not have a speck of salt. Salt was scarce and high. She gave it to mother to salt. Father picked peaches for James Jacobs after the grasshoppers came in 1866. The hoppers could bite the peaches faster than they could pick them.

Father and all able bodied men in the county were called out on the Price raid.

We moved to our present home in 1870. Harden McMahon had a sawmill down on the river west of our place which was in heavy timber. A number of little shanties were built in the timber for the men and their families to live in while they were cutting logs and working at the mill. In the early

70s the mill blew up. Then Isaac Mark and sons Robert, John and Marion put in a saw mill, moving it from Eagle creek. They finished up the timber in what they once called plucky men.

Enos Strawn was the first mail carrier from Strawn to Ottumwa, going horse back. When Kennedy Creek school district No. 31 was organized E. S. Ogborn was elected clerk of the district, which office he filled until his death in 1899.

The old timers that lived in Kennedy Creek district were John Beavers, Jessie Kennedy, Tom Lane, Dave Hoover, Jerry Huggins, James Wilson, Dr. Jenks, T. Newton, E. S. Ogborn and Lewis Bowman. All have passed on, and only a few of the children are left to tell the story.

The Story of Burlington's Famous Duel

The following "Reminiscences" was handed in by Mrs. C. W. DeLong, on a "clipping" from a Burlington paper printed 23 or 24 years ago.

The following is furnished by one of the really "old timers" and will be especially interesting to the residents who have lived here a number of years:

* * *

In fifty years' history of any city, there are many sad incidents as well as cheerful ones, and Burlington, like all towns has had some, not many. Of course the news of the shooting of a president always throws a gloom over a community as it did when each of the three

presidents were shot. But there has been two very dark days in the history of this city; one when news came that the Republican at Cherryvale had burned and Ed Henderson, a burlington boy and a printer had also burned with the office. This occurred twenty-five years ago. Ed was one of the brightest young fellows that ever lived here, and to have his career ended in such a way was indeed one of the saddest affairs that ever occurred. The other was the news of the death of Lucius Baldwin, who was shot and killed in the Dalton raid at Coffeyville, which occurred about twenty years ago. These two sad cases will long be remembered by all who were

residents of the city at the time it occurred.

* * *

There are many here yet who will remember the celebrated Robbins-Epstein duel. This without question was the greatest thing in its line that was ever put into print. It all occurred about in this manner: Fred Robbins was a printer and a singer and run to theatricals. Prof. Epstein was a music teacher. Robbins and Epstein got together and put on a musical comedy, and in some way fell out over the division of the receipts and had a great fuss. Robbins was not afraid of anyone, and although a small man could not be bluffed by anyone. Jim Hall, who has been dead for many years, Ed Morton and a number of other young fellows heard about it and concluded that they would put up a job on them and run both of them out of town. So it was proposed to Robbins to fight Epstein a duel, and the fellows told Epstein that they would load Robbins' revolver with blank cartridges, and that when Robbins shot he was to fall over and some one was to pour red ink on his face and he was to appear dead and they would get rid of Robbins, and then he could get away afterwards.

Well, the show as planned took place about daylight one morning near the Throckmorton bridge north of town, and came off to the letter as was scheduled, only getting rid of Robbins.

After both had fired, Epstein fell over and the ink was poured on, Robbins went close enough to see the red, and exclaimed "I got his meat."

He was soon loaded into a cab and a start was made for the de-

pot, but in coming to town he changed his mind and concluded he wanted to see A. D. Brown, who he was working for, before he left and tell him about what had happened, so he went to Brown's house and got him up and told him what he had done.

Brown was mad as soon as he heard the story through and told Robbins he was a d—d fool and ought to be in the penitentiary, and as Brown was about all the friend Robbins had, Robbins came to the conclusion that he was a fool for not going to the depot and leaving town.

Brown told Robbins to let the hack go to town, and after breakfast they would go down. Robbins was at the table all right but he couldn't eat.

While all this was going on the boys who were looking after Epstein, getting the ink off his face and trying to get him in shape to be seen, saw he was scared half to death, and showed that he was the biggest coward on earth. They tried to get him to leave town, also, but he was afraid to venture out anywhere after he got back to town.

Well about 7:30 Brown and Robbins came to town. Robbins went to the Patriot office and Brown went out in town to find the true status of the case.

About 9 o'clock he caught on to the job that had been put up on Robbins, and came to the office. After he had told Robbins about the several kinds of idiot he was and that the boys had made a chump of him, then Robbins got mad because Epstein was not dead, and he preceeded to tell how soon he would be when he got sight of him, and that he would kill every-

one who had anything to do with it.

But as the day passed he became more reconciled to the fact that he was the victim of a joke and he let it go. But Epstein was so badly scared that when he found that Robbins was going to stay he left.

However, a year or so after the duel, Robbins left Burlington and went to Wichita, where he married May Smith, the Irish comedian,

and a year or two afterwards went to Detroit, Michigan where he bought the play "Little Trixie," and has made a great deal of money out of it. The Robbins Comedy Co., have played here several times since Robbins left Burlington, and always played to a good house.

The above story was published about 23 or 24 years ago in The Burlington Independent.

First Woman Arrives in Burlington

F. A. Atherly, the first mayor of Burlington and the father of M. G. Atherly of Gridley and F. B. Atherly of Strawn, told of the arrival of the first woman in Burlington in an article written for The Jeffersonian many years ago. It was among the clipping sent to this office by Mrs. Hartpence. It follows:

Gridley, August 7—The scraps from ancient history running in the Jeff regarding the early settlement of Burlington are very interesting to me, as they are no doubt to many others, and I hope they may continue, but with a little more of reality, as in a short time when a few more of us have passed on to the beyond, and Burlington gets to be a metropolis or hoary with age, and some ambitious person undertakes a compilation of the great deeds of the early settlers in a great book, he may, and probably will quote largely from the only Jeffersonian of today.

So with your permission I will remodel, in some respects, the chapters already published by oth-

ers and in so doing I shall begin, with the beginning or first house built in Burlington instead of the fourth one.

The first one was not the old Burlington house but a building used as a store room by the town company on the lot now occupied as a residence by Dr. Hopkins. It was what was known in those days as a "shake" building.

Besides being used as a general store it was of necessity the general headquarters for all doings and goings on in and around the town. It took a grand tumble toward the river during a hurricane in August 1830, and was never rebuilt.

The next buildings were a log building by Edward Murdock on lot fourteen of same block and used by him until his death for a wagon shop, and also a log building* by H. N. Bent on corner lot south. Each were covered with shack roofs.

The first residence was not the one on the Baker lot but the residence of Peter Reimer on corner lot now owned by Mr. Fitzsimmons

and the building of this house and locating of this family has a whole history of itself.

Early in May, 1857, while four of us were shingling the Burlington house some of the party shouted "look up the road," and on turning our faces to the north we saw a man and a woman with arms locked coming toward us. With one impulse we crawled to the peak of the roof to get a better view of the first white woman ever seen by us upon the townsite, and standing there until they had crossed the line of stakes that marked the boundary line, and were fairly upon the townsite, when up went our hats with cheer after cheer for what our eyes beheld.

They immediately dropped apart and stopped as though consulting the advisability of coming nearer such a lot of savages, and we feared they were about to turn back and were about to rush to them with apologies when they again advanced.

It is needless that by the time they had reached the building we were all on the ground to receive them and with us all the boys who had heard our wild demonstrations.

It had been so long since we had seen a woman that we thought the one in our presence beautiful—like all the women are now days—and felt life wouldn't be worth living without them.

Having soon learned that he was a preacher, we decided that stay they must, but upon our solicitation for them to become people of our people they struck us dumb by telling us they were from New York on their way to Humboldt, and, while passing a few miles to the east they had learned that Burlington was settled by New

Yorkers and as Mrs. Reimer said she "persuaded her husband to cross the river and see us for she knew we would have a live town with churches and schoolhouses and good people generally." She told us she had been a school teacher back in New York for fifteen years, and thought possibly she might get employment as a teacher and was greatly disappointed that being from New York state—we all hailed from New York just then—we had not erected the school house first.

We did not tell that good woman like an honest old soul would down in Arkansas, that all that crowd of good looking young men were wifeless—only carpet baggers—and there were no children to support a school—oh no! We weren't that green and besides we were building a town by "hook or crook" so we pointed to the exact spot across Rock creek we had selected for a schoolhouse site, and that it was to be the next building erected. She thought the location a beautiful one and began to take courage and the preacher thanked God for directing them to Burlington, and he knew when he left New York that Providence would care for them and now he found themselves among friends just like the folks back home because we were all from New York.

She being an industrious woman, as she said, and always busy at something, couldn't we "find some employment for her until she commenced teaching." That gladdened our hearts for some of us had got to be old settlers and were getting ragged and needed some shirts made. So down we all went to the store and purchased every yard of "hickory" and parceled it out be-

tween us for we were determined to keep that woman busy until the school house was done. But here a greater difficulty arose, for an unthought of thought came into that good woman's head, for she had no habitation like she had in New York, nor any place except a covered wagon to do all that work. But the boys—God bless them, for a better or kinder set never lived—met the emergency. The packages were tagged and shelved for a short time and early the next morning the trees were falling and chips flying, and at the close of the third day we welcomed this now happy family from New York to a nice log house 14x16 feet, and it was their own, and our shirts were made.

Did we build the school house that fall? No; but the boys kept faith with her and paid liberally

towards the support of a school taught by her at her dwelling and composed of her own children and as many more who settled amongst us. And this is a true story of the first residence and first family of Burlington.

I remember well "Old Santa Fee" and his reputed age and many voyages across the plains the same as "Do" but my recollections are that he was too confounded lazy to get rolling fat, as "Do" says, and that there was more enjoyment in the jests over the roasts from our venerable friend than in the real merits of the meat of that caloused buck.

But in that day of hog and hominy were not the soups and gravies good? Eh? F. A. A.

The above story was published about 23 or 24 years ago in The Burlington Independent.

Early Settlers Dreamed of Coal Fields

The following was written for The Jeffersonian some thirty-five years ago by Orlando "Do" Walking:

On May 19, 1857, myself with two companions, Arthur Britton and Richard Sweet, dismounted from tired ponies at the Whistler cabin, located at about the same place the house of Garland Whistler now occupies, and inquired how far it was to Burlington, and as it was approaching sunset, we also asked if we could procure supper. We were directed to a partly finished building and told that that was the Burlington House, that day weather-boarded and roofed, but supper we could

only get at the cabin, there being no other building on the townsite than the hotel to be, so we concluded we would stay.

Curious to know what a city looked like destitute of houses, we pulled up at the Burlington House and found a group of young men. Ferdinand Atherly, boss carpenter, and all others were busy with saw and hammer, laying the upper floor. We were asked where we hailed from, free state or proslavery in our opinion, and sized up as pretty fair specimens of "tender-feet," but as that could not be helped, we were introduced to William B. Parsons, Horatio Bent, George Crane, Fred Larabee

and others, and as it was about time to quit work, we went back to the Whistler cabin for supper. The cabin was small, but the table was smaller. It had to be spread several times to accommodate the hungry crowd. We, as strangers, occupied the first table. After a hearty meal of hot biscuit, beans, molasses and coffee, relished with first-class appetites as we had eaten breakfast at the Sac and Fox agency and this supper was our next meal. We then stepped outside and Parsons, Bent and others took their turn at the table, when I heard Bent exclaim: "Hey, Lengthy, what have you got?" Looking up, I saw a young man made up principally of legs, and I well understood why he was called by that name, coming toward the cabin, carrying something that appeared from his manner to be heavy. The young man answered back that it was "coal—it is black and looks like coal, it is heavy and it smells like coal and I know it is coal."

On coming toward us, he dropped to the ground a chunk, I think about ten or twelve inches square of hard black coal, and said he got it on his claim, which I think is now owned by Mr. Clift. "Lengthy" said the bed of the creek on the claim was a solid floor of coal, and that this was a sample he had brought along to show the mineral resources of his part of Kansas.

That night it rained, and we were taken to the Vince cabin, located then where Judge Kingsbury's orchard now stands. The cabin was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Remer, Sherman Remer's parents, and they boarded and lodged the residents of the city whom Whistler's had no room for.

The cabin was about 12x14 feet with a loft and shaker floor. All twenty-two souls were crowded in, twelve in the top, the cook-stove and ten below. Arthur Britton, Sweet and myself were courteously pointed out a place to lay down with a sackfull of something for a pillow. Some time in the night I awoke with my neck horribly cramped from the uneasy posture, and found that I could not change my position unless all did, so I asked: "boys, let's take a turn; my neck is most broken; this pillow is somehow wrong." I was answered "All right, we will take a turn, but I don't know as you have any right to kick on that pillow stranger. I'll bet my claim that that is the costliest pillow that you ever laid your head on." I remarked that it appeared to be corn. "Yes," he said, "that is corn, and corn is worth \$3.50 a bushel, and two bushels makes \$7.00; that beats feathers." I acknowledged the corn and slept on.

Returning to Whistler's for breakfast, the chunk of coal claimed my attention, and so on the next day I returned to Lawrence, with the intention of making my home in Burlington. Returning in August, with my brother, I opened up in business. The first stock of goods I bought in St. Louis, opening out in what was called the bar-room of the Burlington House. I thought no more of it.

The Pike's Peak fever then came and the town was nearly depopulated and "Lengthy" (properly William Wells) among the rest, left for the gold regions. I never heard from him afterward.

Building my store building, a 20x30 foot two-story structure on

the spot now occupied by the Shear bank building, I found the winters were cool enough for fire, even in Kansas, and tired of burning wood, I bought a coal stove and had my first coal hauled from Coal creek. Then I thought of the coal on Rock

creek, and frequently have I prospected for it, but failed to find it, and the mystery is where did "Lengthy" get that chunk, or where is Rock creek floored and banked with coal.

Do Walkling.

Sanders Seined for Fish with Tree Tops

W. W. Sanders Sr., who lives on Des Moines street in Burlington, has lived in Coffey county for 73 years continuously and is one of the oldest men in the county, who has lived in this section that long. He is 82 years old. He was nine years old when he came here with his parents and can remember many interesting stories of the pioneer days.

Mr. Sanders says that when he was a boy there were no district schools, but that a vacant house would be rented for a couple of months each year and the children would attend from many miles around. He says the Indians were numerous in those days and they would often come by in single

file as they traveled thru. The Indians never troubled them any with the exception of one time when he and his mother were home alone. An Indian came along, thought he had some money, and wanted to sell him a pony. Mr. Sanders says the Indian kept insisting until he finally went into the house and got his gun and ordered the red man to go on.

Mr. Sanders says that the streams were well stocked with fish in the early days and there was much game over the country. He remembers that his father made a seine out of tree branches and the fish got tangled up in the branches and leaves and were easily caught. That was long before seines were in use here.

The Settlement of Coffey County

The following is from B. L. Kingsbury's History of Coffey county, Kansas in the atlas of 1878:

On the 22nd day of July 1855, the boundary lines of Coffey county were established by Act of Legislature, and defined as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of Weller county, thence south 24 miles, thence west 24 miles, thence

north 24 miles, thence east 24 miles, to place of beginning. (County of Weller above named is now Osage.)

The county was not organized for business, however, until February 17, 1857. Then it was organized by an Act of the Legislature, and the same Legislature by joint ballot elected John Woolman, Probate

Judge; E. C. Amsden, sheriff; Richard Burr and Samuel Lock commissioners. The same legislature located the county seat temporarily at LeRoy, and provided for the election at the next general election of three commissioners to locate the county seat permanently. John Evans, John Wooster and Enos Strawn were elected such commissioners, and proceeded to locate the county seat at LeRoy.

The first house built in what is now Coffey county, was built in 1854 by Frederick Troxell, who occupied it with his family immediately. It was built near where the present town site of LeRoy is now located, three-fourths of a mile below the town site in the timber. Mrs. Troxell was a sister of John B. Scott now deceased. General Scott and Thomas Crabtree, (who were at that time Indian traders, at the Sac & Fox agency, midway between this place and Lawrence on the Marais des Cygnes,) had been down in 1854 and selected the spot where LeRoy now stands, as one suitable for a town, and Scott had a house built in 1855 of hewn logs, into which he moved with his family in 1855 or 1856. Scott named the place Bloomington in honor of his native place in Illinois. In the United States surveys made in 1855 it is marked Bloomington. It was called by the Indians, Scott Town. When the first post-office was established it was found that one of the same name existed in another part of the territory, hence the necessity of a change, and Gen. Scott selected the name of LeRoy.

On the 27th day of December 1854, Ahijah Jones, with his son George, Wm. R. Saunders and his brother Alban Saunders, landed at

the present site of LeRoy, Jones selected a claim about three miles above LeRoy, and built a log house. Wm. R. Saunders and his brother both selected land on Long Creek, where they built houses, went back for their families, and returned to their new homes, in February 1855. Washington Vickery, who had been down in 1854, brought his family in the spring of 1855, and settled in the river bend, about a mile west of LeRoy. Ahijah Jones and his family having had what he considered an unequal contest with the fever and ague during the summer and fall of 1855, moved his family to Kansas City and went to California, but returned in 1857, and took up his residence on Badger creek, a small tributary of Long creek. Mr. Jones was a very active participant in all the early struggles of Coffey county, in pursuit of a favorable location for a seat of justice, held many important positions during the early years of Coffey county, in all of which he acquitted himself honorably.

Levi Heddens arrived September 15, 1854, and is said to be the first white man ever crossed the Neosho river with a wagon. In March 1855, Hamilton Smith settled near the mouth of Eagle creek in this county. On the 25th of April 1855, he settled near what is now the town of Ottumwa. He was an ardent free state man. During the summer of 1855 he led a company of free state men from this county to the defense of Lawrence from the attack of pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri. This company did patrol duty for about six weeks on several roads south and east of Lawrence. He was a member from this county, of a conven-

tion held in Topeka, September 13, 1855, to take measures to form a free state constitution. He with James H. Lane, P. C. Schuyler and others were appointed by the convention as a committee to prepare an address to the citizens of Kansas calling an election for delegates to a constitutional convention at Topeka. At an election held October 9, 1855, he was elected delegate to the Topeka constitutional convention, and assisted in framing the constitution of that body. He was one of the proprietors of Ottumwa and died near Ottumwa February 1857.

Thomas Bowen settled on the present site of Ottumwa about the last of April 1855. He with his family moved from Ottumwa, Iowa and when the town of Ottumwa was started it was named in honor of the town from which he came in Iowa. He was ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist church, and is supposed to have preached the first Gospel sermon ever preached in Coffey county. He was the first man elected to any legislature from Coffey county, having been a member of the legislature under the Topeka constitution when that body was dispersed by Colonel Sumner of the United States Army by order of Franklin Pierce. He died near Ottumwa in 1859. Most of his family yet reside in the county.

Morgan Dix came to this county in the spring of 1855, and settled near Ottumwa.

Simpson Despain also settled near Ottumwa early in the spring of 1855, and lived there until he died in 1874.

Hiram Hoover, Judge Strawn, Joe Leabo and Jesse Williams also settled near or above Ottumwa in

the spring of 1855. Also a Mr. Crail had settled on Leabo Creek at the same time. John Bowen, (a son of Thomas Bowen above referred to) and a daughter of Mr. Crail, were married in April 1856, by Rev. Mr. Matt Fennimore. A daughter of Mr. Bowen was married to Andrew Johnson about the same time. These are supposed to be the first weddings ever solemnized in Coffey county.

Hardin McMahon came to Coffey county in October 1855, and took a claim one mile below Strawn, on the Neosho river. He was the first probate judge elected by the people of the county.

Wesley Stubblefield came to Coffey county in the fall of 1854, in March 1855, took a claim about 10 miles northeast of Burlington, on the road to Lawrence, which is still known as the "old Stubblefield place," and for many years a convenient stopping place for citizens of the county going to or coming from Lawrence and Leavenworth. Mr. Stubblefield died in November 1872.

The Hampden Colony, seventy in number, old and young, arrived in Coffey county on the 30th day of April 1855, and located on the north side of the Neosho river, principally around the present remains of what was once the village of Hampden. This colony was principally from Hampden County, Massachusetts, and was organized and came here under the auspices of the Massachusetts Emigrant society. The town of Hampden was named in honor of the county from which they came. During the first summer, many became discouraged with the hardships of pioneer life and returned to Massachusetts. There remains of this

colony now living in this county, Stephen Pepper, Charles Morse and family, Henry W. Ela, George Wetherbee and two or three female members of the family of Stephen Harrington. One of the first schools taught in the county was by Miss Emily Ela at Hampden.

James A. Grimes came to Coffey county with his family in the fall of 1855, and took a claim about four miles southeast of Burlington on the Neosho river; of the family remaining, M. E. Grimes, David Grimes and Lindsay Grimes are still resident of the county.

Enos Strawn and George Vail were delegates to the Big Springs Convention that passed resolutions denouncing bogus Statutes, September 5, 1855.

At an election held October 9th, 1855, there were fifty-nine votes cast for delegates to the Topeka Constitution Convention indicating a population of about 200. The population remained about the same during 1856. The vote of the county October 5th, 1857, was 313—indicating a population of about 700. The vote of the county on the Lecompton constitution, as submitted August 2, 1858, by the English bill, 420 rejecting, and 189 accepting, indicating a population of 1,300 or more. June 1st, 1860, the actual population of the county was 2,842.

Assuming the above calculation of population based on the vote of the county to be correct up to the year 1860, we find the population of the county to have been as follows:

1855	200
1856	200
1857	700
1858	1,300

1860, Actual	2,482
1870, Actual	6,201
1874, Actual	6,818
1878, Actual	8,599

Coffey county was named in honor of Col. A. M. Coffey, a resident of Missouri, but a member of what is known as the Bogus Legislature of Kansas, of 1855. He was a strong pro-slavery man, and report says an officer in the Confederate Army during the late war. In those early days about the only issue in our politics was Lane, and anti-Lane. The Lane element invariably carried the day. This county was one of the nineteen disfranchised by the Bogus Legislature for being free state in politics and no hope of pro-slavery candidates being elected in either of them. The nineteen counties were allowed but three representatives. The politics of the county have always been largely Republican, but it is nevertheless an historical fact that the men most influential and active in shaping the policy of the county during the early years of its growth were Democrats. Among the prominent and active men in those days were Enos Strawn, Hiram Hoover, Hardin McMahon, Ahijah Jones, John B. Scott, Richard Burr, Thos. Crabtree, Jas. Beard and Alex Hamilton, all Democrats. Another remarkable circumstance and worthy of mention, is the fact that notwithstanding they were all Democrats of the most severe type, they were honest and conscientious in the discharge of the duties imposed upon them in the various positions they were called to fill, and always worked for the best interests of the county, regardless of their

party predilections. Those who know what Democracy meant in those territorial days, and what was expected of a man who claimed to be a Democrat, will accord to them a full measure of credit. Had they sympathized with, and worked for the Democratic party of Kansas in those early days, Coffey county would have been set back several years in her organization and growth with the probability of riot and bloodshed within her borders, instead of peace and quiet.

The first post-office established in the county was at LeRoy. The mail was carried to the Sac & Fox Agency, and from there by private conveyance, until offices were established at Burlington and Ottumwa. In 1857 two stage lines were put in operation, one by Smith & Cox, from Ottumwa to Lawrence, and the other by Fick, from Burlington to Lawrence.

The first saw mill of any kind in the county was owned by Hamilton, Smith, and operated in Ottumwa by horse power.

In the winter of 1856 and '57, some of the citizens of Lawrence, Kansas, organized a town company and named it "Oread," to be located in Coffey county, near or adjoining the farm of Wesley Stubblefield, 10 miles northeast of Burlington. B. L. Kingsbury was employed by Governor Robinson of Lawrence to make a plat of the town on paper, and to lay off the same on the ground into lots, parks, alleys, etc., which he did in the spring of 1857. Shares were sold consisting of 10 lots each. No house was ever built on the town site. The town company made money and the share-holders gained wisdom. Kansas was plastered

all over in those days with just such paper towns; it was carried to such an extent that some one in the legislature of 1859, to make the thing appear as ridiculous as possible, introduced a joint resolution setting aside every alternate section of land in the state for farming purposes.

The first justice of the peace in Coffey county was John B. Scott who acted under authority of the Bogus laws in 1855.

The first railroad enterprise that was talked up in this county, was the Jefferson City and Neosho Valley railroad, (or as it used to be called, the "Ely, Army & Cox road.") Meetings were held in the interest of the road frequently in 1857 and 1858, and the question of building the road was agitated until the Civil war brought all enterprises of that kind to a close.

Long Creek, and Crooked Creek, were named by John B. Scott. Turkey creek and Big creek, by Levi Heddens. Leabo creek took its name from Joe Leabo, who was the first settler on it.

The members of the Leavenworth Constitutional convention from this county in 1858 were R. A. Kinzie, D. A. Hawkins and J. M. Elliot.

The first newspaper published in the county was the "Ottumwa Journal" published at Ottumwa by Jonathan Lyman.

Second, "Neosho Valley Register," at Burlington by S. S. Prouty. This is now The Burlington Republican.

Third, "Hamden Expositor," at Hamden by I. E. Olney.

Fourth, "Burlington Patriot," Burlington, by S. S. Prouty in 1864 and passed into the hands of A. D. Brown in 1869.

Fifth, "LeRoy Pioneer," at LeRoy by Wm. Higgins.

Sixth, "Advocate," at LeRoy by C. H. Goodrich.

Seventh, "LeRoy Index," at LeRoy, by R. F. Eagle.

Eighth, "Voice of the People," at Burlington by Peter Bell.

Ninth, "Independent," Burlington by Henry Smith (consolidated with Republican.

The first term of commissioners' court was held at LeRoy, February 1857. Alexander Hamilton filed his bond in the sum of \$1,000 as county clerk, and was authorized by the Board to draft a plan for a temporary court house. Richard Burr was authorized to procure a set of books for the probate judge and for the commissioners' court. Mr. Burr procured the books but has not yet received his pay for the same.

At a meeting of the Board in April 1857, Alexander Hamilton was appointed a special agent to borrow \$800, for the purpose of putting up county buildings. On the 29th day April Mr. Hamilton tendered his resignation as special agent, which was accepted, and no further action seems to have been taken in regard to county buildings.

The board met and adjourned from time to time for want of business, until the 18th day of August, when they established three election precincts—one at LeRoy, Burlington and Ottumwa. At that meeting, the first school district was organized in the county, township 23, Range 16, being organized as a school district. This is down near LeRoy.

On the 21st day of September 1857, the Board established an election precinct at Neosho City

and appointed judges of election, Chas. Vandevere, Noah Vandevere and J. R. DeWitt. They also appointed as judges of election at Burlington, W. A. Ela, M. E. Grimes and Chas. Morse. For judges of election at Ottumwa, Hiram Hoover, H. McMahon and Enos Strawn. As judges at LeRoy, Alexander Hamilton, F. W. Holcomb and James Beard.

On the 26th day of September 1857, the county was divided into four Municipal townships, to wit; Burlington, LeRoy, Ottumwa and Neosho City.

The next meeting of the board of commissioners was held in LeRoy, January 18th 1858. At that meeting Hiram Hoover was elected assessor of Coffey county, J. M. Elliott appointed surveyor and Thomas Crabtree filed his bond as county treasurer.

The first county officers were: county clerk, Alexander Hamilton; treasurer, Thomas Crabtree; probate judge, John Woolman; representative, O. E. Learnard; county superintendent, Lewis Morey.

The first term of district court, (being the Second Judicial district), in this county was held in September 1859 with Judge Rush Elmore presiding, L. McArthur clerk by A. Jones deputy, John Chess, sheriff and Wm. R. Saunders, county attorney.

The first term of court ever held in the county was held in Hampden in 1855 by Judge Samuel D. LeCompte then chief justice of Kansas territory, but no record of this session can be found.

January 21st, 1858, J. L. Bacon was appointed county clerk. O. E. Learnard, of Burlington was elected a member of legislature which met in 1858, and then the

ball opened on the county seat question, and for a number of years the county seat contest was the all absorbing question. In February 1858, Col Learnard by an act of the legislature had the county seat removed from LeRoy and located temporarily at Burlington, and the same act provided for an election by the voters of the county; which election resulted in locating at Burlington, where it remained undisturbed until June 11, 1861. A vote was then had on the location of the county seat which resulted as follows; LeRoy, 217 votes, Burlington, 193, Hampden 150. No choice.

At the next election held November 5th, 1861, LeRoy received 303 votes, Burlington, 275, Ottumwa 1. LeRoy was declared the county seat and the next term was held there.

But Burlington was not happy, and brought suit in the district court, to have the election declared void on the ground that no proclamation of the result of the first election was ever made by the commissioners; and no time for the second election was ever appointed and proclaimed as required by the statutes, and it was ordered by the district court that a mandamus issue of Ahijah Jones, commanding him to remove, forthwith, his said office, with the books, papers, records and furniture belonging thereto, to the said town of Burlington. Jones excepted to the decision and brought the case to the supreme court, at the same time John B. Scott and others applied for a writ of mandamus commanding the county officers at Burlington, to remove their offices to LeRoy. The two cases, involving the same facts and principles of

law, came on to be heard at the same time and were considered together by the court. And the decision of the district court, in ordering Jones to remove his books and papers to Burlington was affirmed. And Burlington was happy again, (Ahijah Jones still always insisted that there was "a nigger in the woodpile" somewhere in regard to the publication of the proclamation.) The report of this case in full will be found in the first volume of "Kansas Reports," entitled "Ahijah Jones vs the State of Kansas, ex-rel F. A. Atherly and B. L. Kingsbury.

The next election to locate the county seat was held May 19th, 1863. Hampden having received a majority of the votes, was declared the county seat. The vote at the election was as follows: total number of voters polled 401, of which Burlington received 134, Hampden received 222, Ottumwa 44, Spring Creek 1.

The next election for county seat was held November 1st, 1865. At that election Burlington received 219 votes, Hampden 191, Ottumwa 165. No choice.

The next county seat election was held November 21st, 1865, and the county seat located at Burlington, where it has since remained although one election has been held since, but resulted in favor of Burlington.

The numerous county seat contests in those early years retarded the growth of the county very much. Emigration would not stop in a county where the county seat was constantly meandering from one part of the county to the other. And it was not until the final settlement of the question that the county assumed its proper

position as one of the best agricultural and stock growing counties in the state.

When the war came in '61 no less than one hundred men volunteered during the first year. There is no reliable data from which to ascertain the exact number of men enlisted from the county in the volunteer service during all the years of the war, but there was not less than two hundred, probably more. Company "G" of the 5th Kansas Cavalry was mostly made up at Ottumwa and LeRoy, Company "E" of the same regiment from about Burlington and vicinity.

In the year of 1861, some time in the month of August, General Lane sent runners all over the state, stating that Gen. Price was about to invade Kansas, and was approaching Fort Scott rapidly, and every able bodied man was asked to turn out and help defend the border. The people of Coffey county responded nobly; almost the entire able bodied male population of the county volunteered, and started immediately for Fort Scott. The following incident will illustrate the promptness with which the citizens responded to the call for help to repel the Price invasion. On Saturday afternoon about the 20th of August the militia

company of Ottumwa was drilling on the common unconscious of any threatened invasion, when two horsemen were seen approaching from the south at full speed, their horses white with foam; they halted in front of the company and without stopping to take breath, informed the men that the Rebels under Price were invading Kansas near Fort Scott; that Gen. Lane with the Kansas brigade had engaged him on the Dry Wood in bloody conflict, but had been driven back and was then fortifying north of Fort Scott, and that messengers had been dispatched all over the southern portion of the state for assistance. Of course drilling immediately stopped, and active preparations commenced to rush to the defense of the state, and early the next morning one hundred and four men left Ottumwa for the seat of war, (more men than there were voters in the township at that time.) One of the two horsemen referred to was John Chess, senior, of LeRoy. The other was George W. Stevens of Burlington.

Editor's Note—A number of the families mentioned by Judge Kingsbury as still residing in the county have since died or moved away.

The Story of the Big Flood

Henry Richards, who came to Ottumwa and opened a general store in 1857 became well acquainted with many of the Sac and Fox Indians whose reservation was a few miles to the north. Among his

many customers when in business here was the Sac tribe of Indians, which was located north of the Marais des Cygnes river in Osage county. The great chief of this tribe at this time was Soconut, a

very talkative old Indian. He told Mr. Richards about the great flood of 1836 and the battle of Indian Hill. His tale was, in 1836, the Sac Indians ascertained from their scouts that all of the fighting warriors of the Comanche camp, which was located in the Indian territory, were off to the Rocky mountains on a great hunt. The Sacs gathered up their warriors and under Chief Soconut forded the Neosho river south of Hartford and marched rapidly to the deserted camp of the Comanches which was feebly defended by the old men, the women and boys. The Sacs took the camp with a rush, robbed it of everything valuable and immediately took up the return march, loaded down with plunder. When they reached the Neosho river they found that stream not only past fording but all the bottom lands covered with water, also all the lowest of the upland, and the rain still coming down in torrents, so the Sacs went into bivouac on Indian Hill, a high point about midway between Hartford and Strawn. Meanwhile the fighting

Comanches returned from their hunt and found their camp desolate, many old men, women and children killed and their goods plundered. Burning with rage and filled with a spirit of revenge, they hastened on the trail of the Sacs and came upon them at their camp on Indian Hill. Immediately a terrific battle began and was waged furiously for four days. The river was all around the Hill so there was nothing to do but fight. After the fourth day's fight there were only 13 Sacs left alive. These held a council and determined to take to the water, so choosing out their strongest ponies just before daylight of the fifth day they forced their ponies into the raging flood. Three only of the thirteen got across and Chief Soconut was one of them. He finally landed on College Hill on the Ottumwa townsite and was safe. The waters receded and the survivors got home wiser if not better men. Such a flood now would put the whole city of Burlington under water.

H. H. Klock.

Aunt Jane Hunt's Pioneer Days in Kansas

My father Michael Heffron with mother and nine children came from Kentucky in a covered wagon and an ox team in the spring of 1855. Locating six miles from what is now Leavenworth, and were six weeks on the road. Border ruffians came in '56 representing they were fighting for their country but always looking for a free statesman's bridle, and they were always successful in getting them. They would often come to my mother's door for

something to eat leading their horse, and kept their hand on the bridle. My father and brother John together with S. F. Casey came in the winter of '56 to Coffey county and located on Otter creek. My father settled on the farm and built a log house on it where James Henery now lives then returned to Leavenworth and in the spring of '57 came with his family to the home he had made on Otter creek.

Let us give the "Gold Star" to the Pioneer Mothers.

Their crude fire place represented the range and heating plant of today. The cooking equipment consisted of a Dutch oven, an iron pot and a coffee pot. And Oh! for the good corn pone baked in the Dutch oven placed in the coals in the fire place. All clothing, the wool from the sheep's back and the cotton from the time the seed was planted until it was made into clothing, was mostly the work of those mothers. All picking and carding of both wool and cotton by hand work until F. A. Atherly built a woolen mill where Burlington now is. That was a wonderful boon to the early settlers.

Our first pioneer neighbors were Thomas Arnold, Solomon Ryan, James White, Thomas Johnson, Henry Church, Henry Ela and Enos Strawn.

Our first school house was a log house built about where district fifty-five school house now stands. A dirt floor and a rough sawed plank that reached across the room each end stuck in the cracks of the logs and a block in the middle to keep the plank from snagging, for seats. No desk or back rest, and oh those seats were hard, but that was only a part of our hardships. We had a three months' school taught by a Methodist minister by the name of Harris.

In the fall of '57 a school house was built where Mrs. J. A. Bowman's residence now stands. The work and lumber were all donated. We had a three months' school that winter, many of the children walked five and six miles to that school. The first term of school was taught by Kate Morey who later married

A. D. Brown, editor of The Burlington Patriot.

This school house was a community center for not only school but for church, Sunday school, literary, spelling school and sometimes dances as well.

There were no bridges across the creek then and stepping stones were put in at the shallow fords as most of the people, especially young folks, walked. Young men all wore boots in those days and when the water was running over the stepping stones they gallantly carried the girls across.

The lighting system for both homes and entertainments was from the candles made by pouring melted tallow in molds with a twisted cotton cord hung in the center for a wick. That also was the work of the mothers and daughters. All sewing was done by hand and much of it was done by candle light, as often most of the family including the women would have to help plant, tend and gather during the day whatever kind of crops were grown.

The way our fathers farmed, they sowed the wheat by hand, cut it with a cradle, gathered enough for a bundle, then made a tie of straw to bind the bundle. For their corn they plowed the ground with oxen. Then took one horse to mark the ground one way then cross mark it. One person following dropping the corn at the cross marks, and one that could keep up with the horse was considered a good dropper. Two people were kept busy covering for one good dropper. In gathering the corn they would go through the field on foot husking the corn and throwing it in piles, then follow with the wagon and gather the

piles of corn and haul it to log crib. The reason they gathered their corn that way oxen wouldn't follow the corn rows. After the corn was gathered the stocks were cut with a hoe. We raised sorghum cane and made our own syrup and that answered for sugar. All fruit was wild, gooseberries, plums and grapes. That wasn't so bad. We

saw lots of Indians and their papooses but they were always peaceable.

We had no clocks or time piece of any kind and had to get up by the morning star.

These good old pioneer days are gone forever, but I am still pioneering on Otter creek.

Aunt Jane Hunt.

Early Day Implements

I was raised a farmer by my father, John M. McReynolds, 10 miles east of Havana, Ill. When I was ten years old, in 1859, we plowed our corn ground with a 12-inch iron mould board plow that didn't scour in the more or less sandy dirt. We would start plowing and would not go more than four or five rods and then we had to clean the plow off. We would go about the same distance and clean the plow off again. Then my father made four runners out of 2x6s for making rows crossways to plant corn by hand. Then he took an 8x8 square piece of iron, put it on a one-horse plow like a one-horse shovel plow. One of us used the shovel plow and one of us planted the corn by hand. One would take the jumper and jump the jumper over the hill of corn. This method was used for several years.

A man named John Kock took the four wagon wheels of a wagon and fitted them long enough to reach four corn rows. The ground was loose enough to make marks to plant corn by it. Then came the two horse hand planter. My father bought one and Willis, my brother, sat on the planter and

watched the cross marks of a wagon or sled, when he came to the mark he would jerk the planter handle for the hill of corn. He got so used to it that he got the cross rows pretty straight. Then came the check row corn planter. I was told by Warren Cox who lived in Gridley a few years ago that an orphan boy begged his father to make another rope to plant the corn and he went to the blacksmith shop and had it made.

There was always two of us in the field all the time. We plowed with one horse for several years and used a double shovel iron pin plow. Then came a two double borrow mould board right and left plow to straddle the straight rows of corn. We did not try to plow cross rows. Then came the walking iron cultivator. There were no tree roots or rocks in my father's neighborhood. I got so I could dodge any hill of corn.

My father raised wheat and oats. He had a 10 or 12-foot header. He would cut his and one or two of his neighbors' wheat. That way it did not cost him anything and the neighbors not very much to har-

vest the grain. Harvey, my oldest brother, ran the header and I loaded all of the grain wagons. My father stacked the grain when we got through the ground was ready to plow.

I remember my father had a cow that when the calf was taken away from her she would hold up her milk. John Copple could make her give milk by tying a sack of corn on her back.

In a few years the mould board string plow was so improved that it scoured. He kept our plow until it wore out. That was the beginning of scouring plows.

My father raised all of his horses. Always kept six work horses, ran two 14-inch walking plows going all the time. Harvey and I were in the field every working day.

My uncle, Jackson McReynolds, bought 120 acres of land for \$1,500 in township 22 and range 14 and sold the land to father for \$1,500 sight unseen. Father came out to Kansas in 1870. Was back in a week and he said he saw the Indians like snakes in the grass along the railroad.

In 1875 my cousin, Louis McReynolds, and a friend of his were going to Kansas and they asked me to go with them on an excursion to Larned. We started from Mason City. I think it was a day and a night ride. On my way back I stopped at Hutchinson. I saw the Arkansas river. It was in September I came to Burlington. I got off the train and looked for Burlington. It was a quarter of a mile or more from the railroad. I was awfully thirsty. I thought I would drink a lot of water and I took the chills. The first I ever had.

Father told me to go to James White north of Burlington. I went

there and they were threshing wheat. He said he did not have time to take me to see the land so he gave me a horse to ride. I went from his place southwest and I crossed 160 acres in section three and 10 which brother Harvey took later on for his choice. I came within 40 rods of the farm I took in 1876. I went to Mr. Burgett's house where Thomas Merritt now lives and Mrs. Burgett told me to go south to the creek.

I went to what is John Underwood's ford, went across and back west and met Mr. Burgett coming out of my farm with a load of good corn. He broke out about 20 of the 80 acres. There were very few houses on the ride I took. The houses were those of Mr. Houck, Mr. Sanders, Mr. Real, a negro and Mr. Coy. I went back to James White and stayed there about a week, got over my chills, and went back home.

In 1876 I told my father I wanted to go to Kansas and I asked him what piece of land I should take. He didn't say so I took the 80 on the creek. There was about 20 acres broke. I came out with \$300 and kept in a pocket mother had made in my under clothes. I bought a span of mules and harness for \$166, a 12-inch walking plow, and an old breaking plow. The people were cultivating their corn with one horse double shovel plows. I plowed what I had broke.

I boarded with Charley Vannocker at \$2.50 a week.

When my corn was up I went to Hall & Haight hardware store and bought a walking cultivator. I plowed my corn. Then Charley wanted to plow his with it. That year I made a rail pen 7x16 and it did not hold my corn. I went to

Burlington, got 8 feet lumber, built 8 feet more, making 7x24x7 feet. Heaped it up with corn. I broke a little prairie that year with my mules.

In my excursion trip in 1875 my friends told me to take a revolver. I got a trigger hammer put it in my valise. Saw two Indians at the post office sitting down. I looked at them, they looked to be all right. I never took my revolver out of my valise.

I helped Woulse Balsom put up hay for him and myself. I left my mules with him and told him I would take half of the hay. I went back to Illinois in 1876 in the spring Harvey came out with me and I got my mules and harness and wagon. Harvey and I started to go after my share of the hay and Wolse Balsom came out and talked

like he was not going to let me have any but I kept on pitching the hay. He talked like he was going to arrest me but I kept on load after load finally Harvey got scared out, and I had to go alone until I thought I had enough. His mother also came out to try to stop me. Harvey bought a span of horses and we broke the north side of the creek that year. I wanted John Underwood's farm, it was prairie then and I wanted it for pasture. The creek ran though it but I was not able and did not like to go in debt and pay interest on \$800 or \$1,000. I wanted my father to buy it for me. There was a tax title to it and he was afraid to buy it. I wanted to raise cattle and hogs. I had a large haylot of my own with creek and timber.

L. W. McReynolds.

The Good Old Town of Burlington

The facts, dates, etc., herewith are for the most part taken from the history of the county written by B. L. Kingsbury for the Atlas of Coffey county printed in 1878. Judge Kingsbury gave General Harrison Kelley's centennial address credit for many of the important facts quoted.

The Burlington town company was organized at Lawrence, this state in the fall of 1856 with C. W. Dabcock, president and B. W. Woodward secretary. The town was named in honor of Burlington, Vermont in which place several of the prominent members of the company formerly resided. Col. O. E. Learnard of Lawrence was really the founder of the city.

It was customary in those days to form the company, name the town and then locate the site for it. That was done in this case and in January 1857 O. E. Learnard, F. A. Atherly, A. H. Vince, Mr. Fick, Edward Murdock, Mr. Pratt, H. W. Watrous and John Bishop came down from Lawrence and picked this location, having reached here January 31. A. H. Vince filed on a claim adjoining the town on the south, put up a log house and moved his family here in the spring. This place is now owned in part by A. Cummings. A part of the claim was afterwards taken into the city as Vince's addition to Burlington.

The nearest postoffice of impor-

tance at that time was Lawrence. And the Town Company in connection with the party above named, employed Fick to run an independent stage line once a week from Lawrence. At this time this band of pioneers found themselves occupying a townsite without a house on it, and they very wisely concluded that a house was a good and proper thing to start a town with. The nearest point to get lumber was about 40 miles distant. The town of Hampden had been started some time previous, and at that time had a very few cheap houses. The Burlington Company concluded, if possible, to purchase one or two of the Hampden houses, and move them across the river, and set them up on the spot selected as Burlington.

Of course the Hampden authorities were jealous of the Burlington company, and did all they could to prevent another town starting in such close proximity to them. And for a time it was found impossible to purchase a house; but the boys at last induced a preacher in Hampden (who had rather "soured" on Kansas pioneer life) to sell them two small houses, and the Town Company made a contract with F. A. Atherly to remove them to Burlington, and set them up, which he proceeded to do.

But the Hampden authorities were not disposed to yield so readily. They could not be made to believe that the best way to build up Hampden was to remove their buildings to Burlington, so they started a runner in post haste for LeRoy, the seat of justice under the Bogus Statutes, procured a writ for the arrest of Atherly, put it in the hands of a constable and Mr. Atherly found himself

under arrest before he could complete his contract to remove the buildings. The Burlington boys feeling themselves equal to the occasion, and not having the fear of the "Bogus Statutes" before their eyes, resisted the officer, and sent him back to LeRoy to consult with the authorities. He never returned.

The two houses were removed to Burlington, and set up together, making one house. It was located east of the present "Central Hotel," and about midway between the hotel and the river. This is a brief history of the first house ever located or built in Burlington. The building was used for a provision store by James Jones, who, of course, was the first merchant. It was used as headquarters and general ranch for a long time.

During all this time, and for some time afterward, the Burlington party boarded with Charley Morse, three miles distant across the river.

The second building put up was a log house, built by Edward Muddock, and used by him for a wagon shop.

The third building erected was the "Burlington Hotel" built by F. A. Atherly on contract with the "Burlington Town Company," the lumber for which was rafted down the Neosho river some thirty-five or forty miles.

During the building of the hotel in May, 1857, Peter Remer and his family came into town. Mrs. Remer, being the first white woman that had ever made her presence visible on the town site, the boys dropped their tools, and cheered lustily. Mr. Remer and family were immediately interviewed, as the boys, having got the town start-

ed with a house, concluded that the next most essential thing in starting a town was a woman. They determined, if possible, to induce the family to remain. Mrs. Remer was anxious to start a school, and was looking for a location. They persuaded her that they needed a school badly, and that it was a splendid location etc. As there was not a family on the town site or a child nearer than Hampden, and the men in Burlington all single, with one or two exceptions, it would seem as if they must have drawn largely on their imaginations for school statistics. At all events they concluded to stay if they could get a house. So pleased were the boys with the prospect of having a live woman as a resident, that they immediately dropped work on the hotel and put up a house for Mr. Remer's family.

About this time Dr. Manson and Dr. Venard came to Burlington and took claims near town. Dr. Manson built himself an office on Hud-

son street, a few rods east of what is now the Central hotel. This was the next building put up after the hotel.

The first family to occupy the new hotel was Francis Britton, consisting of himself, wife and four children. For a few days previous to the arrival of the Britton family, Judson A. Walkling undertook the management of the hotel. The old Burlington hotel was moved to permit the erection of the present Forest City hotel where it stood and last year it was torn down.

Walkling Bros. operated a ferry boat across the river just south of where the water works plant is now located.

When the present site of Burlington was selected, Gen. Whistler owned and occupied the farm on the north of town, near the new cement dam, and Robert A. Kinzie occupied the farm adjoining the town on the south, a portion of which is now Kelley park and the Dr. Manson place.

Burlington As It Was in 1868

(As Written by B. L. Kingsbury in 1883)

In the spring of 1857 the Town Council contracted Clinton Arnold to build a bridge across the Neosho, near where the present bridge stands. The bridge was completed that season and was the first built in the county; it was afterwards carried away by high water.

The first steam saw-mill put up in the county, was built in Burlington in the spring of 1857.

The first blacksmith shop built in Burlington was put up and occupied by H. N. Bent, in the sum-

mer of 1857, his nearest competitor was Silas Fearl who was a blacksmith and lawyer at Hampden at that time. Both were afterwards prominent attorneys.

The first store building was built by George W. Stevens in 1857. About the same time the Walkling Bros., Orlando and Judson, built their store, and occupied the same August 7, 1857, being the first store of general merchandise ever opened in Burlington. It stood at the corner of Third and Hudson.

On the 4th of July, Burlington

determined to have a good Fourth of July celebration; invitations were extended to all the surrounding country; tables were spread in a long arbor, erected for the occasion, in the yard of the Burlington House. The provisions of all kinds had to be procured from Lawrence at great expense. An oration was delivered by Wm. B. Parsons. And the whole concluded with a grand dance.

In March, 1859, the town site was pre-empted by B. L. Kingsbury, then Probate Judge, and deeds were given to each of the occupants of town site, according to their respective interests, and the remainder of the town site was deeded to the Town Company, who were all residents of Lawrence. The town was organized as a village the same year, and town officers elected. This organization continued until the Civil war commenced in 1861, when it was allowed to go down until it was organized as a city of the third class in 1870, and F. A. Atherly elected its first mayor.

In 1869 the Excelsior Water Mills was built by Cross & Sons, at a cost of \$55,000, it being the most complete flouring mill in Southern Kansas. In September, 1875, Hon. Wm. Martindale became the owner of this property. Afterwards the mill was destroyed by fire and a few years ago was rebuilt by the Excelsior Mills company and the new mill is now owned by Daniel Gerster, who has just completed a new concrete dam.

The Burlington City Steam Mills was completed in 1870, at a cost of \$16,000; proprietors Harlan and McConnell.

The Burlington school was completed in 1873 at a cost of \$28,000.

A 2-room ward building was erected in the First ward and in 1907 a handsome four room addition was built to the Central building which was remodeled into a fine modern school building.

The first bank organized in the county, was organized under the name of "Jarboe, Garretson & Co." and began business April 16th, 1870.

The firm consisted of H. L. Jarboe, N. P. Garretson, D. W. Stormont and M. Bailey, (the latter two of Topeka).

This bank was conducted under the management of N. P. Garretson, until it was re-organized as the "Burlington National Bank."

The Burlington National Bank was organized April 29, 1872. Capital \$50,000. President, H. L. Jarboe; cashier, N. P. Garretson; vice president, J. A. Kennedy; directors, J. A. Kennedy, P. H. Smith, N. P. Garretson, S. J. Carter and H. L. Jarboe. Went into business May 20th, 1872.

The first child born on the town site was Alice Bates, born in May, 1858. The second child, Ella Puffer, was born a few days afterwards.

In 1864, the Neosho Valley R. R. now the M. K. & T. was formally organized as the Union Pacific Southern Branch railroad, and in December 1865 at a meeting held in Emporia a full board of directors were elected. In 1866 Coffey county voted \$200,000 in bonds to the road. The road was finished to Burlington on February 10th, 1870, and to the south line of the county in the latter part of March. Our county got rid of the bonds through a technical defect in the charter of the Land Grant Railway company, an organization of capitalists who built the road.

The Kansas City, Burlington and

Santa Fe R. R., was organized February 22nd, 1870 and was finished to Williamsburg in the fall of 1875, and completed to Burlington, on the first day of April

1878. The officers of the road were W. H. Scofield, president; Orson Kent, secretary and treasurer; James Houston, superintendent. It was built on to Gridley later.

The Office of the Paper Long Ago

(From The Daily Republican of December 4, 1908)



Herewith is presented an excellent likeness of one of the early offices of The Republican which was at the time the picture was taken known as the Neosho Valley Register, the name given it by its founder in 1859 when it was the first paper to be established in

Burlington. The building was built for the general store of Orsen Kent who engaged in the mercantile business for a few years before going into the real estate business with J. M. Lane who was his partner until Mr. Kent's death. The picture is the property of Mrs. Race, daughter of Mr. Kent. The building was located on Third street where the Kirkbride building, recently occupied by the Omaha Amusement Co., now stands. The building was afterwards moved back on the lots and used for a tin shop, carpenter shop, ware house and other things until its destruction by fire. The picture gives a good idea of how the town looked in the late 50s and early 60s.

Coffey County's First Hanging

How the people got rid of a gang of horsethieves in an informal but effectual manner from B. L. Kingsbury's history of Coffey county:

In the years of 1857 and 1858 a family named Claywell lived in a log house on the land just south of the Burlington Mt. Hope cemetery. The whole family were notorious thieves; there were two grown sons who were engaged in stealing horses not only in this county, but

in different parts of the territory. At one time they broke into a store in Burlington, owned by one Jones. The stolen goods were found in the possession of the mother of the Claywells. There were no jails in the county at that time, and although the Claywells were frequently arrested, they always managed to escape. The people at last determined that the next time they were caught they would make

such an example of them as would drive the family from the state and break up the gang of horse thieves who were supposed to make their headquarters in this and the adjoining counties. After coming to this determination, they had not long to wait. In April 1858, Ahijah Jones then county attorney of Coffey, received a letter from the authorities from Anderson county inquiring for one Claywell, a horse thief, Jones replied that he was here at his home, one mile south of Burlington. A warrant was soon received for his arrest. He was arrested by John Chess, sheriff, and taken to LeRoy. In the meantime a citizen of LeRoy having had a horse stolen traced him to Lawrence and found he had been exchanged for a pony. When Claywell was arrested at Burlington the pony was found in his possession. After his arrest the people (as they had previously determined to do) took up the case, and sent word to all parts of the county for the people to turn out and meet at LeRoy. There was a general turn out of the people, they took the case in their hands, forcibly took the prisoner from the custody of the sheriff, selected a jury from among their number, employed counsel for the prisoner, and also for the prosecution and proceeded to trial. After hearing the evidence the jury retired to deliberate, and soon returned with a verdict, "Guilty of

Grand Larceny." The verdict was announced to the assembled multitude from the front of the building in which the trial was held, and the question was asked by the foreman of the jury—"Shall he be hung? All those in favor of hanging will pass around the building to the right, those opposed will pass to the left." It was found that fully nine-tenths of those present passed to the right, and Claywell's doom was sealed. A committee was appointed to take charge of the prisoner, and he was marched to the timber just west of town, the vast crowd following after. A two-horse wagon was procured, in the hind end of which was placed a large dry goods box. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Benoni Wheat, the prisoner shook hands with a few of his friends, and was then assisted to mount the box, after which a rope was tied about his neck and the other end secured to a limb above. During all this time the prisoner was cool and collected, not a muscle quivered, or a limb shook, when the word was given to start the team, he leaped from the box, and his soul passed into eternity without a struggle.

This is the only man that was ever hung in Coffey county until he was dead. The remainder of the family were ordered to pack up their goods and leave the state or they would meet the same fate. This they did in a very short time.

Incidents of An Early Settler's Life

(By W. B. Mosley of LeRoy)

In the early part of April 1857, Dubois county Indiana. By the my father, who was a carpenter way Columbia did not exist very lived in Columbia, a small town in long. When railroads were built

it was changed to some other name I cannot now recall.

Father owned a small frame house which he sold. His brother, E. H. Mosley, owned and ran a hotel in Evansville which he sold and the two families started to Kansas territory. They brought their household goods on a steamboat to Westport landing and took deck passage. Those who traveled knew what meant, from Evansville to Westport landing required three to five days and nights to make the trip. They camped at Westport some four to five weeks. There were several families camped there from other states. While camping they heard of the Neosho river country and decided to go and see it. There were several families who started but most of them found claims before they reached the Neosho. Dave Anderson, an uncle, stopped on Bades Branch now in Miami county, eight or nine miles northwest of Paola. By the time they reached the Neosho there were only two families, my uncle E. H. Mosley and my father D. L. Mosley. They crossed the Neosho river in the forenoon and camped in the timber south of the John Hedden cabin on the farm now owned by Harve Shanon.

There were no houses or cabins in sight. This was the 7th of June 1857. My father took the claim that is now owned by myself and Warren Merrill. My uncle took an all-timber claim at the mouth of Big creek. Father took a prairie claim intending after proving up to trade eightys with his brother. Father built our house or pre-emption cabin within few feet of where the present farm house of Warren Merrill now stands. Our family consisted of father, mother,

Grandmother Mosley at this time in her 77th year, myself and brother E. L. Mosley of El Paso, Tex., and a cousin which mother had raised since a baby, at this time a boy six years old. E. H. Mosley's family was father, mother and six children.

My father built his house different from any other settler of that time. There was no other built in the same way. It was built of logs, of course. They set four large posts in the ground and pinned a log on the top, then split logs and hewed one side and pinned one end to the plate on top the posts and set the other end in the ground. Then burned lime rock from the river for lime and pointed the space between the slabs. The roof was clapboards. The floor was ground for almost a year.

Other families who came to the neighborhood the time we did were J. P. Hamilton, George Lay, Wm. Canon, Lawrence Schlichter, Isaac Cabbage and sister, John Long, John Burg, C. P. Pepper, who had a claim just south of ours. There was some interesting incidents happened in the summer of 1857 in regard to claim jumping that I will not try to tell about. In October 1858 my father died and mother was left to prove up on the claim.

Other writers have written about the Indians. I saw many of them. They would come to the house frequently and ask for something to eat and would come from any direction. If the door was open they would come in. If the door was closed they would open it and come in. An Indian never would knock. They came sometimes and asked for hog meat and wanted to trade beads and buck-

skin for hog meat. They were hungry for hog meat.

I cannot now remember the year either 1859 or 1860 in the month of June, we had a wind storm that blew the roof off of several cabins in the neighborhood. J. P. Hamilton's cabin was one. Mrs. W. T. Hamilton and two girls were visiting at J. P. Hamilton's. The cabin was across the road from where the Valley schoolhouse now stands. The two Mrs. Hamiltons and two girls were alone when the storm blew the roof off. They went to George Loy's and found their cabin in the same condition. Then Mrs. Loy and the children joined the Hamiltons and all came over to our

house and stayed all night. In those days everybody was our neighbors.

The first schoolhouse in District 7, I think was built in the spring of 1860. It was built of logs and covered with clapboards. The seats were 2x12 with holes bored with a two inch auger for the legs. Roena Harrington taught the first school. Miss Harrington was a sister of Levi Heddens' wife, the mother of Lee Heddens, now of Burlington. She afterwards was the wife of William Vandaver and lived on the farm now owned by Zen Lawrence. Some people talk of hard times now. Few realize what the first settlers went through.

W. B. Mosley.

Pioneer Days at Ottumwa

(By Mrs. Sarah Minehouse Stout, of Fort Dodge, Kans.)

My father and mother came to Kansas in 1856 from Pennsylvania. They landed at Leavenworth in the spring when Missouri was trying to make Kansas a slave state by scaring freestate men away. We had not been there very long when a slip of paper was put under the door, telling my father, John Shawbell, to leave in 24 hours. He had rented an old hotel building and mother had a few men boarders, and four children, of which I was the oldest, 8 years old. So father went away to Coffey county and after while came back with Mr. Hamilton Smith and an ox team and we started for and landed in Ottumwa. We lived in an old log cabin down near the Pieratt Ford.

The next spring (1857) Bert and Ben French came out to Coffey

county from Ohio and put up a saw mill near a pond of water south of the town of Ottumwa and sawed lumber to build houses.

Our first school was a log house, and it was also used for church services.

The first wedding I remember was in that old log house. It was the marriage of John McCombs and Esther Jordan.

William Minehouse came to Coffey county in 1858. He helped to put up most of the houses in and around Ottumwa, besides several churches and school houses for miles around. Among them were two at Ottumwa, one at Strawn, one at Halls Summit. He also built a large two-story house for my father. Mother was known all over Coffey county for her good eats as she ran a hotel for years. James

Harris also built a big house on the ground where F. M. Jones now lives.

H. A. Fry and H. H. Klock have given a much better history of Ottumwa than I can, but I enjoyed reading their stories. But father came so much earlier than they did. We know what hard times were in those early days, and 1861 the drouth and then the grasshoppers came. It was very discouraging.

In the spring of 1861 the Civil war broke out. Most all the men obeyed the call to go to the Civil

war. John Shawbell, my father, went, Will Minehouse and many others enlisted in the 9th Kansas. Harrison Kelley and others in the 5th Kansas all but some boys, John Darnel and Mr. Harris store keepers and "Grandpa" or Samuel Knotts who was our post master. Those were hard times. The men came back in September 1864. Then we had grasshoppers again in '67 or '68 I forget which. I am 83 years old, and I am apt to forget the exact places and dates.

Mrs. Sarah Minehouse Stout.

History of M. E. Church at Burlington

(Rev. H. W. Chaffee in The Burlington Independent in 1881)

It is well to pause occasionally and write a little history. One has said: "The Americans have been too busy at creating history to give due attention to writing it." Whether that has been true of the Methodist Episcopal church in Burlington, I can not say, but to my knowledge no attempt has been made at writing its history. As it has just this spring passed its majority, having been on the Conference reports for twenty-one years, I thought it time a few scraps of its history should be gathered up. There may be some errors here, as in a few matters I am compelled to rely on the memory of some of the early settlers, but the main facts are facts of record.

Burlington has been a preaching point for the Methodists since 1857, but until 1860 was connected with Ottumwa, and the circuit bore that name, so that in reality it is now twenty-four years old. The first

religious service ever held here, was held June 7, 1857, by R. Mowry, an exhorter of the M. E. church. The meeting was held in one of the rooms of what is now known as the old Burlington House. The building was in process of erection, and there were only two other buildings on the town-site. The floor of the building was not in, and Mr. Mowry says he thinks the roof was not on; boards were laid on the sleepers; nail kegs with boards laid on them served for seats; an empty barrel with a board on the top was the pulpit, and here the first settlers met on that day to worship God.

Soon after this, Rev. M. Fennimore came and organized the first class with about eight members. In July of the same year, Elder L. B. Dennis came and held a quarterly meeting under an elm tree, on the bank of the river, just above the present site of the bridge, and during that summer

other meetings were held there by R. Mowry. The latter part of that year, and until the spring of 1858 a Rev. Prather carried on the work. In 1858 Baxter Dennis was appointed to the work, and in 1859 H. H. Johnson.

During these years various buildings were used, some times vacant store buildings, private houses etc. James Lawrence a blacksmith, was the first class leader. He is now a respected minister of the Gospel and a member of the Kansas Conference. R. Mowry, the pioneer of Burlington Methodism, is now living at Neosho Falls, and is a faithful local preacher. On the minutes of the Kansas Conference of the M. E. church, we find the Burlington mission first appears in March, 1860, and regularly from that time to the present has it at each annual session had assigned to it a pastor as follows: 1860 and 1861, M. M. Haun; 1862, J. H. Hawley; 1863 and 1864, W. F. Travis; 1865, J. McAnulty; 1866 and 1867, J. McQuiston; 1868, E. A. Graham; 1869, H. M. Shaffer, and J. W. Fox was assistant pastor a part of the year; 1870 and 1871, L. M. Hancock; 1872, 1873 and 1874, S. E. Pendleton; 1875, J. B. Lee; 1876, 1877 and 1878, C. R. Rice; 1879 and 1880 and 1881, H. W. Chaffee.

Of those who have been the pastors, M. M. Haun is now superannuated, and lives at Sedgwick, Harvey county; J. H. Hawley and L. M. Hancock are now in the active ministry in California; J. McAnulty is at Virgil, in Greenwood county; E. A. Graham is at Mound Valley, Labette county; J. W. Fox is at Chetopa, Labette county; S. E. Pendleton is at Williamsburg, Franklin county; C. R. Rice is living at Emporia, and is

the Presiding Elder of the Emporia district; J. McQuiston is now a member of the Kansas Conference and lives at Tecumseh, but is not in the active work; W. R. Travis was transferred to the Illinois Conference in 1867, but afterwards returned to Kansas, located and is now living at Iola; J. B. Lee is a member of the St. Louis Conference, and is stationed at Farmington, Mo.; H. M. Shaffer died some four or five years ago.

At the beginning of the Burlington ministry we find that there were eight appointments, names as follows: Burlington, Wolf creek, Cannon's Crooked creek, Turkey Creek, Big creek, Pottawatomie and Laramore's. To reach all these we shall see was no small amount of labor. During that year either some of these were dropped or new names given to old ones, for we have in addition to those given during that year, Nashville, Long Creek and Hall's. The charges remained a circuit, with several preaching places, until the close of 1863, when, with the beginning of Bros. Hancock's ministry, it became a station, and has so remained. What amount of time the early pastors gave to the work here, we cannot tell, but with the number of appointments their time was of necessity much divided; but since 1870 it has had the entire service of a pastor.

The appropriations to this work by the missionary society during these years have been as follows:

1860, \$211; 1861, \$221; 1862, \$200; 1863, \$400; 1864, \$330; 1865, \$500; 1866, \$544; 1867, \$650; 1868, \$585; 1869, records imperfect; 1870, 1871 and 1872 each \$1,000; 1873, \$880; 1874, \$722; 1875, \$775; 1876, \$667;

1877, \$660; 1878, \$747; and in 1879, \$800.

There seems to have been no regular place of worship until 1864, when the society purchased the property, lots two and three in block thirty-eight, with the building on them for \$325. This building is now used as a furniture factory by Wells & Utter. In 1865 the building was seated. A number of the members met each night for several nights in the building and made the seats. The pastor at the time, Rev. J. McAnulty, writes: "We thought we were rich when we got into that old church." Here for some time a conch shell was used to call the people together, serving the purpose of a bell and less expensive. Elder C. R. Rice held on one occasion a quarterly meeting in that place, and coming with his usual promptness at the appointed time, he found no congregation, and proceeded to blow on the conch. A brother who happened to be present said he was glad they had a presiding elder "who was able to blow his own horn." In these days of bells this is not so essential. This house was poorly lighted, the ceiling low, and, altogether, not desirable

as a place of worship; but they continued here until 1872, when the present church edifice was erected on 6th street.

In June, 1866, steps were taken to build a parsonage, and the house was built and occupied by J. McQuiston the same year. This building cost at the time about \$1,200. When the new church was built on the south side of the creek, the site of the parsonage was found inconvenient, and the property was sold. This property is now owned and occupied by W. F. Sawyer. The beautiful shade trees ornamenting the yard were placed there in 1866 or '67 by Revs. C. R. Rice and J. McQuiston.

In 1872 the present parsonage was built on Niagara street, during the pastorate of S. E. Pendleton.

The present memberships of the church is about 150.

One item of prospective history ought to be put in here. We have never had a session of the Annual Conference here, but next spring in March, 1872, the South Kansas Conference will meet here, and bringing as it will, from 200 to 250 to spend a week here with us, will be one of the land-markers in the history of the M. E. church.

Reminiscences of Early Days

(By James N Gray of LeRoy)

The Neosho Valley District Fair composed of the counties of Coffey, Anderson, Allen and Woodson pulled off a great stunt in the fall of 1878 or 1879 when they secured President R. B. Hays, General W. T. Sherman and Gen. John

A. Logan as speakers. This was September 24 which calls to mind when Hays and his party got off of the train and surveyed the landscape, he said, "Where the hell is the town?"

But as President Hays stood

upon the platform beholding the vast crowd around, looking up in the tree tops where many men and boys had climbed in order to see and hear the better, he said, "Well I've always known Kansas was noted for good crops but this is the first time I knew that men grew on trees."

Well, where did this immense throng come from?

It was a four counties fair and practically all the people from Coffey, Anderson, Allen and Woodson counties were present. They came in wagons and in buggies and on horseback and some on foot, any way to get there to see President Hays and his party, General W. T. Sherman the hero who marched to sea and the gallant general, John A. Logan, who in after years as a candidate for vice-president was the running mate of James G. Blaine, as the Republican candidate for president.

Another great attraction was the World Renowned Steer "Bucephalus" or "mountain of flesh" weighing 3,200 pounds that was exhibited by Warren Crandall and a finely upholstered chair made from 12 native steer horns which Mr. Crandall had made in Saint Louis, Mo., and presented to the president himself.

I remember my brother W. M. Gray, who had bought land in Elk county, came up and brought his family in a covered wagon and we all were there waiting at the gate long before daylight.

It was the greatest day in the history of Woodson county. The red-letter day in the history of Neosho Falls and the peak day of the year for the Neosho Valley District Fair Association. The fair started to wane and in a few years was no more. The crowd was estimated at 40 to 50 thousand.

James N. Gray.

Report of the First Fair Meeting

(Printed in The Burlington Independent in 1880)

Enough of the representative men of Coffey county met at the courthouse, last Saturday, and pledged themselves to the organization and support of a Coffey county Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, to insure its success, if properly managed. Orson Kent was elected chairman, and H. C. Kellerman, secretary. Remarks were made by LeRoy Armstrong, Dr. Manson, G. W. Keever, E. B. Laughton and others, advocating the organization of a county fair. On motion, it was decided to appoint a committee of five to report the

names of a permanent chairman and secretary to take charge of the organization of the county fair. A committee of one from each township was then appointed to solicit subscriptions to the capital stock of the organization. The committee is as follows: Pottawatomie, E. J. Grandstaff; Burlington, W. J. Wilson; Hampden, Geo. Keever; Star, H. W. Watrous; Avon, John Giesy; LeRoy, Wm. Hosick; Spring Creek, Harvey Short; Neosho, Wm. Steele; Liberty, J. S. Metzler; Pleasant, George Hamman; California, J. W. Bogardus; Ottumwa, S. B. Briggs;

Key West, E. D. Romery; Rock Creek, A. J. James. On motion of S. F. McGowan, the shares were placed at \$10 each. The committee on permanent organization reported as follows: president, H. C. Kellerman; secretary, LeRoy Armstrong. On motion it was decided that when we adjourn, it be to meet again at the county superintendent's office, in the Commercial Block, Burlington, on Wednesday, December 15, 1880. On motion, adjourned. The Coffey County Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association is now fairly started. The fact of our need of this fair is proven by the interest taken in the matter by all classes of our citizens. With one voice they say, "we will support a fair Fair." They do not want a jockey club, nor an organization for the encouragement of gambling, and they won't have it. They will support a fair which gives justice where justice belongs, and labor to promote the good of the county instead of the petty vanity of a few. Subscriptions have already been started. A list of men who will take one hundred dollars of stock may be found in Woodford Bros.' grocery store, another in

Lane & Kent's land-office, a third in W. J. Wilson's dry goods store, and a fourth at D. Eppinger's. Other lists, containing the names of the men who will subscribe fifty dollars has been started, and still others enrolling subscribers for as low as ten dollars. Five thousand dollars must be raised by December 15, 1880, and it will be raised. Everybody is interested. Merchants, mechanics, farmers, stock-growers, wool-producers, and every one who makes a living in Coffey county, is and should be interested in this movement, and should lend it their encouragement and support. We need no longer carry our money and our products to another county; we can invite other counties to come here. On December 15, 1880 the stockholders in this organization will meet and elect their officers. They will decide where to secure land, of what nature shall be the improvements upon it, and all other minutia necessary. To the end that they will succeed in giving us a good fair in the fall of 1881 we bespeak the heartily support of every man, woman and child in the county.

LeRoy Armstrong, Sec'y.

Burlington in January, 1865

The Editor of Burlington Independent of 1882 Tells of
the Old Town and Its People

We were handed today a copy of the Burlington Patriot, dated January 7, 1865. Nearly seventeen years have lapsed into the long ago since this (now venerable) sheet appeared from the press. And the first thought, as we glanced at its littleness, was what

a comparison in size, the paper and its editor, S. S. Prouty. But we could not help but remember it was perfectly correct. It took at that day a man of size, indeed, to manage and carry out the requirements needed even to edit a small newspaper. How he looms

up on our vision in his vast rotundity — brim full of animal spirits, and of such unknown capacity for eatables and drinkables that it passes the memory of even the oldest to know of a time that he failed to (like Oliver Twist) be ready and willing to imbibe a little more. How jolly and full of uproarious merriment he was at times, and how contagious his laugh, no matter if too obtuse to perceive the point of the joke, the mere view of Prouty while in an ecstasy of laugh was too ridiculous for anything but to provoke as hearty a fit of laughter. His rotund person quivering like jelly, and his whole being convulsed in what was to all beholders an agony of mirth, would bring a laugh even from as sober an audience as Artemus Ward describes and while we think of Prouty we feel that we owe him much in dispelling many a gloomy cloud that shadowed our pathway in the long ago, for then of a truth were the times that tried all of us pioneers in the crucible of events that would verily paralyze every energy we possessed. What a flood of recollections rush over memory, and how the mists and clouds that darken the past disappear as we glance over the columns of the old Patriot. The terrible war had not yet closed, and although our national life had ceased to tremble in the balance, and the days of our erring sisters in their wild rebellion were almost at an end, yet quiet and gentle peace had not taken the place of ruthless war, and hope as we did, yet the end had not come, and dread uncertainty banished all enterprise, and our efforts for the building up of our county and

town were at a low ebb. How vividly we remember the desolate appearance of the vicinity of Burlington—in fact, the whole county everywhere. We saw dilapidated farms—fences, that the builders had expended their best energies to make into comfortable shelters for their loved ones, hoping that in this fruitful land happy home and a comfortable competence would be the result of not many years of effort, and a farm thrifty and producing abundantly, equal and surpassing the old homes left in the far away east—all awreck, for the army was filled up with their owners and all industries at home paralyzed. The grand idea demanding not only every energy but life itself was to preserve the nation. The Patriot was in reality not only the name of our paper but rightful belonging of every Kansas citizen, lovers of their country and defenders of their rights, so zealously supporting its interest that home affairs and the industry and enterprise necessary to carry out to a success the commencement of our county and this now fair city of Burlington were at an apparent end, and verily as the recollections this sheet evolves from our memory they call as many gloomy days as we thought of the future in the time now past; and as we glance down the columns how plainly we see our little scattered hamlet, and how we wonder where the nerve and courage was derived, giving the pluck and energy enabling the citizens of that day to persistently keep up with no faltering or flagging step the effort that results in the present.

We find in the advertisements those of Orson Kent and O. Walking & Bros., as general stores;

and a general store at that time was in fact a variety store, comprising large stock of something to supply the wants of all, from a fish hook to a plow; from a needle to a bar of iron; a load of flour to a nutmeg; a bolt of muslin to a yard of edging, and the strange and varied supply to meet the demand of our Indian friends who rejoice in the glory of paint and feathers. Then we find Manson & Puffer's advertisement of their drug store; F. A. Atherly & Bros., woolen and carding machine and cotton gin; J. H. Howard, steam mill; H. W. Watrous fancy groceries. The business cards of Wm. Manson, physician and surgeon; H. N. Bent and C. R. Key, attorneys at law; A. Holland and D. P. Metcalf, as justices of the peace. Hon. F. W. Potter, Job Throckmorton and Perry were our representatives in the Legislature. The advertisement of our "fast" stage line to Topeka, through in two days and the card of the Masonic Lodge; this shows up our business at that time. But the general orders of Major General Blunt and Major General Curtis tells emphatically of the absorbing business of the times. In the obituary notices we find recorded the deaths of John McWilliams (our blacksmith), and no one is better remembered by us than poor Jack. Ingenious in the extreme and a thorough master mechanic, possessed of that perfect ability in his trade that enabled him with just the crude materials, a bar of iron and a forge, to fashion out almost everything to be made out of iron and steel. We remember he made for us a set of buckles for a bridle, and also that he forged and turned in complete and perfect order a shaft

for the mill burrs of J. H. Howard's steam mill—but alas! Poor Jack, he worshiped at the shrine of Bacchus and died a martyr to said Deity—his only fault, so he rests well. We also see the record of the death of Lemuel Hurlburt, and the record is true, as it says we have lost a genial associate, a valuable business man and a true gentleman; and we know his loss at that time was deeply felt as one of the most enterprising and energetic of all our community, undaunted by any obstacle of firm faith in the coming future of our city, he impressed all of us with courage to do and dare, that the reward would surely come, and Burlington would be a city in fact, and one that we would feel proud in having had a part in the establishing and founding of but it was so ordered that our old friend should be called before his eyes saw the proud city of his anticipations. However, having his work well done the results surely followed. In looking at these mementos of the past, this old Patriot, in spite of the present, a rather sombre feeling will take possession of us. It is impossible to avoid the thought that then we were young, full of energy and ready for any proper efforts to bring about the high aspirations youth has for the future; and the knowledge of failing in many of them makes the bitter pill. Fate orders widely different from that we ourselves deem best. But to very many of us Fate has dealt kindly; to not a few with us at that time has been awarded position and wealth, and to all of us the proof in the present condition of our State, our county and our fair city of Burlington, that all is

well that ends well; and in the long time to come perhaps to us, no matter where we may be, or what our lot may be in life, we

can treasure up as pleasant memories that our efforts as old settlers of Coffey county have not been without effort.

Indian Regiments Organized at LeRoy

The following is from *The LeRoy Reporter* which has been publishing a series of historical sketches of LeRoy and Coffey county. In commenting on the story, Glick Fockele, editor of *The Reporter* says:

Editor's Note:—In concluding the series of historical sketches recently published in the *Reporter*, we append the following account of the organization of two Indian regiments at LeRoy. The officers were white men and many of the names afterward loomed large in the development of Coffey county. Our authority is Kansas Military Reports.

In May, 1862, the First and Second Indian Regiments were organized at LeRoy. The field and staff officers were white men and those of the First Indian regiment were as follows: Robert W. Furnace (since Governor of Nebraska), colonel; Stephen H. Wattles, lieutenant-colonel; William A. Phillips, major; J. H. Kilpatrick, first lieutenant and adjutant; S. S. Prouty, first lieutenant and quartermaster. Lieut. Prouty served as quartermaster until February 28, 1863, when he was relieved by Lieut. John T. Cox, who served until the following September. Lieut. Prouty then succeeded Cox and filled the position until mustered out October 12, 1864. John Chess of LeRoy was commissioned first lieutenant and adjutant May 28, 1863 and served

as such until the regiment was mustered out.

The field and staff officers of the Second Indian regiment were as follows: John Ritchie, colonel; David Corwin, lieutenant colonel; M. B. C. Wright, major; E. W. Robinson, adjutant; Chas. Browne of Coffey county, first lieutenant and Jule Cayot of the same county was second lieutenant in the Third Indian regiment which was subsequently organized in the Indian Territory.

Most of the teamsters of the First Indian regiment were citizen employees and were residents of Coffey county. Chas. Puffer of Burlington served six months under Lieut. Prouty in the capacity of quartermaster sergeant, although he was never mustered into the service. During the campaign in the Indian Territory, in the summer of 1862, over one-half of the First Indian regiment deserted and returned to LeRoy, owing to the want of military discipline.

In November of that year Lieut. Prouty was ordered by Gen. Blount, commanding the army of the frontier, then operating in northwestern Arkansas, to go to Coffey county and make an effort to induce the deserters to return to their command. The lieutenant accompanied by Sgt. Puffer and a couple of Indian soldiers, proceeded to Burlington and there estab-

lished his headquarters. A supply train, filled with commissary stores and clothing followed him from Fort Scott. By good tact and management on the part of Lieut. Prouty and his assistants, all of the deserters were soon in camp at Burlington and over a hundred new men enlisted.

About six hundred Indian soldiers were encamped at Burlington with only one white officer to command them. The lieutenant divided his command into four companies over each of which he placed an Indian commissioned officer. Supplying his men with clothing, arms and rations, he marched two hundred and fifty miles and delivered them to the regiment at Rhea's Mill, Ark., without the desertion of a single man. The biggest half of the regiment was with him and the only white assistant he had was Sgt. Puffer. His command served as an escort to a supply train from Ft. Scott to Rhea's Mill. He was absent from his regiment less than

two months.

Coffey county furnished other officers during the war as follows: O. E. Learnard, lieutenant-colonel of the First Kansas; W. A. Jenkins, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Kansas; S. R. Harrington, major of the Fifth Kansas; Harrison Kelley, captain Company B, 5th; James S. Hunt, captain Company E, 5th; H. N. F. Read, captain Company I, 9th; Clark McKay and Geo. W. S. Bell, captains Company F, 12th; George W. Stevens, first lieutenant and commissary, 5th; James M. Lane, first lieutenant Company E, 5th; A. D. Brown, first lieutenant Company F, 5th; W. E. McGinnis, first lieutenant, Company K, 5th; James M. Heddens, first lieutenant same company; Charles Cochrane, first lieutenant, Company F, 12th; Delos Miller, second lieutenant, Company H, 5th; W. J. Brewer, second lieutenant, Company K, 5th; John M. Singer, second lieutenant, Company H, 9th; Allen Crocker, second lieutenant, Company F, 12th.

Came to Kansas in 1859

I came to Kansas the first of March, 1859, with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Kennedy, coming direct to Coffey county and locating on a farm six miles east of Burlington. My father had come out here in 1857 and located on a homestead on the east side of Long creek in that year and then in 1858 went back to Vermont for the family which consisted of three girls and one boy.

Our little log cabin was so small we had to set the cook stove up out in the dooryard.

Here we soon found more Indians than white people at first. Most of the white people lived in log houses like ours and many of the women went barefooted. It was a great curiosity to us at first to see women and older girls going barefooted, but we soon followed suit as it took money to buy shoes, and money was very scarce.

Lewis Morey was our first school teacher. He afterwards became the first superintendent of schools for Coffey county.

Our first school house was nam-

ed Nashville, and was located two miles south and two east of our ranch. Our nearest neighbors at first were Mr. Casaboem, Mr. Payne, Mr. Hampton, Mr. Tambeling, Mr. Pierce and Mr. Watrous and their families.

I am now 85 years old, and have been a widow for three years. I would like to write more, but am not able.

Mrs. Abby R. Kennedy Spring Aldrich,

Emporia.

HISTORY OF THE BEEF CATTLE INDUSTRY FROM FRONTIER DAYS UNTIL THE PRESENT TIME

(Florence Schlichter)

This essay was written by Miss Florence Schlichter, LeRoy, Route 2, and was instrumental in winning for her the honor of being named "Prairie Queen", to represent Coffey county at the State contest in Emporia.

This is the history of the Crandall ranch as well as that of the beef cattle industry of Kansas, and incidently the story of the first "Prairie Queen" of Kansas.

The Crandall family came to Kansas among the first settlers in 1858. The one hundred sixty acres on which Mr. Warren Crandall lives today was purchased by his father for twenty dollars and a yoke of oxen. This tract of land grew until it became a ranch of four thousand and two hundred acres of land. This is today known as the Crandall ranch, being owned and operated by decendants of the Crandall family.

A herd of their cattle in the early pioneer days, was obtained by buying a few calves at a time from farmers over the country.

Cattle were kept for several years and fed to gain quantity rather than quality. In the winter, cattle were fed all the ear corn they could eat,

broken in feed troughs. That which was left was scooped out and served as feed for the hogs. Corn with prairie hay was the only feed Mr. Crandall used.

In the spring, cattle were started toward the pasture. Mr. Crandall had two oxen, Andy and Ben, which were used to pull the herd house. This herd house was called the Prairie Queen, (probably the first Prairie Queen in Kansas!) "The Prairie Queen" was a big shack built on four wheels in which the herdsmen lived the entire summer. There were no fences only around a few little farms. At night the cattle were bunched up and lay down. Saddle horses were used to herd them as the cattle had horns and were dangerous to a man on foot.

Herds of cattle ranged from seven hundred to one thousand in number.

When cattle were ready to put on the market, they were driven to Kansas City and loaded on river boats. Mr. Crandall also drove a herd of hogs to Kansas City at one time.

Mr. Warren Crandall has interesting pictures of two large steers raised by his father. Old Bucephalus weighed two thousand eight hun-

dred pounds at the age of five years. He was taken to the fair at Neosho Falls in 1878 or 79 at the time President Hays was there.

The largest steer ever raised in Kansas was "Prohibition", who was taken to the World Fair at Chicago in 1893. He measured six feet six inches tall, and weighed three thousand and six hundred pounds at the age of eight years. He was sold for five hundred dollars, an immense sum at that time.

Mr. Crandall has a stereoscopic view of a chair which his father presented to President Hays at the big Fair at Neosho Falls. The legs, arms and back are made of twelve highly polished steer horns fashioned into a magnificent chair with the finest upholstery. The chair is today in the National Museum at Washington.

On one part of the Crandall ranch there is a building which measures nine feet square. Each side is made of one rock, a very unusual construction. Unfortunately a recent storm destroyed the roof, which has not been repaired as yet.

Of late years cattle for fattening purposes are obtained largely from Texas. One of the favorite methods of fattening cattle today is to winter them on cane silage and cottonseed meal until the first of May. From May to July they are kept on pasture, then fed cottonseed cake and corn chop. In the western part of the state, cattle are often pastured on wheat during the winter.

Cattle industry, however, is not centered wholly on fattening. L. E. Crandall, Jr., grandson of the pioneer, said he thought he had a method worked out for baby beef production whereby it would be impossible to lose money, even though at times he did not make much. He has about one hundred cows on his farm, enough to graze his own land. Calves are kept on creep feeders and with their mothers until six or eight months of age. In these feeders he feeds grain produced on his own farm. Mr. Crandall is now feeding ground oats. When the threshing season is completed he intends to feed ground wheat in connection with the ground oats. Then, if he raises any corn, he wants to finish them with corn chop.

When calves are weaned at six or eight months of age, they are given a protein supplement, consisting of corn gluten, oil meal, and ground limestone. Mr. Crandall says his calves average a two pound gain a day on the creep feeders.

Until developing this method, Mr. Crandall says at weaning time he shut the calves up and let them bawl until they were hungry enough to go to eating. Since using this method he says while the calves bawl for their mothers, they are never hungry. Calves, when sold, weigh around eight hundred pounds.

The Crandall ranch is, today, one of the most prosperous ranches in this locality, and is a fair example for the state.

Pioneers of Coffey County

By J. P. Hamilton, Sr., As Published in The LeRoy Reporter

During the next few days there will be published in this department at least a portion of the series of articles written for the LeRoy Reporter by J. P. Hamilton sr., in his lifetime and published in The LeRoy Reporter at that time and reprinted this summer.

These articles are very interesting and give names and dates, and are a valuable addition to any history of Coffey county. The introductory note by Glick Fockele, the present editor of The Reporter, is given together herewith with the opening installment of the series.

During the middle '80s, the late John P. Hamilton Sr., father of our present J. P. and L. E. Hamilton, at the request of Frank Fockele, wrote a series of articles which were printed in the Reporter. We have received numerous requests to republish these 45-year old articles and this week the first installment appears. Mr. Hamilton was a prolific writer and his articles go into infinite detail on incidents which are more personal than historical. Many such personal references which were of more or less interest 45 years ago, would be of little interest today and these will be omitted to conserve space.

The first day of April, 1857, I found myself and wife boarding the train at Findley, Ohio, bound for "Bleeding Kansas." Railroads not being as now... waits for

connections were not only numerous but very annoying to the passengers. After one of those delays of half a day's duration in Indianapolis we found ourselves aboard heading for St. Louis. . . . After waiting a few days for a boat to ascend the river. . . . embarked on the boat "Martha Jennet" for Brunswick where we expected to disembark and stage it to Chillicothe, Mo., expecting there to meet my father who had preceded me that far the fall before. . . . Meeting my father, I found him eager to commence the trip in earnest to Kansas territory. So after a few days spent in the way of outfitting we left Chillicothe about the middle of the month (April) for the border. Our traveling outfit consisted of one wagon, yoke of oxen and horse and carriage.

(Mr. Hamilton then describes the long trip overland through the old town of Westport, Shawnee Mission, the staked-out site of Olathe, the old Sac & Fox agency in Greenwood where he met Gen. John B. Scott, a trader then and later a citizen of LeRoy. This took several days.)

Next day we crossed over to Crooked creek, descended it to a point in the vicinity of the farm now owned by Uncle Jimmy Short and there camped. Now we were nearing LeRoy and anxiety began to manifest itself. Judging from what I had seen of a plat of LeRoy suspended in a Kansas City hotel, displaying its fine streets,

broad avenues and beautiful parks, I imagined it possessed one necessary adjunct to a town—and that was houses. But what was my surprise the next day when we met the mail carrier and I enquired, "How far is it to LeRoy?" to receive the reply, "Why, you're in the midst of it now."

We journeyed on and discovered to the south of us a little shanty that was styled the postoffice which also contained a few Indian trinkets. There was also the Sam Locke house which occupied the claim now owned in part by the widow of our late lamented C. H. Graham. Here we noticed a regular old-fashioned sweep and promised ourselves a good drink of water—something we had been strangers to since leaving Missouri. From there we preceeded to the river where we crossed just above where Decker's dam now stands. We drove across the bottom in a north-westerly direction and went into camp immediately south of John Heddens' house where my trip ends.

The Heddens place referred to above is now owned and occupied by John Silsby. Having arrived at our destination the next thing was to select our claims. . . . The claim upon which we were camped belonged to a young man by the name of Clark Williams, he having come to the territory the fall before from Iowa and bought it from William Overby, he having bought it from Milton Short (brother of Uncle Jimmy and Harvey Short) who was the original claimant. Logs cut and laid in the rough, covered with clapboards and about two thousand rails made, were all the improvements it contained. For this the owner asked

five hundred dollars. . . . we succeeded in getting the claim for one hundred eighty-seven dollars and a half. We at once moved into our shanty.

The season was growing late and we went to work with a will cleaning a patch in the edge of the timber preparatory to planting it in corn. It was chiefly covered with small shrubs and artichokes, with but few trees intervening and we were not very long in preparing it for the plow. . . . We succeeded in getting it planted, if my memory serves me correctly, on the thirtieth day of May. It came up and grew nicely till about the first of July when drouth set in and for about forty days it never rained a drop and a greater portion of that time there was but little, if any dew, while the sun's blistering rays seemed as though they would destroy what life was left. But finally the rains came and it made a very good crop. Our efficient postmaster, Delos Miller, having recently arrived and making his home with David Fisk, a neighbor, we hired him to cut it up. It proved to be about all the corn raised that season in the vicinity.

Not having possessed myself of a claim as yet, I was on the first day of June induced to take the north-east quarter of section 30, in 22, 16—the claim formerly taken by Mr. Moffit and abandoned because of lack of timber. The writer still continues to reside on the north eighty, having disposed of the other eighty in 1862 to S. J. Carter and he a few years ago to J. S. Struble, who still owns and occupies it.

The day before taking my claim, some emigrants who were camped

across the river in the vicinity of Allen Crocker's, were induced by Levi Heddens to come over and look at these claims (Moffit and Bixler's). After viewing them they concluded to drive over next day and occupy them. I had not been in possession more than an hour when they drove up. They proved to be Lorenz Schlichter, Wm. Kennon, husband of the present Widow Van Slyck of Burlington, George Loy, Isaac Cabbage and John Long. The three former had their families; the last two were single. Finding themselves too late for the Moffit claim, all excepting Loy—who took possession of the Bixler claim—made their way on to the bluff. There Schlichter and Kennon succeeded in buying out a couple of claimants. Kennon's consisted of a high prairie (a portion of the place is now owned by J. N. Lewis), while Schlichter's contained some bottom land. Kennon and Schlichter jeered us fellows who had taken bottom claims, saying that we would have our toe-nails taken off by the chills and that so far as raising grain was concerned, they could raise more and better quality of small grain on the high ground than we could in the bottoms—admitting that we might possibly excel them in corn. But subsequent results proved different when at times they had to rely upon the bottoms for sustenance. And so far as chills were concerned, the writer could see no difference. It mattered not in what locality the settler's cabin was located, they all shook just the same.

On the west side of the river I found the Heddenses who moved into the territory in 1835. The

father died the February prior to my arrival, leaving the widow, four sons and one daughter, John, Levi, James, Noah and Ann. The latter was styled the bell of the Neosho; their uncle, Noah Vandever and family, consisting of himself, wife and four children—Charles, William, John and Jane. Charles had a family and lived on a claim near the forks of Big creek now owned by Arnot Caven. William owned the land immediately south of the M. K. & T. railroad bridge on Big creek. The father owned the claim now belonging to S. J. Carter, just north of LeRoy Junction. The daughter married Richard Burr and after his death married J. A. Hollaway, with whom she still lives. Leopold Ruiter owned the C. C. Cunningham place and figured quite conspicuously in claim contests. S. P. Pepper lived on the creek and owned what subsequently belonged to A. N. Dreisbach and S. J. Carter.

Last but not least, E. H. Mosley, sometimes styled "Cap" Mosley but more familiarly known as "Old Ed Mosley"—who at the time had a wife and four children, consisting of Mary, John, Ella and Felix. As Mosley possessed characteristics above the ordinary. . . . it might not be amiss to enter into details concerning some of them. . . . My first impression of him was unfavorable. . . . but after years of close relationship I discovered how idle had been my reasoning. Bancroft, in speaking of Jackson, says: "He failed to interpret the word 'fear.'" I think the same might truthfully be applied to Mosley. . . . He always proved equal to the oc-

casion and came off first best. . . Having abandoned the idea of farming he turned his attention to hunting and trafficking with the Indians. At the hands of the latter he lost his life. The tragedy occurred in what is now Barber county and near Medicine Lodge. Mosley was encamped there engaged in trading with the Indians, receiving ponies in exchange of his goods. The Indians (Osages) had been holding grudge against him for years, the result of a flogging received by some of them from an ox-whip in the hands of Mosley when caught pilfering goods from his wagon. He ran a narrow escape at the time, several Indians making thrusts at him with their knives. . . . The Indians, who never forget an injury or a favor, simply awaited an opportunity for revenge. Finding Mosley as before stated, encamped with only two or three whites to aid him, about fifty of them one night made a descent upon the camp. They first turned their attention to stampeding the ponies. Mosley hearing a racket, ran out to see what was the matter. He was immediately confronted by several of the blood-thirsty savages seeking his life. He called for his gun but before assistance could arrive, he was shot down. Thus ended a life, the greater part of which had been spent amidst turmoil and strife. He was a "borderer" in the strictest sense of the term and no doubt had his life been spent entirely on the border his fame as an Indian fighter would have rivalled that of Buffalo Bill or Kit Carson.

In the proper connection I for-

got to mention the fact that the family of his brother, Lowry, consisting of wife, two children, Wm. B. and E. L. Mosley, and his mother had accompanied Ed and family by boat from Evansville, Ind., as far as Kansas City—Lowry survived arrival but a short time, being carried away by the fever in the fall of 1858.

Among those whom I found upon my entry on the west side of the river, I might have mentioned the name of — Smith. He owned a race pony and to distinguish him from the rest of the Smiths with whom the country was being populated, we dubbed him "Pony" Smith. Pony Smith occupied a claim near the mouth of Big creek, which he subsequently sold to Harrison Elliott, father of Lee Elliott. Pony Smith was a medley; to some he was one thing; to others another. He could love and hate at the same time. To some he was affable and kind; to others he was just the reverse. Out of danger he was as brave as a lion but when danger threatened he would show the white feather. For instance: One J. R. DeWitt, brother of our fellow citizen, Lue DeWitt, got into an altercation with Smith about a claim. Soon they were at swords' points and each began to threaten the other. Both were large and powerful men. DeWitt was inclined to corpulency and received the cognomen "fatty." There was blood on the moon and meeting seemed inevitable, which in the opinion of all would prove quite serious if not fatal. . . . Every morning the people expected to hear of a dead man for breakfast. . . . DeWitt was

possessed of strong backing in the person of Ed. Mosley who had formed a dislike for "Pony" on account of his preternatural disposition for lying and boasting. Finally an occasion presented itself when a mortal combat seemed inevitable. It was at LeRoy on the Fourth of July, 1859. The writer met Smith there that morning when Smith called his attention to the fact that he was well-armed and ready for the fray. "If those d— hounds come around fooling with me now," he said, "they will get hurt." The oration had been delivered, the day was waning and the crowd had well-nigh dispersed. A few stragglers on the way home from the grounds, would drop into Gilson's saloon that was kept across the street from the old log store of Pert and Jerome Smith. The writer was among the number. When he entered he discovered Smith seated on the south side of the room with ten to fifteen others. Presently DeWitt and Mosley were seen wending their way in the same direction. Wm. Hamilton was occupying a seat to Smith's right. Seeing DeWitt and Mosley approaching, he nudged Smith and pointed to them through the window as much as to say, "You'd better git." Smith realized his dilemma. There was no back door. If he tried escape through the front door he would run up against the enemy. Meanwhile DeWitt and Mosley entered. . . . Smith, seeing Mosley engaged in conversation with his back towards him, concluded this was the chance to "git." He arose and started to the door, a few feet from which stood his race mare tied to a post. As he passed the door DeWitt said to

Mosley, "There goes the d— — —," Mosley immediately turned and yelled, "Hold on Smith, I want a word with you." By the time Mosley reached the door, Smith was in the act of vaulting into the saddle and immediately drew his revolver. Mosley, quick as lightning, reached for his pants pocket and presented a Colt's revolver. . . . Smith put spurs to his mare. . . . Thus ended in a race what might have been a tragedy.

Before taking my leave of the west side of the river I must not forget to tell you something about Neosho City, the proudest and most important metropolis south of Lawrence at that time. Some of your readers no doubt will ask, "where was Neosho City and what has become of it?" It was located on the bluff on the south side of Big creek, four miles from its mouth, on section 36, township 22 and range 15, immediately south of what is now known as W. H. Dinsmore's and David Thompson's farm. When the writer first saw the city in April, 1857, it contained a store, hotel, blacksmith shop and a number of residences. The population was about eighty. Although the stock of goods was limited, the writer was informed that it was the most important business point on the Neosho. The proprietors of the store were—McKee and Joel K. Gooden. Gooden at the time resided at Centropolis in Franklin county and I think is living in that vicinity yet. The last known or heard of S. McKee was during the war at Ft. Smith where he was filling a government contract putting up hay.

Neosho City was short-lived.

Several things worked against her. The selection of the townsite was most injudicious. Water was not easily obtained and of an inferior quality when found. At the time the only road of any significance approaching it was from the north side of the creek. From the creek to the townsite was a very steep ascent. No one who has not made the trip with a wagon has any idea what a rough and rugged road it was. An empty wagon was a pretty fair load for a pair of steers. Burlington and LeRoy springing up about that time, both located in the Neosho bottom and easy of access, began to draw attention and proved a bane to the life of the city on the bluff. One by one its inhabitants began to disperse till what a few months before had been a lively little hamlet dwindled down to a few abandoned houses with only a baker's dozen to mourn its departed glory. A little while longer and nothing was left but deserted houses to mark the spot. . . . The site is now owned by Jacob Stillwell, of Baldwin City, and farmed by his son, Wm. O. Stillwell.

Among the most noted residents of Neosho City might be mentioned the names of Watson Little, J. M. Gray and Wm. Howell, M. D. The first named might be termed, in a practical sense, a recluse. His dwelling consisted of a hut built of poles, about six feet by ten and six feet in height, with a sort of make-shift for a fireplace which answered the double purpose of heater and cooker. His dress was in marked contrast to his abode. his clean shaven face, clear eyes, ruddy complexion, set off with a

blue frock coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, covering his other vestments, gave him an interesting look. His fine penmanship and clerical ability marked him at once as a victim for an office. So the township gave him the highest within her gift, justice of the peace; and if my memory serves me right he held it continuously until the time of his death.

While Little was well advanced in years Gray and Howell had scarcely reached their prime. With fires of youth at white heat they were always to the fore upon all questions demanding thought and action. They were most generally found in each other's company except when Howell was absent practicing his profession of medicine. They were what Captain McKay would term "two social and congenial spirits of the nineteenth century." . . . The tragic death of Howell removed him from the scene of action, mention of which will be made in a subsequent chapter. We all felt proud of Gray. Not only good looking and affable he was posted on the leading topics of the day and could conduct an argument to good advantage. He was the first assessor that ever assessed our township. I am not certain whether his jurisdiction extended over the entire county but think it did. Gray remained in the vicinity until 1862 when together with Wm. Olmstead of Burlington, he recruited a company for the Tenth Kansas, which was forming at Leavenworth, I think, under Col. Davis. Among those who helped form the company were Allen Crocker, Chauncey Hammond, Lindsey Grimes,

Moses Stillion, Andy Franklin, Louis DeWitt, Uncle Billy Rich, Jim Jones, son of Ahijah Jones and Wm. Bowen. . . . A few weeks found nearly all of them back home, the idea of forming the regiment being abandoned at the time. Those who desired could join other regiments or they could return home if they wished. Gray and Olmstead were fighting for the captaincy and Gray was defeated by the use of money, it was claimed. However that may have been, Gray became disgusted with Kansas and concluded to leave. In company with Louis DeWitt he went to Fort Scott and joined the 5th Kansas, remaining a true and efficient soldier during the war.

Settlers East of the River

The first one encountered is R. A. Burr who had bought a claimant's right the fall of '56 to the southwest quarter of 28-22-16, from Thomas Crabtree. He also about that time bought of said Crabtree and J. B. Scott, a one-third interest in the townsite of LeRoy. . . . Burr for thrift, intelligence and perseverance could well be classed above the ordinary. Reared among New England hills, where industry, perseverance and thrift largely excel, he was imbued with a spirit of fairness and justice characteristic of the man all through life. He'd rather be the vanquished in the cause of right than the victor in what he deemed unjust. He was ever ready to assist those who were ready to help themselves but lent no encouragement to indolence or sloth. He was an inveterate worker and possessed both strength and will power. . . . He was one of the

most successful corn growers in the county and in an early day made a great deal of money raising that cereal. Having large and commodious cribs he stored it away until the price suited him which generally ranged from one dollar to one dollar and a half per bushel. He was one of the first to conceive the idea of putting out a large orchard and today it is known to hundreds in the central portion of the state (who used to visit this section for apples) as the Burr orchard. Poor man! The last two years of his life were full of bodily suffering and mental anguish. A disease partaking of the general features of a scrofulous affection caused running sores to cover different portions of his body. The medical profession were powerless to assist him. . . . and finally he yielded his indomitable spirit to the fell destroyer.

Immediately on the north and adjoining the Burr claim was that of a John Hayes, an old bachelor who entered the territory in '56 in company with his sister, Laura, an old maid, and selected the claim mentioned. . . . He believed in living entirely independent of his neighbors. Bringing quite a portion of this world's goods along with him he thought he could well afford to do it. Hayes wished to build a . . . larger better looking house and more substantial than any of his neighbors. He employed men to cut and hew the logs and sent one of his hands to request the neighbors' assistance in raising . . . each to receive a fair recompense for his day's service. . . . But the neighbors failed to show up. A passing neighbor told Hayes why

his invitation had been ignored. "Your neighbors simply decline to sell their services to you for money. They want to prove to you that there are some things in this world that money cannot buy. You have made your boast that you can live entirely independent of your neighbors. That you have everything needful for a new country, were well equipped with tools and proposed to neither lend nor borrow; that the almighty dollar would carry you through. Now, Mr. Hayes, you have your dollars and they have their muscle. Let your dollars lift those logs if they can. . . Now, Mr. Hayes, if you want your neighbors to help you, you must talk in a different strain." Hayes saw the point and yielded. This incident showed the spirit which animated the early settlers. Their purses were light but their hearts were willing and their muscles strong.

John Chess came in the summer of '57 and occupied the school section now known as Sunnyside. But that fall or next spring took the quarter section immediately east of the Hayes section. Subsequently he disposed of one eighty improving and living on the other eighty up to the time of his death. As Chess filled the office of sheriff for several terms and was as well known to citizens as any other man in the county, I deem it useless to enter into details concerning his life and character. I will simply add that he was a man of strong convictions.

We will now proceed to LeRoy and see whom we shall find there. The first to attract my attention is Elveston Bacon, deputy postmas-

ter under J. B. Scott. Scott had built a small log hut on the bank of the river a short distance west of the steam mill where he kept a few Indian trinkets to barter with the Indians. When the mail route was established, his shanty being about the only place in LeRoy for distributing the mail, he was made postmaster and engaged Bacon to attend to it. Bacon was a queer sample of the genius "homo." In his normal condition, which by the way, largely prevailed, he was as quiet and unassuming a person as could be found. Exceedingly taciturn he was no company to anybody not even to himself. But put him outside of a pint of good liquor and mark the difference. His eyes would dilate, his mouth expand and his tongue commence to wag. He was a whole circus by himself. For originating comical expressions, singing songs and making grotesque figures he took the cake. Poor Bacon! He yielded his spirit on Shilo's bloody field and is now sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

The next to command my attention is Henry Bodjer. "Hank" as we styled him for short, was a son of Vulcan and kept the first and only smithy in LeRoy. He started for Pike's Peak in 1860 and died before reaching there.

Then we find E. C. Amsden, one of the most noted men of the place. He, in company with Scott Futhey, erected the first mill on the townsite, although about that time Murden built one in the east part of town. Amsden remained in LeRoy until after the war commenced, when in company with Billy O'Brien and John Scott of Hum-

boldt, he engaged in the sutler business and was stationed at Fort Gibson. The writer used to haul supplies from Leavenworth for them. It seems that Amsden amassed quite a large sum of money in the undertaking and at the close of the war settled at Humboldt. While there he was elected sheriff and later contracted to build the railroad from Fort Scott to Humboldt, having associated with himself J. L. Ward now of Long Creek, "Our Jim." With that undertaking he failed and according to reports lost nearly all, if not quite all, his former accumulations. Finally he died there. Futhy went to Neodesha and engaged in the milling business. From there, I understand, he went to California and died.

Thomas Crabtree had the only house in LeRoy, situate in the extreme southern portion of the townsite, close to the river bank. J. F. Troxel was the first settler on the townsite and said to have been the first settler in the county. As early as '54, when Crabtree first put foot on the townsite of LeRoy, he found Troxel living there with his family. Crabtree returned to his home, the Sac & Fox agency, and came back the next year with his family. Buying out Troxel, he took Burr in as his partner and the following year, '56, surveyed the townsite. Lige Troxel, cousin of J. F., was here when the writer came and occupied a claim between the graveyard and the river bridge on the north side of the road, now owned by J. W. Burnett. Troxel finally drifted to the southern part of the state, perhaps to Wilson county, during the early settling.

There was also the Short family, consisting of James, Harvey, Milton and their mother. The latter two lived on the west bank of the river, about opposite Decker's dam, while Harvey and James occupied claims on Crooked creek. Father Wheat and his family came about the time I did and settled northeast of LeRoy on Crooked creek. Northeast of Father Wheat, Charles Stoeltzing, the present probate judge of this county, built him a shanty and went to work, little dreaming of the high honor to be thrust upon him by the people in later years. But I am wandering out of LeRoy and must return to my task.

Among the present living residents of LeRoy who came in '57 are A. McConnell, D. C. Hosick, John Brutchen, Squire Davis (then known as Euchre Davis) and Chris Snyder. East of LeRoy we find Levi and Payton Miller, Sam Swecker, James H. Beard, Curtis Phillips, Squire Dibble, James McConnell, Squire Spogy, John W. Wooster, Vetito, and I think Jake Cottingham and family occupied a claim a few miles east of LeRoy. Further down the river we find J. G. Shoemaker, who served several years as surveyor of Coffey county and to his credit be it said, was one of the best if not the best surveyor the county ever had. Then comes Compton, Yager, Hathaway and Charles W. Mather, who is still living on his original claim. North of LeRoy we find C. C. How, Lewis Clark, — Swim, Allen Crocker, J. L. Ward, Chauncey Hammond, Clark McKay, while further up the creek and in the vicinity of Thornberry were Ahijah

Jones, Wm. R. and his brother Al-been Saunders. Wm. R. Saunders was a professional lawyer and became quite noted in the county, filling several important offices and serving one or two terms in the legislature.

Some of LeRoy's prominent citizens who arrived in '57. . . . Jerome and Persons H. Smith came in June and after a few weeks' stay, observing that LeRoy had no store except the one at the postoffice kept by Bacon, they concluded to start one. They at once employed men to cut and hew logs and erected a double log house of liberal proportions. When the shelving and counters were finished and filled with goods the store presented quite a gaudy and respectable appearance. They continued in the mercantile business until the death of Jerome which was caused by the kick of a horse. Persons, having amassed a competency, shortly after the death of his brother, retired from business and lived a quiet and uneventful life up to the time of his death which occurred, I think, in the summer of '78.

In company with the Smiths came Ed. Dickinson, father of our Rufus Dickinson, and brother of G. H. Dickinson of Burlington, A. F. Wilkinson, about that time or shortly after, came from Winterset, Iowa, where he had been engaged in the boot and shoe business and having some stock remaining, shipped it to LeRoy where he soon disposed of it. After that, he moved onto his claim, now owned by H. C. Waage. His efforts at farming however, did not prove a success. . . . He was elected county treasurer. . . while "old mother Hampden" enjoyed the

blessings of the county seat. After serving out his term, himself and family moved to Greenwood county where he once more engaged in the mercantile business and continued therein to the time of his death which occurred several years ago.

Alexander Hamilton who was appointed the first clerk of Coffey county, came in the early spring of '57 and entered a claim on the river adjoining Tom Crabtree on the south. Upon this claim he resided until after the war when he disposed of it to Mr. Winpigler and moved out to Cherry creek, Wood-county, his present home.

The settling of Kansas territory differed in many respects from that of others. First and foremost were the border troubles or more commonly called the Border Ruffian War. Kansas can undoubtedly lay claim to having furnished the soil where the first sanguinary blows of opposition to the extension of slave territory was struck, and which nourished by its benign influence, grew and ultimately matured into what will for all time to come be known as the great Civil war, or war of the Rebellion. In many respects it resembled the latter, but frequently neighbor was arrayed against neighbor, and in a few instances, father against son. No man's life was safe against the rifle or the midnight torch of the assassin. Numerous instances can be cited where the peaceful dweller was called to the door of his cabin upon some pretext or other and then shot down and the torch applied to the premises. Atrocities of the above nature have been enacted to such an extent people seem to have lost all sense of finer

feelings and indulged their warlike spirit to the fullest extent. The name "Free State" or "Border Ruffian" was synonymous with revenge. As in the days of our Pilgrim fathers, when the rifle and the tomahawk accompanied them in their daily avocation to guard against the approach of their wily foe, the red man, so the early settler on Kansas soil usually carried his rifle or revolver "slung" to him to be in readiness to resist an attack offered by the opposing faction. The approach of a horseman on the prairie always sent a thrill of anxiety to the breast of the beholder as he never knew how or where to class them—friends or foes.

While this section was in a great measure exempt from any thing of like character, nevertheless some of the earliest settlers experienced great inconvenience and insults at the hands of Missourians who infested Fort Scott while they were on their way to and from Missouri obtaining supplies for themselves and families. Sometimes their teams were taken from them and themselves held prisoners, necessitating the trouble and expense of producing witnesses to prove their identity and that they were peaceably inclined.

The early settlers of Kansas were relieved of the heavy burdens incident to the first settling of Ohio and Indiana. That territory comprising heavily timbered districts it was necessary that the trees be felled and brush burned before even a garden could be planted. Roads had to be made in the same way. I remember my father telling of his first settlement in north-

western Ohio. In order to obtain goods usually kept in a store it was necessary to follow an Indian trail, either on foot or horseback, to Lower Sandusky (now Sandusky City), the nearest point, a distance of sixty miles. And their corn was converted into meal by means of the hominy block. While here on our Kansas prairies we could take our team and plow and break up as much as we wished and if broken during the month of May or June we could take an ax, cut a gash in the sod as it was turned up by the plow, drop therein the seed, give it no further attention and if seasonable, it would produce forty or fifty bushels per acre. Or if fortunate to possess money sufficient, you could hitch up your team, drive to Kansas City or Leavenworth and purchase what you desired. But unfortunately for the most of us we were not fixed that way and had to put up with eating corn bread, hog and hominy; and many times the rabbit was substituted for the hog. But then we enjoyed it and were happy. We had no mortgage or debts hanging over us, therefore we were relieved of all thoughts of interest or taxes. I don't suppose there was a mortgage on record in the county. Then there was no need of a party embracing sub-treasury schemes and two per cent loans by the government.

Another pleasing feature—we were all on an equality socially as far as wealth was concerned. I don't think there were a half dozen men in the county who had over five thousand. From that it dwindled down to nothing and in nearly every instance those who

brought money with them found themselves financially on a level with the rest in a very few years. While their money lasted they satisfied their desires by buying what they wished and having no income their means soon disappeared.

Owing to climatic influence, absence of fruit and vegetables and bad water (the river and creeks in many instances furnished us water for both drinking and culinary purposes) the worst of all diseases was engendered—the ague. It depossesses a person of all mental as well as physical capacity. If possessed of any energy or snap it soon relieves you of that and makes of you an object simply to fill space. It is no respecter of persons; it attacks them all alike—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, in the hovel or the mansion—it treats them all the same. You could scarcely visit a family during the falls of 1857 and 1858 without finding every member of it stricken down with chills and fever—one not able to assist another.

While many, no doubt, would eagerly have embraced an opportunity of changing their condition, yet any outward sign of the fact never made manifest. The majority seemed well satisfied with their lots, believing a country that nature had done so much for, when brought under the hand of the husbandman, would develop into one of the best if not the best farming and stock-raising state in the Union. Kansas after the war took rapid strides toward the front, out-stripping many of her sister states until today she doesn't feel like yielding the palm to any as a

stockraising and grain-growing state.

In those days oxen furnished the principal means of locomotion. Such a thing as an American horse, as they were styled, or one brought from the states, was seldom seen, while the Indian pony was quite plentiful. The latter was mostly used for driving stock, etc. Buggies and carriages were things almost unknown. The one we brought was the only one in the county that I remember of. Then we thought no more of yoking our oxen to the wagon and driving to town, mill or church, as the case may be, than we do now of hitching up our prancing steeds to the family carriage and driving out. Well do I remember my learned friend, head of the legal fraternity, S. C. Junkins, plodding his weary way, goad in hand, directing the course of his steers as he saw proper to visit either LeRoy or Burlington. We had no one in particular to envy as we were all caught in the same net and our disposition was, philosophically speaking, to make the best of what circumstances offered.

As these were ante-bellum times, before tariff was placed upon nearly everything we touched, whiskey was cheap and plentiful, and it was not considered an infringement upon the statute for a person to take a drink, pay for it and even invite his friends to partake. More than that, the ban of public opinion was not heaped upon it such as it carries today and nearly everyone participated to a greater or less extent without causing even a passing remark. Pony racing was the order of the day and it was a poor

Saturday indeed that could not boast of two or three races during the day.

Churches and school houses were few and far between. Worship was generally held at some house centrally located in a neighborhood. The preachers were principally itinerates, traveling and preaching from place to place. Besides Father Wheat, I still remember the names of a few. One I remember was D. K. Hardin (I am not positive of the initials) who lived near Otumwa. He was not only filled with eccentricities but conceived some vague notions as to what he conceived to be right. Besides being quite dogmatical he at times made use of some very harsh and unpleasant expressions. . . . Another preacher was Father Earnhart who lived on the river several miles above Burlington. Although well advanced in years he was possessed of a very lively disposition and when outside of the church always had some pleasant story to relate, which endeared him to the people, especially the younger class. While he was not as erudite and lacked the dictation which many possess yet it could not be gainsaid that he was deeply in earnest and believed what he preached. I thought he was possessed of as much pure and undefiled religion as anyone I ever met.

Father Wheat who was one of the first in this vicinity to lift his voice heavenward on behalf of sinners, is still with us, although having passed almost a score of years beyond the number allotted to man. While physically enfeebled his mental powers seem as strong as ever.

I can't say now which is entitled to the honor of starting the first school, Burlington or LeRoy. I don't think there was much difference in the time. I believe that neither had a school earlier than 1858 or 1859. We (No. 7) built our school house in the winter of 1858-'59 and employed Rosa Harrington (afterward Rosa Vandever) to teach our first school.

A few years after the first settlement of the territory and prior to the war found the inhabitants in rather adverse circumstances. They had nothing but an undaunted courage backed by willing hands to meet the stern realities of life. The inroads made upon their physical systems by those great scourges, chills and fever, and the small acreage of crops, at times cut short by a season of drouth, placed them in a position not to be envied. When the unprecedented drouth of 1860 came it found them unprepared to meet it. Had it not been for the noble and whole-souled generosity bestowed upon us by our eastern friends, starvation would have been the fate of many. But I am sorry to say that there were a few human beings here who largely partook of the qualities of the porcine. With their teams they would go to Atchison and get loads of goods, ostensibly to be distributed among the needy and deserving neighbors but in reality to be sold to the first person who would offer to buy. One or two cases came under my observation where men kept their teams constantly on the road between here and Atchison but a mighty small proportion of the goods ever went into the hands and houses of actual sufferers.

There were some who manifested too much pride to ask for aid, preferring to subsist upon what they had rather than to be styled "aid-seekers." But the aforesaid hog was always on deck. The grain was all shipped in heavy seamless sacks with the name W. F. M. Arney—more commonly styled "Alphabet" Arney—stamped upon them. As clothing was as great a desideratum as bread, some had these sacks converted into pants and it soon became a common occurrence to see a person wearing these pants and occasionally with the words decorating the seat thereof.

In one respect the drouth was a blessing to Kansas. It caused her to get rid of those chronic croakers who can see no good but are always discerning evil. . . . They were in haste to flee from what they considered their inevitable doom and nearly every day during the fall they could be seen headed for their wife's folks. Asked where they were going their reply would invariably be "to Ellinoy" or "In-jeany; don't want to starve to death." Soon some changed their minds and one year's good crop was sufficient to insure their return and from that time forward they took a firm stand for Kansas.

In February 1861 I bought twenty bushels of spring wheat of Uncle Charley Mather. I sowed some of it the same month and the balance in the first part of March and from that amount of seed I raised more wheat than I knew what to do with. Shipping wheat was entirely out of the question and home market there was none. Those who had money had wheat also and those who had no wheat had no

money to buy with. But while it lasted we had plenty of wheat bread—something we had been strangers to for some time. I used to have such a longing for biscuit that on Sunday morning I would wonder and try to figure out some neighbor whom I might visit and be treated to a mess of biscuits. Vain hope. All my neighbors took their corn bread straight three times a day.

One great drawback was the want of meat. Hogs were about as scarce as deer and Crocker being the only successful deer hunter, the rest of us had to do without meat, except an occasional rabbit. Now and then some one would pluck up courage enough to go to the buffalo grounds and lay in a supply of buffalo meat. I made my first hunt in the spring of 1860 and it came about this way: A nephew, Irwin Chamberlin, whose home was in Ohio, paid me a visit in the winter of 1859. . . . learning that there were plenty of buffalos within a distance of a hundred miles he became extremely anxious to go and kill one so that he might carry the news back home. I yielded to his continued entreaties and promised to go as soon as I had my corn planted in the spring. In the meantime Ed Mosley came to LeRoy after a load of supplies and I made arrangements with him to accompany him back to the hunting grounds. . . . After a few days spent in outfitting, we pulled out. Besides myself and nephew the company consisted of Ed Mosley, his son John, Sam Hale, Henley and one or two other who had just arrived from Indiana and were visiting with Hale. Our motive pow-

er being oxen, we made no rapid strides. . . . we reached the mouth of Cow creek where the flourishing city of Hutchinson now stands. We crossed the creek and followed up its course on the right bank. About nine miles farther up we discovered buffalo coming in the direction of a pool of water about a quarter of a mile to our left. Mosley immediately formed the following plan of action: "stop the teams; slip up to the pool, secrete ourselves behind its banks and when they come near enough, turn loose on them." The orders were instantly obeyed. In a few minutes we were secreted behind the banks of the pool, our guns pointed toward the game. As the most of us had never seen a buffalo until a day or two before and none but Mosley had ever fired a gun on one, I presume we manifested about as much interest there awaiting the approach of the buffalo as a company of soldiers would lying in wait for an enemy. . . . All of a sudden they threw up their heads, sniffed the air and commenced a retrograde movement. Fortunately they did not go far until they stopped. Mosley said the only thing to do was for one of us to crawl up near enough to get a shot and if he succeeded in getting one down at the first fire, the probabilities were we would get all the shooting we wanted.

Moving with cat-like stealth upon his hands and knees Mosley succeeded in reaching a satisfactory position and fired. We could distinctly hear the striking of the ball against the buffalo and knew that Mosley had hit his mark. The herd began to move off but before pro-

ceeding far the wounded one lay down. Mosley advancing gave him another shot which effectually quieted him. He then motioned for the rest of us to come up. As soon as the buffalos discovered that one of their number was struggling in the throes of death, they gathered about him and by their low bellowing, pawing the dirt and other demonstrations manifested great concern for their fallen companion. It was the first and grandest opportunity the boys ever had for a display of their ability as marksmen for so great a prize and for a few minutes the fire was indiscriminate without any effective results. It astonished the boys to observe what an immense amount of lead a buffalo can carry off in his carcass. My nephew experienced quite a misfortune in the commencement of the engagement. In his great eagerness to shoot he had forgotten to extract the ramrod from the gun after loading. At the next fire the ramrod accompanied the ball, rendering his gun useless as no other ramrod would fit it. After securing our buffalo, the one killed by Mosley, we proceeded up the creek a few miles and encamped for the night.

Next morning, in due time we were moving up the creek. . . . and soon discovered about a hundred of the so-called stragglers of the herd. . . . Selecting a good-sized buffalo. . . . I pulled the trigger. Much to my surprise at the crack of the gun the animal sat down on his haunches and made frantic efforts to rise. It was no use; my ball had broken his back. Some fifteen or twenty of his companions gathered about and commenced their

mourning ceremony as I had witnessed on a previous occasion while we reloaded our guns and lessened the distance of about 200 feet. Each picking out his intended victim we drew bead and fired. My buffalo fell in his tracks. . . . Five of the monarchs of the plains were stretched in death's embrace. Mosley, with the rest of the boys, now came up bringing the teams. Turning to with a will we soon had the "jackets" off, meat loaded into the wagons and on our road to camp. Having plenty of salt and a couple of barrels we prepared a brine, cut our meat in thin slices and placed it in the pickle. Next morning we built a scaffold and placed our meat thereon. A fire beneath and the potent rays of the sun above soon cured the meat in fine shape. I suggested that we return home. . . . Striking the Santa Fe trail we followed it until intersected by the Cherokee trail, made several years previous by the California immigrants. Pursuing this we struck the headwaters of the Cottonwood and heading down the same, we reached Emporia and from there home.

Not all the excursions to the buffalo country had such pleasant endings. One circumstance that I remember was the killing of Shaw and Green in the winter of 1860-61. They were residents of Burlington. In company with three or four others, including Isaac Yingling. . . . they started out to spend the winter on the plains, hunting and killing wolves. Arriving on the hunting grounds they went into winter quarters and commenced poisoning and skinning wolves. Their work was suddenly brought

to an end by a band of Osages riding up to the tent and demanding something to eat. Shaw, acting as spokesman, refused their demand. As they grew more insolent he ordered them from the tent. Shaw was the possessor of a fine race pony. . . . lariatied a short distance from the tent and the Indians started for it. Shaw ran to intercept them when he was stopped by a bullet from one of their rifles. Dropping to the ground he called his friend Green to bring him a drink of water. Green complying with his request was in the act of giving the drink when he received in his body two or three arrows that rendered him helpless. . . . The other boys concluded it was high time for them to escape. . . . The fugitives were fortunate enough to run into another band of hunters. . . . The next morning the whole party repaired to the scene of the disaster. To their horror they discovered Shaw's nude body with head cut off and placed upon the breast. The remains of Green could nowhere be found. The wagons and most of the contents had been burned. The ashes were examined but no bones or other remains of Green could be found.

While the early settlers witnessed many incidents of a serious and sometimes tragic nature they often had opportunity for viewing those of a humorous class. Coming here from their staid eastern homes where fun and hilarity had been held in check by the customs and traditions of the country they found when they settled upon the western wilds that they could give full scope to their propensities without let or hindrance, setting

criticism at defiance. Even some of us older heads used to engage in sports twenty-five or thirty years ago that at this late date would seem perfectly ludicrous. And now we would hate very much to have some of those incidents narrated before a crowd of sober listeners. We were all boys then and ready to turn loose whenever opportunity offered.

The first that occurs to me partakes of a serious-comic nature. A few years after Wm. Hamilton's arrival he went to Burlington for Dr. Manson, to pay a visit to his wife who was sick. The doctor informed him that he had to make a professional visit to Richard Burr the next morning and that if he (Hamilton) could devise some means to convey him across the river he could attend to both calls. The river was very high, almost ready to overflow its bank, and cold as ice. Hamilton readily agreed to furnish a boat or something to ferry him across. There was no boat and the only alternative was to construct a raft. The writer was solicited to help built one. In a couple of hours the raft was completed and not long afterward the doctor made his appearance. After prescribing for Mrs. Hamilton he repaired to the river. The doctor cast a troubled glance across the raging river, then turned to view the raft which was to convey him over, and a deep shade of doubt and misgiving spread over his countenance. He did not hesitate to express his doubts about the ability of Hamilton to ferry him safely across. But the latter's confident assurance that the raft was strong enough to carry a

horse reassured the doctor to a certain degree and he stepped aboard, cane in one hand and pill bag in the other. Hamilton, armed with a long pole for steering purposes, also took his position on the raft, and I, with a gentle shove, sent her adrift. The current was in their favor, drifting them to the opposite side and soon Hamilton, with the help of his pole, effected a landing. The doctor hastened off to visit his patient and soon returned evidently anticipating a speedy journey to the opposite shore. But alas, the old saying that "good beginnings make bad endings" proved true in this instance. . . . On the return trip they experienced a decided change.

About a quarter of a mile below where they re-embarked, the left bank made a very short curve and the turbulent current dashed against it with impetuous force. Being baffled in its course, it gathered up its spent force and seemed to redouble its energies, dashing off in a straight line for nearly a mile. About a hundred yards below the curve an island cut the channel in twain. At the head of the island there was a slight cataract that gave the current a new impetus. . . . The raft rushing on its mad career, took the left channel to what must have seemed to the scared occupants, their inevitable doom. The doctor was on his knees, one hand grasping his cane and the other with his pill bag, elevated toward heaven. Whether he was praying or not, the writer cannot say. My duty was to follow the shore with the doctor's horse. Of course, I had been an interested observer of all that trans-

pired but succeeded in keeping my face perfectly straight up to this time, when the scene became so ridiculous that had I known they were rushed to certain destruction I scarcely could have kept down a smile. Hamilton in his strenuous efforts to reach the shore, had the pole wrenched from his grasp. Thus, left without anything to guide the craft he began to entertain serious thoughts of leaving it and suggested the idea to the doctor. "You — fool," the doctor said, "you would be drowned in two minutes." Seeing the situation was becoming quite serious, I suggested that I rush down to Uncle Jake Cottingham's who lived on the opposite side of the river nearly a mile and a half below and call to them to bring a rope to throw to them. When I left they were passing the Hamilton ford. I struck out on a bee line as fast as the horse could carry me through the timber while they made the circuit of a mile and a half. I could reach the point in less than two-thirds the distance. So you may judge of my surprise when . . . before I could make known my wants they shot by. Passing the point where Decker's mill now stands, the current set in toward the right bank and as luck would have it a goodly tree extended its branches far out over the stream and to one of these Hamilton fastened his death-like grasp. He stopped the runaway craft and by means of a short rope, I succeeded in towing them ashore.

A more scared and demoralized twain of mortals I have never since met. Of course they tried to impress me with the idea that they

had enjoyed the ride immensely, but the sickly smile and ashen hue gave the lie to their pretensions. We all repaired to Wm. Hamilton's where the two navigators dried their clothes and quieted their nerves after which the doctor struck out for home. When he is reminded of their boat-ride now he smiles, but he was far from smiling then.

Another instance of a humorous nature occurred a few years after. . . . S. J. Carter, having moved to the country was in the act of making some improvements on the place he had purchased from the writer. For this purpose he had purchased some logs from Uncle John Hayes. . . . He requested my help to get those logs to the mill. . . . With oxen and "lizard" I repaired to the place where the logs were lying. No doubt, in these modern days there are many to whom the word "lizard" is about the same as so much Greek. A description, therefore, will be in order. In constructing a "lizard" the first thing is to find a small tree with a natural fork. Cut the tree a few inches below the fork or where the extremities are joined together, leaving them about five or six feet in length to answer as runners to a sled. Across these extremities of runners a beam or solid piece of timber six or eight inches square is securely fastened with strong wooden pins. One end of the log is chained to this cross piece, the other drags on the ground. The oxen are hitched to the apparatus and the log is ready to be moved. . . . Just before arriving at the mill there came one of the hardest snow storms I ever

witnessed. We unloaded the log and looked for a place of shelter. The first house we struck was kept by J. B. Scott where the usual beverages were to be had. . . We repaired to the back room containing a fireplace. "When in Rome, do as Romans do." is a good maxim to follow when in a strange land and Sam and I proved apt scholars. The day was well spent when the thought of home suggested itself. "The clachan yill had us canty; we were no fou but just had plenty." I was possessed of a cavalry overcoat and with its huge cape I wrapped my head to keep out the cold, biting blast. I grasped the whip, mounted the lizard and strung the oxen out toward home, Carter, astride his old spotted horse bringing up the rear.

Everything went on swimmingly until we reached the river bank. Bad luck to the day that found me riding that lizard. Perched upon its bench, my head snugly muffled within the folds of my coat, I proceeded to ford the river. The water was not deep, but oh, so cold and swift. After proceeding a rod or more all right, the lizard struck a rock. . . . with a lurch it threw the unfortunate driver off and stood him upon his head in the icy waters of the Neosho. That wretched cape. Unless I could quickly release its folds I would surely drown. I finally succeeded in releasing myself from its folds. Casting my eyes toward the bank I beheld Sam Carter engaged in a series of demonstrations that threatened to unhorse him. Bending back and forth in his saddle he emitted the loudest guffaws and screams of laughter. By the

time I got myself and team out of the water I was thoroughly restored to my normal condition, barring the ducking. I was in a sorry plight to return home, but my friend who by this time had regained his composure, accompanied me home and vouched for the truth of the tales to be told.

To even things up I deem it but right to relate another incident at the same ford in which Sam and I were star performers with the difference that Sam played second base while my turn came to laugh. This occurred several years later and at a time of the year when the water was not unpleasant to the touch. At a shooting match at Carter's some of the boys suggested that we make it interesting by shooting for two gallons of beer. We headed for LeRoy. Upon reaching the river at Hamilton's ford it was found considerably swollen. Those who are acquainted with the ford will remember how swift the water is and how smooth the rock. I took the lead. . . . A. N. Dreisback and Carter were the only ones to follow. We hurried to town. . . . Procuring the object of our journey we were soon standing on the river bank. Carter offered to take the lead, Dreisback was to follow, and I, with the beer, was to bring up the rear. Carter was riding old "Spotty," the identical horse he rode on a similar occasion some years before. Certain it is when "Old Spot" reached the point where the lizard played the shabby trick on its occupant a few years before, he lost his footing and fell floundering upon his knees. The rider, following suit, landed in a heap in the turbulent tide and

before he could realize what had happened the horse was out of reach. Carter steadied himself as well as he could and endeavored to get a toe hold on the slippery rock, meanwhile crying lustily for help. I passed the keg to Dreisback and started my horse to his assistance. His toe hold broke and away he went with the current. After a few desperate strokes he reached the shore. That was my time to laugh. . . . The other boys, getting weary, had gone home where we found them patiently waiting for the beer.

Among the emigrants who entered the territory in the spring of 1857 were Joseph Godfrey and family. Godfrey, possessed of more than ordinary means at that time succeeded in getting two or three claims, when the pre-emption laws only entitled him to one (160 acres). . . . The lands thus obtained were located upon the extreme eastern line of what was at that time Neosho township and at present belonging to J. W. Leedy, J. G. Schlatter and others. . . . Godfrey remained on and improved his place until the drouth of 1860 when he concluded to return with his family to the more fruitful clime of Illinois from whence he migrated and spend the winter. During his visit in Illinois he succeeded in trading to his brother-in-law, John Johnson, his Kansas lands for an Illinois farm. As soon as the trade was consummated Johnson proceeded to move a portion of his family, consisting of himself, wife and two daughters, to his lands in Kansas. Accompanying them was Mrs. Wiley and her son, Willie, twelve years of age.

According to the story told by Johnson as well as by Mrs. Wiley herself, when California fever first made its appearance Wiley caught it. . . . bid wife and child what proved to be a final adieu and entered upon that long and perilous journey of crossing the plains. . . . A year or two sped by with fond missives passing two and fro. . . . but all of a sudden. . . . communications ceased. No word, syllable or letter now ever came to cheer the disconsolate wife. Soon the small pittance left her became exhausted and she was left to live upon the charities of a cold and cruel world. Living as a neighbor of the Johnsons, Johnson with his generous but designing nature, told her that as long as he had, he would divide with her and her child until a change should make it unnecessary. When Johnson proceeded to move to Kansas he went to Mrs. Wiley and told her, if she so desired, she and the boy could accompany them. . . . Having no friends in Illinois, his proposition was accepted. Mrs. Wiley, being young, not exceeding thirty, if that, while she was far the superior of Mrs. Johnson, both in looks and intelligence, it was but natural that Mrs. Johnson would be jealous of her. The mother and daughters would not give their consent for her to live in the house with them—forcing Johnson to build a separate house for her. The house occupied by Mrs. Wiley and son stood in the edge of the timber, distant from the Johnson house between two and three hundred yards, in a southwesterly course. The water for house labor use was obtained from the well at

the house occupied by the Johnsons. When she went for a pail of water, Johnson being absent, she never failed to meet with a tirade of abuse from Mrs. Johnson and her daughters. Under such treatment life became a burden to her.

A few years prior to Johnson moving to Kansas, his two sons, Wesley and Harrison, left home and went to New Mexico. During the latter part of the spring of 1861 the boys returned to their father's home in Kansas. . . Wesley, the elder of the two, was far above the ordinary in looks, intelligence and address. In outward appearance he was a perfect gentleman both in demeanor and conversation. The most noticeable thing about him was his eyes, they being bright and piercing and seemed always dancing. Even in common conversation they always gave that wild and restless look, as though their possessor was expecting every moment something uncommon to happen. With his superior knowledge, assisted by sly cunning, he was admirably adapted to lay plans, while his brother was equally as well qualified to put them into execution.

Harrison's looks and outward demeanor were in strong contrast with his elder brother. He possessed none of the manly deportment that assisted his brother so much in his outward appearance. Strongly animalized, brutishness, sensuality and avarice beamed from every feature. Short and strong of build, his strength was almost herculean. Having a bull dog courage and viewing death as a matter of no consequence, he would enter upon any undertak-

ing, no odds how hazardous or fatal the consequences if the object sought would satiate his desires. . . . I never knew of either ever allowing a drop of intoxicant to pass their lips. They seemed to know that the business they were engaged in required a cool head and steady nerve. More wonderful still, they neither chewed, smoked nor played cards.

If Mrs. Wiley's life had been a burden to her before the return of the sons, it now became doubly so. I will excuse Wesley from being a participant in the taunts and jeers that were constantly hurled upon her by the younger brother, Harrison. The presentiment of her tragic ending at the hands of Harrison was a constant terror to her mind. How well her predictions were fraught with truth, let the sequel testify.

One night in June, 1861, dark, ominous-looking clouds began to form in the west. . . . As it approached toward midnight the thunder peals became more frequent and distant. . . . when all of a sudden the gates of heaven seemed to open and such a downpour of rain I never before witnessed. While the storm was brewing the murderer of Mrs. Wiley and her son was no doubt planning the perpetration of a deed that will forever blacken the annals of Coffey county history. The night was propitious for his fiendish designs, knowing that when the storm broke it would obliterate all tracks or signs made when approaching or leaving the premises. . . . Finally the door is reached. He stops and listens. . . . Behold him as he draws the knife from

its sheath; then he enters. There in one corner stands a bed upon which rests the sleeping mother. In the opposite corner stands its counterpart upon which slumbers the innocent child. . . Approaching the mother's bed he takes his position. . . a piercing shriek breaks the stillness of that chamber and no doubt wakens the sleeping boy. . . again and again did the deadly knife descend until it numbered nineteen times, either one of which was sufficient to cause death. Then he leaves the mother with his knife still reeking with her life blood he makes it drink that of her boy. He inflicted twenty-one stabs upon the boy, severing the spinal column and disjuncting the thigh.

The day following the murder was an election day—for what purpose I have forgotten. . . During the afternoon someone brought the news that Mrs. Wiley and her son had been murdered. The most of us who were at the polls mounted our horses and left for the scene. I entered the house and viewed the scene and never do I want to behold another like it.

Johnson made no scruples in saying that he thought his son, Harrison was the author of the crime and remarked that Mrs. Wiley had repeatedly told him she was afraid of Harrison, believing if ever opportunity offered, he would kill her. Warrants were issued for both boys and their sister and a posse started for Turkey creek to find the boys and arrest them. . . They were arrested and had a preliminary trial the same evening at LeRoy before Hon. Ahijah Jones (I think, though I was not present.)

Johnson, who up to that time had been very loud and verbose in proclaiming his son's guilt, when placed on the stand, shut up like a clam and was very careful not to testify to anything that would have a tendency to incriminate the boy. The justice claiming the evidence insufficient to warrant binding him over, they were released. Subsequently some evidence coming to light a warrant was issued and placed in the hands of Sheriff John Chess for their rearrest. About the time the warrant was issued, the boys left and I guess but little effort was made to find them. Their sister was arrested and the sheriff had her in custody for some time, she stopping in the family with him. I do not remember what disposition was made of the case—whether she was brought to trial or not. I think not. I know it was not a great while till she and the balance of the family were all living together at Leavenworth. If they had been badly wanted it would have been an easy matter to have found them.

The writer had frequent occasion to visit Leavenworth as a freighter and had many opportunities of seeing or hearing of them. The father strongly addicted to horse-racing had when last heard from, left home and was traveling in the interest of that business. Wesley, from the best information, was receiving and disposing of large sums of counterfeit money. Harrison trusted more to his physical force by knocking or shooting down some unsuspecting victim and then rifling his pockets. Money they had in plenty. . . Wesley met his death near Little Santa Fe, Mo.,



